THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS AUGUST 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

Startling New Theory:

ANIMATED UFO'S

Are They Living Organisms?

HOW A U.S. GUERRILLA DOUBLE-CROSSED CASTRO

THE HOOD WHO INVENTED LAS VEGAS

Bugsy Siegel's Explosive Story

HOW BRUCE BROWN'S "ENDLESS SUMMER" OF SURFING MADE HIM $1,000,000

The start of something really great

Yes, it all begins with this tiny grain of barley malt. Grown in fields specially selected by Miller High Life . . . it is the finest grade of barley available. From the harvesting of this grain through Miller High Life's exact, extra-step brewing process, patience is the watchword.

Slowly, carefully . . . each step proceeds under the watchful eyes of brewing craftsmen until the final brew reaches the peak of perfection. Only this way can Miller High Life keep faith with you . . . and those millions more in all 50 states and over 50 foreign countries . . . who are asking for . . . demanding Miller High Life. They've come to expect the best . . . and we'll continue to brew just that.

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

"Look who's smiling now!"

"The department head's job had just been left vacant. When the boys in the office learned I was gunning for it, they gave me their widest grins. One thing they didn't know: I had made up my mind sometime back to take LaSalle training that would qualify me for a better job. My study paid off so fast it surprised even me—I was picked for that shiny promotion over everyone's head. Who wouldn't be smiling with a neat new $1,500 increase!"

LA SALLE'S FILES are filled with letters with this kind of story from LaSalle graduates who have rapidly climbed the ladder of success. You, too, can qualify for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study—without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for more than half a century. It has enrolled more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many types of training courses. LaSalle's distinguished faculty includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. That's why your training is in good, experienced hands . . . why your LaSalle diploma will be respected by employers.

Mailing the LaSalle coupon below may be the first step in getting a better job, higher pay, and all of the good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, and we will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Mail the coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn, Dept.** 68-093, **Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ General Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Fundamentals
- ☐ Auditing
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Complete Sales Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Basic Drafting
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

REAL ESTATE
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management
- ☐ Real Estate Sales

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt.
- ☐ Transportation Law
- ☐ Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Mechanical Refrigeration
- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating
- ☐ Diesel

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Real Estate

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation.....Working Hours....A.M.....P.M.

331

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE
67 West 44th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10036

General Comments

In reading the story of Ike's early career, *Before Fate Brought Fame,* (June issue) I came across one very interesting paragraph. While he was an aide to General MacArthur in the Philippines, it seems he was being paid by their government for probably the same thing. This is the statement: "Manuel Quezon was far more emphatic than General MacArthur in insisting that I remain. He handed me a blank contract for my services and said, 'We'll tear up the old contract. I've already signed this one and it is filled in—except what you want as your emoluments for remaining. You will write that in.'"

Seems to me this is some more of the old double standard our officials are allowed to have. Another inequity in the law. I don't care if they have call girls and booze, but let it come on an equal basis. When war quits being so profitable and glamorous for a few then so many will be able to quit making the sacrifices.

—Cleo Herman, Jr.
Lost Springs, Kan.

I am 85 years old, voted for Teddy Roosevelt and the Bull Moose at 21. Your article in June by General Eisenhower shows he's a kindly man. Kindness sometimes has disastrous results: it built the Wall between East and West Germany. Harry Truman helped.

According to Winston Churchill's memoirs, Churchill wanted our army to enter Berlin. But Eisenhower said it had no military value. Churchill asked him to wire Truman, who agreed with Eisenhower. So between them they built the Wall.

Truman made another "bull" when he pulled Douglas MacArthur out of Korea. So that has been the pattern. We spend billions and sacrifice lives for half results. . . .

—W. F. Omeis
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Consider that Eisenhower article a new low. Wasn't he the galoot who got us into this Viet Nam mess in the first place?

Why encourage this sort of bilge?

Let's get back to your good stuff, TRUE.

—A. C. MacDonald
Monterey, Calif.

After reading Eisenhower's fine book in your June issue, I must repeat what I have always said since knowing the man: "I like Ike!"

—L. B. Hume
New York, N. Y.

True Story

I am writing in regard to an article in your April issue. It was *The Lovers Who Loved to Kill,* by Geoffrey Bocca. Let me hasten to add that I have long admired both your magazine and Mister Bocca's articles. Also, I have always been of the opinion that the fact crime section is the finest portion of your magazine. However, author Bocca goes too far when he quotes that tape recording of the poor child's voice. Reading this graphic description—artistically a tremendous bit of writing, by the way—I became very upset and have had trouble dismissing it from my mind.

I am a general practitioner of medicine in a small town and I have quite a strong stomach. I see quite a bit of the sordid side of the world in my practice and I don't "shake" easily. Perhaps the fact that my little son (six months old) causes me so much pride is the reason the article so affected me.

If you are publishing such material in a campaign against the Supreme Court's present trend to shield the dregs of society from the righteous wrath of good citizens, well and good. Otherwise, such distressing material has no place in a respectable publication like TRUE.

—Dr. J. Humphrey
Mound City, Mo.

. . . your story was true to the actual thing, I am sure, and it was sickening in the least to read of such depravity. But why, please tell me, did you have to inflict on our consciousness the heartrending, tape-recorded sounds and words of that child's pleading and mortal agony at the hands of her killers? This was totally unnecessary to the effectiveness of your story. . . .

—Mrs. K. Eckhardt
Beaver, Ore.

Sorry, but we believe that facts cannot be presented by deleting them.

Wild About Wild Season

Salutations to Allan W. Eckert for taking a somewhat unlikely topic and converting it into an immensely readable and suspenseful, grippingly graphic story: *Wild Season.*

Congratulations to the editors of TRUE for recognizing its merit and assigning it book-length space in the May issue.

—Lt. Col. O. C. Harrison (Ret)
Phoenix, Ariz.

With regard to the article *Wild Season* by Allan W. Eckert. He claims it is not to be found on any map, but that it is a prototype of hundreds of other glacial lakes. . . . Well, Oak Lake *is* to be found on a map of Canada at approximately 44°—34.2′N. Latitude and approximately 77°—51′W. Longitude, for Mister Eckert has unconsciously described Oak Lake, Ontario.

We have truly beautiful lakes in Ontario for fishing, hunting, camping, boating or just plain relaxing. You can go for days in

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1967 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

northern Ontario without seeing another person or hearing a telephone ring. This is living.

—J. Andrews
Toronto, Canada

Consider this congratulations from a complainant.

First, congratulations to TRUE and Allan W. Eckert for affording readers the wonderful story, *Wild Season*. Mister Eckert should write a textbook.

Second, I complain—the story did not reveal what happened to the nine-pound largemouth bass. If a fisherman caught it, what ate the fisherman? The story was entirely too short.

—H. B. McCluer, Jr.
Jackson, Miss.

Wild Season . . . is a masterpiece. I hope the message gets through to hunters and fishermen that wild things have enough to worry about without being idly killed for "sport."

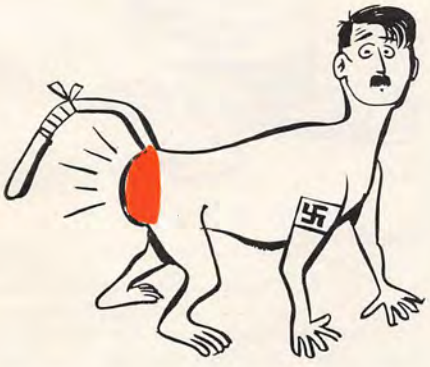
—Elmer R. Boggs
Eugene, Ore.

MOVIE CRITIC

Now that Walt Disney is gone, why waste space with *Trueviews?* That Hollywood gang, except for *Sound of Music*, hasn't put out anything worth going across the street for in ages! Walt and his nature pictures will be more and more sorely missed! He was head and shoulders above the "trade."

—M. R. Daugherty
Anaheim, Calif.

Don't give up hope for Disney productions. **See page 20.**



NAZI NOTES

Concerning TRUE article, (May issue) *The Nazi Who Took Notes* by Robert Katz, please take note of page 78: ". . . the Fuehrer escaped serious injury with not much more than a scratch, although his eardrums were damaged from the sound of the explosion. . . ."

And now, on page 109 of book *The Men Who Tried to Kill Hitler*, authors Manvell and Fraenkel: ". . . his hair was on fire, his right arm partially paralyzed, his right leg burned, his eardrums damaged, his uniform torn by blast and falling debris, and his buttocks so bruised that, as he [Hitler] described it himself, he had a 'backside like a baboon. . . .'"

—Sam Kobalkin
Passaic, N. J.

And a face to match. Okay?

[*Continued on page 4*]

Bull Durham says:
"I smoke slow"

For richer flavor.
New Bull Durham's
ready rolled. Filter tipped.
Thicker. Made extra size
to smoke extra slow.
The slower the smoke,
the better the taste.

©The American Tobacco Company

[*Continued from page 3*]

Politics, Oh, Politics

Before everyone runs to the "Messiah" perhaps they should be told what was omitted from your "prayer" to George Romney. (May).

In regards to the AFL-CIO meeting he had *not* been invited but crashed it. Under those conditions what else would he get but booing?

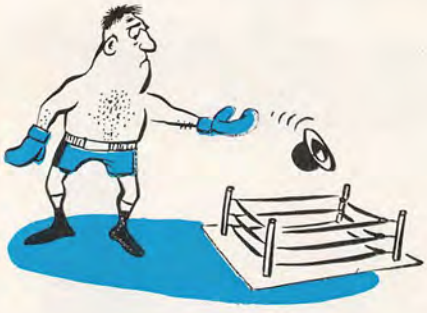
Under Romney, Michigan has sure been an "Action State." They have acted to get the Toledo Strip—the heavy industrial land between Toledo and the Michigan border—away from Ohio but failed. Just a few weeks ago the Supreme Court agreed to hear Romney's suit against Ohio in his bid to claim the underwater rights to the Ohio part of western Lake Erie.

He has been so busy acting that Chrysler is building a new plant near Toledo (in Ohio) and last year General Motors opened the largest auto plant in the world at Lordstown, Ohio. Also, his opening up European markets couldn't have been that great or Ohio would not be Number One in the country this year for industrial development. Also, he is such a persuasive man that his 2.5 percent tax failed in Michigan.

With him as President we could expect to see him before the World Court trying to get parts of Canada and Mexico as he is trying to grab Ohio now to get those taxable lands.

Action State—hell! *Re*action State is more like it.

—George R. Kent
Poland, Ohio



So, Romney "looks" like a President to you! Well, he looks like a broken-down prizefighter to me.

It will do no good to try a buildup for another phony Republican—we understand this tactic now. It won't work again! The Republican Right would rather vote for a real Democrat than one calling himself a Moderate (whatever that has come to mean). Moderates like Rockefeller, Lindsay, Javits, Halpern, Kuchel? Republicans, these?

They have the unmitigated gall to try to pull this one off again. These spoilers get Democrats elected, then help "cut the pie." Oh, the utter contempt in which they hold the American people.

Believe me! If Romney is nominated he's 27,000,000 votes in the hole to start with!

—Geraldine M. Royal
Flushing, N.Y.

"My mother-in-law."

Here's a real TRUE man. He won't forget to send in his subscription to TRUE. Neither should you. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

☐ One Year ....$ 5
☐ Two Years ....$ 9
☐ Three Years ..$12
} in U.S., Possessions and Canada

☐ One Year All Other Countries...$7

Send to.....

Address .....

City .....State .....Zip .....

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

Missing Men

Your comment to a correspondent of your *Man to Man* department (May issue) to the effect that there is no reliable evidence to indicate that any of the American soldiers captured in the Korean War and never returned, are still (presumably alive) in prison may be a bit inaccurate.

I am the chairman of the Alliance for Abandoned American Fighting Men which is seeking to either obtain the release of the missing 389 or a satisfactory accounting and while I will admit that there is no hard proof after all these years, it was known that in 1960 some were still alive; as a matter of fact the very day I read your article, word reached me from an underground source that some 14 prisoners were said to be in a given town in North Korea last year.

Again I admit there is no "proof" but in view of the fact that the communist enemy is in the habit of holding prisoners for many many years, it is not only reasonable but likely that some of the 389 are still alive and captive. Why, I wonder, do not the veterans' organizations in the country demand a satisfactory accounting for their own comrades?

Now that North Korea has started to build a revolutionary movement in South Korea preparatory to another invasion, perhaps we will one day hear more about these men.

—Russell S. Pond
Derry, N. H.

Amateur Adman

Enjoy your magazine very much. I even read your ads—which for me is something!

Your Winchester ad on page 13 of the May issue amazed me because some sharp eye didn't tag it the Twinchester, a good name for a double barrel.

—P. Shaw
Urbana, Ore.

We'll pass your suggestion on to the ad boys. Twice.

Moon Grow

Before pitching this hank of hair and piece of bone back to the kitchen, will you males permit one tiny correction? In Anthony Brown's account of *How Our Apollo Will Beat The Russians To The Moon* (May TRUE) you state, in part: ". . . they [the Russians] would have to build a moon port comparable to that which exists at Merritt Island, Florida—16,000 acres."

Our moon port on Merritt Island encompasses 88,000 acres—plus!

—Mrs. V. A. MacDonald
Merritt Island, Fla.

You hear that, Ivan?

Smell Idea

Why?

In the May issue is some ad copy from which I quote: ". . . refreshingly different . . . the new, exciting scent for men." Good Lord! I thought yours was a *man's* magazine.

What is happening (has happened) to the American male? Wife-dominated prissy—that's what he's become. But perfume? I think I'll study the societies of many nations, choose one in which men are men, and go there for good.

—Frank Lovell
Seattle, Wash.

Smelling to high heaven?

Ash Catcher

Concerning your article about the *Majordomo of the Dome*, I find that the writer, on page 16, describes the "gold ashtrays shaped like baseballs."

To correct his misstatement, I am, under separate cover, having the Houston Sports Association send you an ashtray shaped like a baseball glove not like a baseball.

—H. Stuart Lang, Jr.
Houston, Texas

Thanks. The one we've got keeps rolling off our desk.

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense,* and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, packaged in redwood. $2.00, $3.50, $6.50, $10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe" includes ENGLISH LEATHER®...it's the one you'll reach for again and again.

A complete line of men's toiletries including...
...the SHAMPOO, $1.50 ...the HAIR DRESSING, $1.50
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes,
$3.00 to $10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

If on Friday the Rabbi slept late...what happened on Saturday?

Read this superb new suspense bestseller by Harry Kemelman. It's even better than the Edgar-winning, much-translated masterpiece which introduced Rabbi David Small in "The most important debut of a detective in recent years."

—Anthony Boucher
The New York Times

JUST OUT IN PAPERBACK FROM FAWCETT CREST

only 60c

THE NEW MYSTERY BESTSELLER BY THE AUTHOR OF FRIDAY THE RABBI SLEPT LATE
Saturday THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY
BY HARRY KEMELMAN

R1036

Buy this Fawcett Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Crest Books, Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

President, W. H. FAWCETT, Jr.
General Manager, ROGER FAWCETT
Sec.-Treas., GORDON FAWCETT
Circulation Director, ROSCOE K. FAWCETT
Asst. General Manager, DONALD P. HANSON
Vice President Magazine Division, GEORGE H. ALLEN
Vice President, RALPH DAIGH
Production Director, R. BRUCE BESTEN
Production Manager, BILL LEYRER
Art Directors, AL ALLARD, RALPH MATTISON

Bruce Brown, surfing in the Pacific near his California home. Cover by BOB GRANT

Editor
DOUGLAS S. KENNEDY

Executive Editor
CHARLES N. BARNARD

Managing Editor
HOWARD COHN

Art Editor
NORMAN P. SCHOENFELD

Asst. Managing Editor
ANDREW MILLS

Outdoors Editor
PETER BARRETT

Picture Editor
PATRICIA M. GRAVES

Production Editor
ELEANOR K. KOSSACK

Associate Editors
LENWOOD H. BOWMAN
CLYDE F. NEWSTRAND
JOHN BENDER
RON BUTLER
NORBERT R. DARGA
BRIAN ST. PIERRE
NORMAN LEWIS SMITH

Art Associate
BOB SPITZER

Art Assistant
SALVATORE SCORZA

Research Editor
DOROTHY VAN DYKE

Research Associates
RHEA FINKELSTEIN
PAMELA VON OBSTFELDER

National Advertising Manager
WALTER S. FERRIGAN

PICTURE CREDITS

13—Dickey Chapelle
14—Top, Wide World; bot., UPI
19—Left, courtesy United Artists
24—Left, UPI; rt., Wide World
25—Left, UPI; rt., Wide World
46-47—Ernest Schwiebert
50—J. Mannix

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE AUGUST 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION
THE HOOD WHO INVENTED LAS VEGAS ..... Dean Jennings 23

TRUE ADVENTURE
"FOR A MILLION BUCKS, I'LL KNOCK OFF CASTRO" ..... Robert Emmett Johnson 12

IN THE NEWS
ARE FLYING SAUCERS REALLY CREATURES THAT LIVE IN OUTER SPACE? ..... Vincent Gaddis 26
ANGELS WITH WHIRLY WINGS ..... Karl H. Purnell 32
ATOMIC GARBAGE TURNS TO GOLD ..... Joseph M. Dukert 44

TRUE'S WHO
BRUCE BROWN/A COOL SURFER RIDES A JACKPOT WAVE ..... Bob Thomas 36

FISHING
THE RIVER THAT MAKES FISHING WIDOWS ..... Ernest Schwiebert 46

AUTOMOBILES
LOOK WHAT'S BECOME OF THE PICKUP TRUCK ..... Ralph Stein 55

TRAVEL
SCOTLAND'S SLEEPY HOLLOW OF HOOCH ..... Al Stump 40

NATURE
CRAZY LIKE A FOX ..... Daniel P. Mannix 50

PICTORIAL
CRASH PROGRAM FOR CHARIOTS ..... Max B. Miller and Bob Grant 48

FACT CRIME
WHO KILLED LIKEABLE SAM? ..... Charles Remsberg 28

SHORT FEATURES
TRUELY YOURS 2
TRUEVIEWS 8
IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS 9
TRUE GOES SHOPPING 10
STRANGE BUT TRUE 11
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD 19
MAN TO MAN ANSWERS 74
THIS FUNNY LIFE 104

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1967, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. The title TRUE is registered in the U.S. Patent Office.

VOL. 48 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 363

Even Big-Time Spenders Must

spend less

With Budget® Rent-A-Car System

Are you one of the "last of the big-time-spenders?" Do you line up and wait out the smiling swingers at expensive airport counters? Sharp travelers call us. Within minutes we have cars like 1967 Chevrolet Impalas, complete with automatic transmission, power steering, radio, heater, and proper insurance, waiting for only $7 a day +7¢ a mile* . . . cars like Chevrolet Chevelles for only $6 a day + 6¢ a mile.* You pay for only the gas you use. 431 Budget offices offer free, prompt pick-up and drop-off. We honor major credit cards—including our own. If saving a buck is important, write!

*Rates vary in some areas

BUDGET® RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM

We feature 1967 Chevrolet Impalas.
Look for us in the Yellow Pages.
Valuable Franchises available—write:

Budget Rent-A-Car Corp. of America
Dept. 27-35 E. Wacker Drive • Chicago, Illinois 60601

Makes good business sense. Send credit card application and pocket-list of your offices.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Free Reservations Coast-To-Coast Continental U.S.A. & Canada • Alaska • Hawaii • Mexico • Puerto Rico • British Isles • Europe

©Budget Rent-A-Car Corp. of America

trueviews: movies books records

movies

CASINO ROYALE. On the theory, perhaps, that nothing succeeds like excess, this movie is loaded with stars, plot twists, girls and gadgets. It ends up as silly and stupid as all the other James Bond spoofs, but more so. Only David Niven, Joanna Pettet, Woody Allen and Peter Sellers emerge with honor intact, and an unknown named Barbara Bouchet stands out.

Jane: Cute, curvy and barefoot.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A hilarious comedy about newlyweds in a sixth-floor walk-up apartment. Robert Redford is excellent as a stuffed-shirt lawyer who gets gloriously drunk and dances barefoot in the park. Jane Fonda is cute as his wife. Charles Boyer is splendid as a Romeo with lumbago. Mildred Natwick shines as his late-blooming Juliet.

THE FAMILY WAY. Another comedy about newlyweds, but this one is low-keyed and wistful. A young couple in a northern England mill town marry and move into his parents' thin-walled house—where he suffers a crisis of the flesh. His impotence triggers more crises, some funny, some sad. Hayley Mills and Hywel Bennett are fine as the kids; John Mills, her dad, is tops in the movie as his dad.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. Walter Matthau is sidesplittingly funny as a married man who'd love to stray but doesn't know how. Robert Morse is the lecherous neighbor who teaches him. Since Matthau's wife is luscious Inger Stevens, it's not entirely credible, but it's loaded with girls and generally fun.

books

NORTH TO YESTERDAY by Robert Flynn. A tragicomic Western which is one of the best novels of the year. A group of misfits takes a herd of Longhorns on a cattle drive 15 years too late. On the way, they lose their horses, Bible and illusions; they gain a tough girl and her illegitimate baby. From start to finish, it's great. *Knopf; $5.95.*

INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES by Edmundo Desnoes. This is a unique book—a novel of Cuba set in the recent past, by a man who is still there. The hero is out of step with the revolution; he says, "There's no longer bourgeois variety for the happy few, only flat socialist equality for all." A good book. *New American Library; $4.50.*

THE DOLPHIN SMILE edited by Eleanore Devine and Martha Clark. From Homer and Aesop to Hemingway and John C. Lilly, here is a gathering of 29 centuries of dolphin lore—myths, poems, fiction and fact by some of the best writers and most astute scientists in the world. It's calculated to make a dolphin nut out of the fiercest ichthyophobe. *Macmillan; $7.95.*

A SPORTING CHANCE by Daniel P. Mannix. As TRUE readers well know, Dan Mannix will try just about anything, if it's unusual enough. This book is about unusual methods of hunting—boomerang, blowgun, crossbow, falcon, ferret, etc. It's lively, good-humored and fascinating. Some of the material appeared in TRUE; it's worth preserving. *Dutton; $6.95.*

THE DEVIL DRIVES by Fawn M. Brodie. A carefully researched biography, with new material, of Sir Richard Burton. Explorer, writer, adventurer, anthropologist and irritant of bland Victorianism, Burton led quite a life. It's all set down here coolly and objectively. *Norton; $6.95.*

PAUL ROBESON: THE AMERICAN OTHELLO by Edwin P. Hoyt. An indifferently written biography of one of the tragic figures of America. Paul Robeson was a fine singer and actor who, out of bitterness at the lot of his fellow Negroes, turned to communism and eventually to Russia. A sad and moving story, though it's not well told. *World; $6.50.*

records

REVENGE. As everybody knows, Bill Cosby is a very funny fellow. Here, he returns to the province of childhood where he, Fat Albert and Weird Harold were the best hymn-singing fakers in church, put rocks in snowballs, and hid under the seats at monster movies. Hilarious. *Warner Bros.*

THE EMANCIPATION OF HUGH MASEKELA. A collection of Afro-oriented jazz by the free-wheeling, swinging trumpeter and his quartet. Hugh wrote six of the nine songs, and they are great. A hot highlight: "What Is Wrong with Groovin'?" *Chisa Records.*

HEADS UP! The Baja Marimba Band rides again, bouncing through "Georgy Girl," "Cry of the Wild Goose," "They Call the Wind Maria," a dandy parody of "Winchester Cathedral" and several others. Toe-tapping, happy music all the way. *A&M.*

ESTHER & ABI OFARIM SING! They sure do. Though they are Israelis, they understand and sing American folk songs like Hoosiers. "Empty Pockets Blues," "Lonesome Traveler," and "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" are specially good. *Philips.*

ANDRE PREVIN ALL ALONE. That is, unaccompanied by orchestra; anybody who plays the piano this well isn't going to be alone for long. Previn plays a dozen standards, including "Angel Eyes," "I Got It Bad," and "As Time Goes By." Quiet, poignant and extraordinarily good. *RCA Victor.*

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR CARES. Welcome back, Frankie Laine! He's in fine fettle, vigorously singing 11 bouncy ballads, including a couple of rockers. The title tune is a standout, but so are "I'm Free" and "Somewhere There's Someone." *ABC Records.*

THE DIS-ADVANTAGES OF YOU. You've probably heard the title tune as the theme music for the Benson & Hedges TV commercial. The other numbers here are no less delightful as played by The Brass Ring in lively, lilting fashion. *Dunhill.*

THE BEST OF ANDY GRIFFITH. A batch of down-home monologues and tongue-in-cheek views of history, featuring "Andy and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Carmen," with sidelights on football, pool and lovely Juanita Beardsley. *Capitol.*

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY STANLEY FRANK

LAST WIN FOR THE BABE

The skills of superlative athletes fade so swiftly they have to be accepted on hearsay by new fans a decade later, but Babe Ruth didn't need musty statistics to convince anyone he was a larger-than-life hero. He still was hitting prodigious homers at the tail end of his career, and reminding old buffs he had been the finest southpaw pitcher of the previous generation.

In 1933 the runner-up Yankees ended the season playing the seventh-place Red Sox. They figured to draw 3,500 customers until Ed Barrow, the Yankees' general manager who switched Babe from the mound to the outfield in 1918 to get his big bat into the lineup every day, had a bright idea. Barrow offered Babe a 25 percent cut of the gate if he would hypo it by pitching the final game.

Babe jumped at the proposition, not only for the money. He was inordinately proud of his pitching, which would have put him in the Hall of Fame if he never had knocked a ball over the fence. As a rookie in 1915, he led the American League with an 18-6 record, then won 23 games in each of the next two seasons. He met the great Walter Johnson in eight duels and won six, three by 1-0 scores.

The 25,000 curious fans who turned out for Babe's return to his old trade expected him to bow out after pitching a few innings, but the game was not a box-office stunt to him. It was a chance to reaffirm the unique combination of hitting and pitching talents that made him baseball's most extraordinary performer. Everyone thought he surely would quit when, after staggering through five innings behind a 6-0 lead, he had gone far enough to get credit for the victory. But he was working on a shutout and he wanted it—with every muscle aching from the unaccustomed strain.

His left arm was so stiff it had to be massaged between innings so that he could flex it. The Red Sox battered him for three runs in the sixth and two in the eighth. Babe held on grimly.

He was 39 years old, 30 pounds overweight and had not taken his regular turn on the mound for 15 years. His fast ball, once his best pitch, couldn't knock off a librarian's glasses and his curve wobbled like a cork on a pond. But the big guy knew how to pitch. The science of pitching is the art of throwing the ball to spots where the batter can't get a fat piece of it. The Sox belted Ruth for 12 hits, but 11 were singles. Babe got hold of one for his 34th homer and it won the game, 6-5.

Babe was too exhausted to get out of uniform for an hour. "My arm is so sore I won't be able to comb my hair for a week," he muttered. Some 5,000 fans waited patiently outside Yankee Stadium, and when he appeared they paid him a rare tribute. Instead of cheering, they applauded him like a virtuoso, which he was.

Babe stood there a long moment, basking in one of the last ovations he would receive as a ball player. He finally acknowledged it by tipping his cap. With his right hand.

Who put a price on fun?
WE DID!

• Lido '67 Revue • Desert Inn Show with Jimmy Durante, Andy Williams, or Danny Kaye . . . other great stars • Lounge Show • 5 Drinks • Breakfast or Lunch • Dinner • Golf Option

Phone your travel agent or write Room TR, for reservations or color brochure, today!

PARODI'S FUNNY FACE IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

Chuckle if you like over PARODI's unique shape, but there's nothing ha ha about its great, he-man taste. If you're looking for a cigar with true, man-sized character, try a PARODI. A real buy at 2 for only 15¢.

IF YOU LIKE GREAT CIGAR TASTE

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified. You'll get speedier delivery if you include your Zip Code.

A FULL-SIZE FRONT PAGE COPY of the New York Herald Tribune that was published on the very date you were born (or any date you wish from 1900 through 1964)! Read all the stories that made news that special day. Specify exact dates. Send $1 for front page. Any three pages for $2.89. Order from Sunset House, T-268 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

AIR HORN blasts as its button is pushed, to attract help or provide protection. Send $9.95 for horn, complete with long-lasting power can. Extra cans are $1.95 ea. Order from Country Club Products, Dept. T-8, 310 W. 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64105.

SCULPTURED COIN JEWELRY is actually fashioned from U.S. minted Kennedy silver half-dollars, extruded with three dimensional image of John F. Kennedy. Superbly detailed and polished, they accessorize a suit in fine style. Money or tie clip, $3.75; Key Chain, $3.75. Alexander Sales Corp., Dept. T-8, 125 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y. 10707.

BEACH-COMBER SHIRT of open weave 100% combed cotton is air-vented for summer fun. Extra long body, short sleeves. In white with maroon and navy stripe, or navy with maroon and white strip. M, L, XL, XXL. $4.95. Write for free catalog. King-Size, Inc., Dept. T-8, 4717 Forest St., Brockton, Mass. 02402.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE A PERFECT GOLF BALL? Our friends tell us that it can't chip, go out of round, or lose its distance, yet this space age ball meets all USGA specifications. You can't put a smile on the face of this ball! 4 for $5; 12 for $12. Dynaflyte Sales Co., Dept. T-8, 121 Lakeville Rd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040.

FOR ENDLESS BEACH FUN, the whole gang will love this giant red and yellow beach ring—and you'll love its price. Six feet in diameter, it's made of heavy gauge vinyl neopryne with an airtight valve, and folds down to 12″ x 8″ for easy toting. A summer sensation for $11.98. Hobi, Dept. TR8, Flushing, N.Y. 11352.

For More True Goes Shopping, turn to page 86

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

On beer-stein coasters in Crailsheim, a small city of southern Germany, is blazoned a strange device. Unknown in orthodox heraldry, it is a circle divided in half by a vertical line. This simple but puzzling emblem commemorates possibly the fattest heroine in history. Six centuries ago Crailsheim, then an independent walled fortress-town, was besieged by an army from neighboring towns in a typical local war of those tumultuous times. After half a year of desperate defense, Crailsheim should have been starving and ready to surrender—at least, so the besiegers thought. They were convinced otherwise when the Crailsheim mayor's wife appeared on the wall. She had been famous as a prize specimen of what could be grown on good south German dumplings, veal knuckles, sausages and beer. At the risk of providing a tantalizing target, she turned and seated herself on the parapet with her enormous backside bared. Its undiminished size, a silent testimonial to ample groceries in Crailsheim's storehouses, so discouraged the attackers that they called off the siege and went home. In gratitude to its heroic mayoress, the town adopted as its unofficial emblem the split circle that symbolizes her anatomy. This hindsight is perpetuated today not only on beer-stein coasters but in Crailsheim bakers' buns made to the same shape.

Mothers-in-law have been a problem to mankind everywhere on the globe. Most primitive societies handled the situation by making it religiously taboo for mother-in-law and son-in-law to speak to each other—in many cases, even to look at each other. This only complicated life further, however, when both parties had to go on living in the same village. The Navajo Indians of the Southwest and several tribes in California eased matters in an odd way. A man who wished to marry the daughter of a widow married the mother first and then the girl. Thus he avoided having a mother-in-law and acquired two wives instead. *By Thomas Ellison, Boston, Mass.*

A five-times father is made much of these days when he happens to become the parent of quintuplets—certainly a rare and noteworthy event. Proper honor, however, has never been given to one man who may be unique among fathers since the world began. Within a single day in 1922, Doura Agha, a headman in the village of Moufninar in Turkey, became the father of five infants. They weren't just one woman's doing. Doura Agha's achievement will probably remain forever unmatched because the five children were born at the same time of his four wives. He had the maximum number allowed by Mohammedan law —and one wife presented him with twins.

Of all liquor-smuggling dodges, perhaps the oddest was devised by American soldiers during frontier days. The Army went officially dry in 1830 when President Jackson abolished the daily whisky ration of four ounces per man, usually ladled out half before breakfast, half at midday. The soldiers retaliated by smuggling liquor into Army posts by various methods. The most imaginative caper had a brief but historic success at Fort Crawford, on the upper Mississippi. There a laundry squad from the fort, working in a washhouse at the river edge, would soak an Army blanket with approximately a gallon of whisky obtained from civilian traders. It was carried past sentries in a load of damp clothes. In the barracks the blanket was wrung out. Frontier firewater tasted better—worse was impossible—after emerging as blanket juice. And the term, a "wet blanket" conveyed not gloom, but good cheer.

That human dwarfs, looked down upon like amusing pet animals, were kept at royal courts in past centuries is now generally well known. Yet few people are aware that a monarchical collection of dwarfs existed until 10 years ago. The Bey of Tunis had seven; keeping dwarfs was a tradition in his family. They were a miscellaneous batch; some were deformed, others were true Lilliputians. The oldest one was a genuine heirloom, imported around 1900 from Paris where he had been a seller of French postcards; he claimed, in 1950, to be 100 years old. The bey examined him daily, seeking the secret of his longevity, for Tunis's ruler was an amateur doctor, fixer of old clocks and all-around handyman, though he could scarcely write his own name. But in 1957, the Tunisians tired of their monarch, kicked him out with a small pension, and declared a republic. The dwarf troupe was disbanded and has since then, presumably, been unemployed. *By William Moorstein, Washington, D. C.*

Giving a hot foot to the patient with a backache was a unique practice of medicine men in Aztec Mexico. To prepare for the treatment, a medicine man heated a large stone griddle of the type used for cooking tortillas; alongside he laid the patient face down on the ground. He wetted one of his own feet thoroughly and placed it on the griddle, and held it there until he could feel the heat come through the thick sole callus that Aztecs acquired from walking barefoot. Then he placed it on the patient's back and stood on it, meanwhile praying to the fire god.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

BY ROBERT EMMETT JOHNSON

After serving five years in the U.S. Marine Corps, Robert Emmett Johnson drifted to Central America in 1953, and there became involved in his first Caribbean intrigue—an attempt to overthrow the Guatemalan government. He stayed on in Latin America, working as a journalist and serving briefly with Nicaraguan strong-man Gen. Anastasio Somoza. Then, in 1956, he was hired as an aide and intelligence analyst by Gen. Rafael Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic. Three years later, Castro came to power in Cuba, stirring a storm that troubled the Caribbean—and eventually the world—and setting in motion a rash of plots and counterplots. As aide to Castro's greatest enemy, Johnson soon found himself playing a role in the strangest intrigue of them all, centering around the unlikely figure of an American ex-convict named William Morgan. This is his story.

"For A Million Bucks, I'll Knock Off Castro"

That was William Morgan's boast—and Dictator Rafael Trujillo believed him. It turned out to be a fatal mistake

■ Maj. Manolo Hernandez, commandant of Cuba's La Cabana fortress-prison, glanced at his watch. It was exactly 10:10 p.m. on March 13, 1961, when the guards brought the burly American soldier of fortune and his young aide into La Cabana's bullet-pitted Moat of Laurels. They marched both men to the firing wall. The American, William Morgan, then strolled casually over to the young captain commanding the nine-man firing squad. Formally he clapped the officer lightly on the back with both hands and the officer did the same. Hernandez nodded approvingly; the American was being very correct. He was indicating that he, too, was a professional and bore the captain no ill will for doing his duty. Morgan then returned to the wall to stand beside his aide. Both men shrugged away the offer of a blindfold and squinted impassively into the floodlights. The captain then shouted an order. "*Peleton, atención.*" The soldiers stiffened. Then, "*Prepárense.*" The rifles leveled. "*Fuego!*" The blast from the powerful Fal rifles hurled both men back against the wall. The captain, a very correct officer, then came forward and fired his pistol at their heads.

Sitting amid Castro's troops, a smug Morgan cons the Dominican plotters via radio into sending a planeload of troops into his trap.

After ensnaring Trujillo, Morgan is greeted in Havana by Castro and declared a hero; he was left little time to enjoy the honor.

Morgan won battle after battle, crushed Batista's army and took Havana for Castro. Why then did Fidel order his execution?

"Morgan died well," Hernandez murmured admiringly.

That was real praise. Officially, Morgan was the 597th person to face a Castro firing squad, and Hernandez was an expert in how men met death.

Early next morning, the news of William Morgan's execution reached the Dominican Republic. A detailed wire service account of Morgan's last hours clattered off the teletype in the big, closely-guarded *Palacio Nacional* in what was then Ciudad Trujillo, capital city of the republic. I read it thoughtfully. So they'd finally shot William Morgan. Now we'd never know his real role in the great conspiracy which was still sending shock waves throughout the Caribbean. Had Morgan been, as some thought, a diabolical conspirator? Or was he merely a simple, swaggering, money-hungry mercenary who got himself involved in an extraordinary situation? I tended toward the latter opinion.

Morgan certainly hadn't looked or acted like a master of intrigue. Squat, powerful, square-faced, hard-eyed, he had the speech and mannerisms of the tough ex-convict which he was. I had known many of his type while wandering around the world. So-called soldiers of fortune like Morgan have only one thing in common: they are as dangerous and unreliable as cobras. To them, betrayal is as natural as breathing. I'd first learned that while working for a few bush-league generals in Central America. This acute sense of caution became even sharper when I finally graduated into the service of the dean of the Caribbean dictator corps: Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina.

I went to my office down the hall from the generalissimo's suite, closed the door and unlocked a cabinet. I took out a thick file, my personal William Morgan file. I leafed through the clippings, the report from the private detective agency in Washington, D.C., letters from Cuban exiles in Miami, letters from Morgan himself, intelligence reports from Cuba, copies of the memos on Morgan I had submitted to *el Jefe*, the generalissimo. It seemed to be the complete William Morgan story. But it wasn't. Something was missing. There was nothing in the file to account for the fact that this obscure, uneducated ex-convict helped change the history of two nations.

Morgan had begun his wanderings in 1943 when he was 15. He ran away to sea, leaving behind his Toledo, Ohio, home and an impressive record of juvenile hell raising. He joined the U.S. Army after the war and was sent to Japan. In 1947 Private Morgan was tossed in the guardhouse in Kyoto. We over-

powered a guard, seized his pistol and escaped.

Recaptured, Morgan was court-martialed and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged and to serve five years at hard labor. When he was released, Morgan returned to Ohio and settled down to a life of restless anonymity. He held a series of jobs, none of which seemed to take. One day in 1958 Morgan didn't come home. He was en route to Cuba.

The Cuba of 1958 was made to order for men like Morgan. The Castro revolution against strong-man Fulgencio Batista, launched in December, 1956, was in full swing and swarms of foreign volunteers were flocking to the rebel cause. Hundreds of Americans were smuggling arms to the rebel guerrillas or fighting with Fidel Castro in the hills.

But Morgan's case was to be unique. Virtually all the other foreign volunteers were working with Castro's 26th of July Movement. By chance Morgan had enlisted with a tiny Miami-based exile group which was supporting an equally small guerrilla force in the Escambray mountains of Cuba's Las Villas province. Castro's main forces were hundreds of miles to the east in the mountains of Oriente province. The Las Villas force therefore named itself the Second Front. It operated completely independent of Castro.

For reasons never clear, Morgan's arrival in the Escambray somehow galvanized the little force. The tough, surly ex-private who had never seen combat boasted of his fabulous war exploits and was believed. The guerrillas accepted him at face value. Soon Morgan was commanding the small but growing rebel army. Surprisingly he was spectacularly successful.

Morgan led his men to victory in 15 minor clashes. His fame spread and developed into a virtual mystique. Recruits poured into the Second Front. By the fall of 1958, Morgan dominated about a third of Las Villas province.

Militarily, Morgan's Escambray front was far more important than Castro's stronghold in the remote mountains of eastern Cuba. The Escambray is in the center of the 750-mile-long island and less than 200 miles from Havana itself. Any force which dominates the Escambray virtually cuts Cuba in half. Morgan's Second Front received increasing publicity. Speculation grew that the Escambray forces would eventually take over Havana and set up their own government before Castro's Army could arrive. Finally Castro could stand it no longer.

In October 1958 two columns of Fidel's troops made their way from Oriente to the Escambray. Morgan's men eyed the newcomers and apparently didn't like what they saw. Several clashes took place between the two rebel factions, and at one point the situation seemed about to erupt into a civil war within a civil war. A last minute compromise was worked out. Morgan's command was recognized by the Castro rebels and he was given the rank of *comandante,* major, the highest rank in the Cuban Rebel Army. Morgan agreed that the Second Front would serve jointly with the Castro forces.

In December 1958, Morgan and his new allies launched a major offensive. Abandoning guerrilla tactics, the rebels boiled out of the hills in an all-out assault on Santa Clara, the provincial capital. The Batista army, inept and demoralized, was decisively defeated. The victory virtually ended the war. Castro was still floundering in his remote hills at 2:00 a.m. January 1, 1959. It was then that Batista secretly boarded a plane at Havana's military airport and flew to exile in the Dominican Republic.

Six hours later, Morgan took over the city and naval base of Cienfuegos. Two days later, Morgan marched his 3,000 Second Front fighters into Havana—a week ahead of Fidel Castro. Morgan's men occupied the Presidential Palace and took over the Havana Hilton Hotel as a barracks. They also seized a huge stock of munitions from the collapsed Cuban army. The stage was set for another confrontation between Morgan and Castro.

But the expected clash never took place. Instead Morgan loudly and publicly pledged his loyalty to Fidel. He ordered his troops out of the Presidential Palace and surrendered most of the captured arms. In return Castro paid him a major's salary of $125 a month—for just two months. By March 1, 1959, all that remained to the famed guerrilla hero was a dwindling army of devoted followers, a suite in the Capri Hotel and a "liberated" luxury mansion in Havana's best residential district.

Morgan did have something else going for him—an international reputation as a swashbuckling soldier of fortune, a reputation Morgan used to promote free drinks, women and other assorted luxury items from the hero-worshipping Cubans and foreigners who flocked around him. Life was one long spree for Morgan in the first few months of 1959.

But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted more than booze and broads. Morgan wanted money. One million dollars, to be exact.

"That's right," Morgan said, his voice a snarl. "One million dollars. Tell those rich exiles in Miami that I'll kick the bastard out for a million dollars. For a million dollars I'll aim the Second Front at Fidel and pull the trigger."

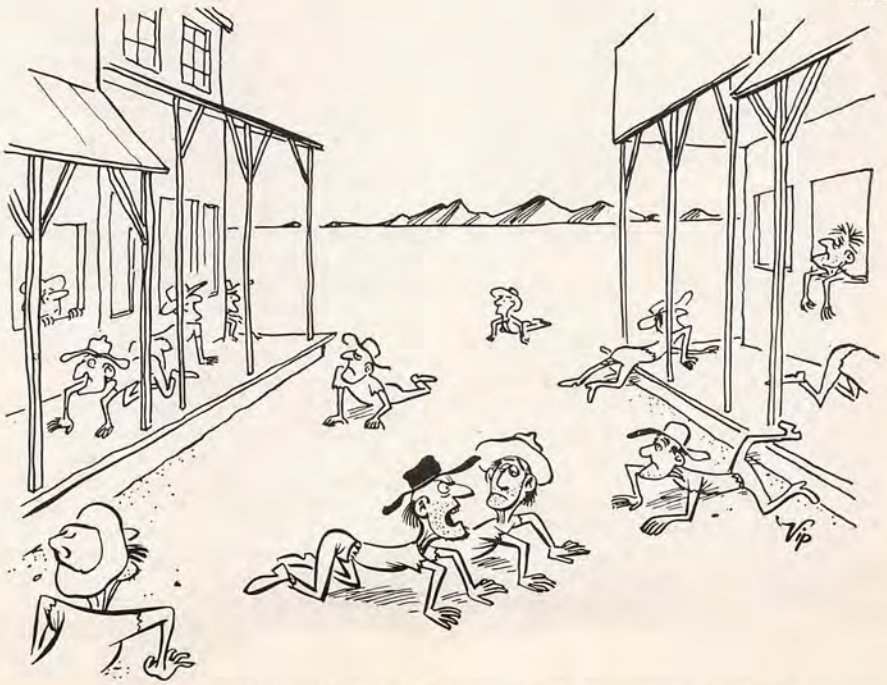
Morgan's listener, Frank Nelson, a wealthy American long resident in Cuba, ordered another round of drinks from the Capri bartender. Nelson was closely associated with anti-Castro exiles in Miami. He had invested the cost of a week-long binge for Morgan in the hope of hearing precisely that. They talked further. Morgan ranted against Castro. Is all this bravado coming out of a bottle, Nelson wondered. He arranged to meet Morgan next morning. Hung over but cold sober, Morgan repeated the offer. Frank Nelson took the next plane to Miami.

While Morgan was frolicking in Havana, I sat at my desk in the Dominican Republic's National Palace and stared at three letters. They were from Morgan to Trujillo. I had been the generalissimo's aide for several years and, among other things, I was supposed to be an intelligence analyst. But these letters almost defied analysis.

Morgan wanted Trujillo's help in overthrowing Fidel Castro. He cited his many grievances against Castro. He even claimed that he was a believing Catholic and was shocked by the excesses of the new regime. His Escambray force was still strong, Morgan wrote, but he needed arms and money. Particularly money. To show his good faith, Morgan described Castro's plans to invade the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and Panama. Fidel's a serious danger, he wrote, but I'll take him off your back for good if you finance my Second Front.

Trujillo had handed the letters to me, and I was to evaluate Morgan's proposition. I was supposed to be something of an expert on the Escambray movement. But that wasn't quite true.

TRUE



"I'm getting fed up with this hick town and its stupid dry laws!"

The reason for that unmerited reputation was that the generalissimo had sent me to Cuba several times during the war against Batista. He wanted to know why the Cuban regular army was so ineffective against the guerrillas. While there I had become interested in the feuding between Castro and the Second Front. Both factions were anti-Trujillo. Both were potentially dangerous to Trujillo. However, the rebel movement as a whole would split wide open if real conflict developed between them.

I directed a small intelligence unit and enthusiastically set about stirring up trouble between the two factions. Incidents took place for which each side blamed the other. Propaganda was printed in which each side attacked the other, and rumors of clashes between them were constantly planted.

Difficulties began to develop when I realized that we were too successful with our rumor mill. There was very real antagonism between the two groups and clashes did take place—but was it the result of our earnest efforts? Increasingly, in the latter part of 1958, Trujillo's agents in Cuba would pick up stories that I had originally planted and feed back to the palace intelligence reports which were confusing mixtures of facts and my propaganda.

By the time Fidel came to power, I knew I was no longer able to make an objective assessment of the Second Front. Would it work with Trujillo against Castro? I really didn't know. Because of the intelligence reports, Trujillo was preconditioned to accept Morgan's offer. He was irritated when I couldn't make a black and white evaluation of the proposal. We had some rather unnerving sessions on this subject.

"All I'm asking is your opinion on one point," said the generalissimo impatiently. "You're supposed to know the Escambray movement. You're an American. Morgan is an American. How far can I trust him?"

"I don't know, *Jefe*," I admitted a bit weakly. "I'm trying to check him out. He seems to have a very peculiar background." I couldn't bring myself to admit that the intelligence reports were more fantasy than fact; they had seemed to confirm my role as a demon instigator and the boss had been generous with his bonuses.

Then Frank Nelson appeared on the scene.

A coded cable came from the Dominican consulate general in Miami. An emissary from William Morgan has arrived in Florida and has enlisted the support of powerful Cuban exiles in an all-out effort to topple Fidel Castro. But Trujillo's help is needed. Only Trujillo has the power and resources to guarantee victory. Morgan's emissary is named Frank Nelson. He's coming to the Dominican Republic to confer with you.

Well, *el Jefe* never did things by halves. If a situation called for bird shot, Trujillo would use a battery of howitzers. Even before Frank arrived, the boss was sold on what seemed to be a dandy conspiracy and he wanted a piece of the action. He would pull out all stops. I was out as project officer for Morgan. Col. Johnny Abbes, the rather likeable little fiend who bossed the secret police goons, was in. So was "General" Policarpo Soler, a murderous Cuban gangster. This was the pair—Johnny was a pretty nutty character and Policarpo was completely psycho—who would work with Morgan and his "counterrevolution."

Frankly, I was delighted to be benched for the duration.

The duration began March 12, 1959 when Frank Nelson landed in Santo Domingo. His meeting with Trujillo was short and financially sweet. Nelson said that Morgan would reactivate the Second Front for a million dollars. Trujillo didn't even blink. Very well, he said. Morgan would get $500,000 now and $500,000 two weeks before he launched the uprising. He would also give Morgan a $100,000 bonus which wouldn't be subtracted from his million. Two days later Nelson was back in Havana. He gave Morgan the bonus money.

Two weeks later Morgan flew to Miami and went straight to the Dominican Consulate on Brickell Avenue. A half million was waiting for him. He flew back to Havana, but the $500,000 didn't. It apparently stayed right in Miami. To this day, there are people who insist that Morgan's half million is still on deposit in this or that bank. Nobody knows for sure. All that is certain is that Morgan returned to Cuba without a suitcase containing five thousand $100 bills.

COMING . . .

A total nonconformist who began as California's king of car stripers and became

THE MAN THEY CALL "VON DUTCH"

Meet this 37-year-old rebel with half a moustache who bombs in business but has a ball

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Dominican agents reported that the suitcase had vanished. I was instantly suspicious. Was Morgan planning a little trip to Switzerland or Portugal to live happily ever after? Perhaps not, but I wondered if he realized how totally he was now committed. That was Trujillo's money he had, and it meant that Morgan was now in partnership with one of the world's most dangerous men.

But Trujillo was far more than a powerful beast of the Caribbean political jungles. He had a brilliant mind, enormous physical energy, complete self-confidence and total lack of scruples. Working with Trujillo also produced a mixture of excitement, fear and respect that was almost hypnotic. I was no more immune than anybody else. In fact, I evolved into probably the most gung-ho *trujillista* in the National Palace.

Loyalty, however, was strictly a one-way street as far as Trujillo was concerned. He didn't hesitate to eliminate or murder any official, however loyal, if it seemed a good idea. And he had been in power so long that he and everybody around him took it for granted that he must be doing something right.

This blind self-confidence was to be a major factor in the William Morgan conspiracy—because, probably for the first time in his life, the generalissimo disregarded his own famed "network of terror" espionage apparatus. He ignored intelligence reports. Throughout the Morgan project he seemed to rely almost entirely on his own intuition. For the first time, it seemed to me that the boss was losing touch with reality. But he did authorize me to use my own informants in Cuba to monitor the operation.

That was important; at least it should have been, because our regular military intelligence in Cuba was virtually wiped out in the first few months after Castro took power. This was not because Cuban counterintelligence was so good. Rather it was because Trujillo's agents were mostly corrupt army officers, police officials and petty politicians—people who were almost automatically purged by the new regime.

My own informants—I can't call them real spies—whom I had recruited in Cuba in 1956 were less vulnerable. They were mostly foreigners resident in Cuba and not personally involved in Cuban politics. I was proud of the fact that my amateurs produced intelligence reports as accurate and far more objective than did Johnny Abbes' regulars.

At first, their reports seemed to add up to a giant swindle. One of Morgan's first moves in beginning his "counterrevolution" was to contact the powerful cattlemen's and sugar producers' associations. He bluntly outlined his plans and demanded their support, in the form of cash. The cattlemen and the sugar producers kicked in collectively and individually. Then Morgan began organizing a secret "Provisional Government" which was to govern Cuba after Fidel was ousted. He went around buttonholing well-to-do Cubans, offering them posts in his "government." It was their patriotic duty, Morgan told them. It was also their duty, he said, to donate plenty of cash to the cause. It later developed that Morgan managed to recruit no less than 165 "government officials." How much money they gave him will never be known, but it must have been many thousands. As the conspiracy developed, people showered Morgan with money like confetti thrown at an astronaut parading down Broadway.

Triumphantly I marshalled my evidence. I boiled it down to the one-page report on which Trujillo insisted and presented it to him. Morgan, it said in effect, is just a king-sized con man. The generalissimo glanced at it, then threw it back at me with the comment that conspiracies cost money and he was damn glad somebody else besides him was contributing to the counterrevolutionary kitty. Crestfallen, I went back to look at our great Morgan conspiracy from another angle.

That angle was obvious. Morgan didn't have a conspiracy; he had a Broadway

parade. Besides his Second Front, the cattlemen, the sugar producers, and his "government officials," Morgan was making deals with dozens of other Cuban groups hostile to Castro. At least 43 different organizations eventually became involved, and there may have been more. From a security point of view, it just couldn't be. Literally thousands of people were being rung into the conspiracy; yet, it remained intact, virtually untouched. Meanwhile Fidel's firing squads were mowing down victims by the hundreds, and thousands more were being arrested. But not Billy Morgan and his boys.

So I whipped up another one-page memo: this isn't a fraud—it's all a trap. It's inconceivable that Fidel doesn't know what's going on. *El Jefe* read the report. He frowned and I thought I had made my point. Trujillo was definitely disturbed. However, he called in Johnny Abbes and superspy Johnny reassured him. He told Trujillo that Fidel was afraid to move against Morgan.

So I brought in expert opinion to support my view, Gen. Arturo Espaillat, an old intelligence pro and the man who was directing Dominican espionage when Johnny was still a racetrack tout.

"*Jefe*," Arturo told the generalissimo, "they're talking about Morgan's conspiracy in every Cuban bar in Miami. This is ridiculous. It has to be a trap."

Trujillo's only reaction was to toss another million dollars into the conspiratorial plot. (Incidentally, that million didn't really come from Trujillo. It was wrung out of a very reluctant Batista, then still resident in the Dominican Republic. Batista had been stalling on contributing to the cause. Then *el Jefe* sent word that Batista had better come across with a million dollars or he'd have him dumped off a cliff. Batista suddenly saw the light.)

The security leaks swelled into a torrent of publicity late in May when U.S. customs agents in Miami broke up Trujillo's arms smuggling ring in South Florida. Worse, the Dominican consul general himself, Augusto Ferrando, was publicly linked to an attempt to bribe customs agents. The story of Trujillo's coming offensive against Castro was front-paged throughout the Caribbean. The only unpublished detail was the name of the generalissimo's chief confederate inside Cuba.

Our galloping conspiracy began to get even zanier in June. Several prominent newsmen, including renowned photographer and war correspondent Dickey Chapelle, were contacted and invited to watch Morgan oust Castro. There's also nothing like a little television coverage for your conspiracies. That was taken care of by inviting down Alex Rorke, a free-lance cameraman then on assignment for NBC-TV. By this time I was only mildly stunned when I learned that Morgan had actually hired an American public-relations man to work with the visiting correspondents and the local press. However, Morgan's publicist lingered in Havana just long enough to grasp the full nature of his new job—and note how Castro's overworked firing squads continued to provide 24-hour-service in the Moat of Laurels—and then quietly bolted back to Miami. That was to be about the only smart move in the whole conspiracy.

The glorious counterrevolution looked a lot more real back in the Dominican Republic. Hundreds of volunteers from Europe had arrived and were being shaped up into a Dominican Foreign Legion. Most were members of the Spanish Foreign Legion on loan from Franco. In Miami Americans who had fought for Castro were now signing up on the Morgan-Trujillo team.

The plan called for Morgan's Second Front to begin the uprising by seizing an airfield and port in Las Villas province. The Foreign Legion and a Cuban exile "Liberation Army" would then be airlifted from the Dominican Republic to the beachhead. Another force of Cuban exiles and American soldiers of fortune would hit Cuba from Miami.

But even as preparations finalized, doubts about the whole operation became almost overwhelming. "General" Policarpo Soler suddenly became extremely rational and decided he needed a vacation in Spain. Trujillo refused and later had him shot. The commander of the exile "Liberation Army" admitted that he feared a trap. Our Miami Cubans were almost demoralized by confusion and suspicion. Except for Trujillo, only Johnny Abbes was eager to continue.

El Jefe himself obviously had his doubts. But he just couldn't bring himself to scrub the operation. His pride was at stake, perhaps even his survival. It would be a shattering loss of face if the Morgan conspiracy proved to be a fake or ended in fiasco. But even Trujillo must have been shaken by the reports which now began to come out of Cuba.

Mass arrests began in Havana the night of August ninth. Morgan's chief lieutenant, Maj. Eloy Gutierrez Menoyo, summoned all members of the "Provisional Government" to Morgan's home for "a final meeting." It was to be final, all right. When the mansion was packed with hundreds of underground leaders, Castro's troops closed in and seized them. Similar traps sprang shut throughout the city. They were the first of thousands to be seized over the next week.

On August 10, Morgan contacted Ciudad Trujillo by radio. He was back in the Escambray, he said, and the great counterrevolution was finally launched. His Second Front troops were attacking the town of Trinidad and its fall was expected momentarily. He called on the generalissimo to begin the invasion. *El Jefe* was noncommittal. Probably for the first time in his life, Trujillo was really confused.

For the next three days, life in the National Palace and the military intelligence building just behind it was a cycle of long radio conversations with Morgan. These would be followed by huddles to analyze what he had said. Morgan talked for hours. Mostly he asked for arms.

In the end, it was decided to send Morgan a planeload of arms. A Dominican air force plane parachuted an arms shipment to a point Morgan had indicated near Trinidad. Morgan promptly got back on the radio to complain that most of the packets had blown out to sea.

The transmissions continued, but I decided I had had enough of William Morgan and conspiracy for that day. I went home and went to bed.

When I arrived at the Palace next morning, Johnny Abbes was still glued to the transmitter. He and Morgan had talked all night. It seemed to me that this was the wordiest conspiracy ever concocted.

Anyway Johnny announced flatly that Morgan had captured Trinidad and the Trinidad Airport. Phase two of the operation could now begin: the actual landing of troops. He tuned in Morgan again. In a flood of bad Spanish, the American described how the Second Front force

TRUE

"This'll be a shock to organized religion . . . there are an additional five commandments!"

had rolled over the entire area and was picking up popular support everywhere. Peasants by the hundreds were joining in the uprising. Morgan's men were now cleaning up pockets of resistance in the Trinidad area. Over the radio muffled explosions could be heard in the background.

Again the team went into a huddle. And as usual I merely listened and observed. Long ago, I had decided I wanted no part of the William Morgan thing, hoax or not.

That evening a plane landed at Trinidad Airport. Aboard were a Spanish priest and several of our Cubans. Hundreds of soldiers and peasants swarmed around the plane, shouting "Viva Trujillo!" "Down with Castro!" The Cubans and the priest stepped out of the plane and looked around cautiously. In the distance, they could hear occasional firing; otherwise everything looked under control. They immediately flew back to Santo Domingo.

It was Trujillo who made the final decision. The reconnaissance flight to Cuba proved it was no hoax. The invasion would go forward as planned. Except for Johnny Abbes, the rest of the conspiracy command remained dubious.

Meanwhile Morgan was back on the air. He pleaded for machine gun and mortar specialists. Send them on the next flight to Trinidad. It's urgent. When Trujillo heard this, he suddenly ordered me to draw full combat gear. *I* was to be the automatic-weapons specialist Morgan wanted. I was to head up the forward element of the Foreign Legion and have the honor of being among the first to invade Cuba.

When I recovered my cool, I discovered many sound reasons why my presence was vital to the home front. I volunteered Johnny Abbes for the honor. I stalled and protested. It was dangerous as hell to defy a Trujillo order, but not even he could make me get aboard that plane. It was some consolation to learn that I had company in my cowardice. The *Jefe* also called in Arturo Espaillat, gave him the same order and got the same reaction. Why us, I wondered, the two most vocal critics of the whole Morgan mess? Maybe it was because Trujillo had a most peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, the plane left without us.

Morgan got his specialist next morning. The mortar expert was a Spanish Foreign Legionnaire. Ex-Capt. Raul Betancourt, a Cuban exile, took my place as the machine-gun specialist. They and eight other men were aboard the plane from Santo Domingo that set down at Trinidad Airport. The men peered warily out of the windows and clutched their weapons as the plane rolled to a stop. This was the moment of truth and they knew it.

All seemed well. Cuban soldiers swarmed around the plane, shouting "Viva Trujillo" and "Down with Castro." The invaders relaxed and one by one piled out of the plane. It was then that a signal was given and the men suddenly found themselves staring into leveled guns. For the 10 men there must have been a flash of realization that the previous day's reconnaissance flight had been hoaxed, that the entire conspiracy was a hoax, and they were its victims.

Copilot Carlos Vals suddenly went berserk. He sprayed the mob of Castro troops with his submachine gun and cut down six before he was killed. Raul Betancourt was also shot to death. The other eight men were made prisoners and marched to the barracks on the edge of the airstrip. Morgan was waiting for them there. He stared at them silently.

"Too bad the story of the plot began to leak out," Morgan said later. "We could have caught a lot more mice than these. Maybe even Trujillo himself."

The fantasy had finally ended.

Back in Havana, the last remnants of Morgan's "underground" were being wiped out. Members of the sugar growers' and cattlemen's associations were arrested en masse. Altogether some 6,000 people were thrown in jail. They included some 1,800 men who were members of Morgan's own Second Front. Many were small farmers who had rejoined simply because Morgan, whom they idolized, had again called on them to take up arms. Only a few hundred men of the Second Front escaped. They took to the hills of the Escambray and waged guerrilla warfare until they were finally wiped out in the spring of 1961.

To Castro, the conspiracy was the *"Carcajada del Ano,"* the joke of the year. He paraded his captives on Cuban television at Havana's Radiocentro and showered Morgan with praise.

Dickey Chapelle listened thoughtfully as she sat in the audience. What was the real story of the Morgan conspiracy? She decided to dig into it. Alex Rorke was later to spend the rest of his life probing into the case of Morgan's double or triple cross. I, too, had a certain curiosity.

But the whole story will never be known because the one man who could tell it is dead.

Morgan was a national hero after Castro's televised accolade. He was cheered wherever he went. At public appearances, frenzied *fidelistas* chanted "Morgan sí, Yanquis no." Morgan held court in his magnificent mansion on Sexta Avenida. It had, he told admiring newsmen, six bedrooms, a swimming pool, eight television sets, three radios and a cellarful of champagne.

But Morgan's hero status was brief. His mansion was quietly taken away from him, and he was sent to manage a huge state-owned frog farm. Slowly he faded into obscurity.

Morgan's last public appearance was just a few weeks before he was to disappear into La Cabana. During a television broadcast at Radiocentro, Castro spotted him in the audience. Interrupting his speech, Castro called him to the microphone. Beaming, Morgan came forward and squatted docilely at his master's feet. Noticeably, his squat, once-powerful body had bloated, his muscles had turned to fat.

Maybe Fidel had this in mind when he shrilled to the crowd: "This is the type of North American we want in Cuba."

The secret police came for Morgan on October 21, 1960. Early in March 1961 Morgan was called before a military tribunal and sentenced to death. The crash of rifle fire that carried out the sentence the evening of March 13 was absorbed by the thick, gray walls of La Cabana fortress. Across the bay, carnival-celebrating *habaneros* who had once chanted Morgan's praises now snake-danced through the streets. Morgan also seemed forgotten by Fidel as he clinked cocktail glasses in a reception at the new embassy of Communist China.

But Morgan wasn't forgotten in the Dominican Republic. The news exploded silently through the National Palace; Morgan was far too touchy a subject to discuss openly. Furtively Palace officials debated the Morgan affair. Was the conspiracy a trap right from the beginning? Or had Castro later learned of it and secretly forced Morgan to turn it into a trap? Frank Nelson, one of the key figures in the conspiracy, and I still debate these points whenever we get together in his New York apartment to rehash the old days. Frank is convinced that Morgan was sincere in the beginning. I'm not sure either way; I merely believe that I originally told the generalissimo—that you can't put a big bet on a man like William Morgan without inviting a double cross.

Trujillo himself never again spoke the name William Morgan after the plot blew up on him. Nor did he have any comment when I took him the wire service report on Morgan's execution. But I could guess what he was thinking: Morgan had escaped his vengeance.

Some two months later, when I was fortunate enough to be out of the country, Trujillo was assassinated by some of his most trusted officers.

In a sense, Morgan was the real assassin. Trujillo never recovered from the debacle. His aura of power and invincibility was swept away. The once dreaded Caesar of the Caribbean was publicly humiliated. It seemed to his generals that the Morgan affair showed that Trujillo was losing both his once-iron political grip and his touch with reality, fatal flaws in Trujillo's world. The stage was set for murder.

But the *Jefe* died as he had lived. He died fighting, shooting it out with his assassins. He too died well, and I was glad.

—Robert Emmett Johnson

COMING . . .

The facts at last about the unlikely agent who caused more damage to Germany than a "dozen atom bombs."

A MAN CALLED LUCY

Startled historians call it the most amazing spy story of World War II. A condensation of the new book

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

MENU TEST

Don't wince if the girl you take to dinner orders oysters, minestrone, steak, asparagus, French fries, salad and baked Alaska. Capacity to enjoy food is one of the best indications of a woman's capacity to enjoy sex. This interesting discovery was made by investigators at the University of New York Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse. They did not explain how they conducted their investigations.

BUCK A TICKET

One dollar is the standard price for a lottery ticket in the U.S. That's the tag set by New York for its new state lottery. Governor Rockefeller and quite a few legislators were very cold to the lottery idea, but it's remarkable how the political conscience mellows when there's money in the wind. After the law was passed, administrators stepped up the frequency of drawings to one a month and put the price at a buck so everybody can play and help public education. Unfortunately, New York and New Hampshire, the only states with lotteries, can't fill national demand. Nearer to the ideal is the National Dollar Lottery described in this column a couple of years ago. The idea: players cut a dollar bill in two, keep one half with its serial number and mail the other half with the same serial number to Washington, where a responsible official—the Secretary of the Treasury would be a good man—runs a weekly drawing. The revenooers take an instant tax bite from winners, and losers get rid of wads of paper. The idea got a good response but the flurry died down. Now the originators of the idea, who hail from San Diego and Lemon Grove, California, think the time is right for a new push. Max Goodwin, publisher of the *Lemon Grove Review*, Lemon Grove, California, recently gave the National Dollar Lottery a big editorial send-off. We don't know whether he would organize a lottery lobby if enough people wrote to him, but organization is needed. Meanwhile, 48 of our states are discriminated against. One man, one vote, one buck.

DISBARRED VOTERS

Drink emporiums are closed tight as a drum in a lot of states on election days. Why? Nobody seems to have thought of asking the question until some disgruntled Nevadans realized that their state had such a bluenose law on the books. The Nevada legislature, aware that bone-dry gambling dens don't appeal to tourists, promptly abolished the law on grounds that it no longer serves a good purpose. Laws forbidding alcohol on election days were passed a century or so ago when politicians bought votes with a shot of rotgut and drunks who took their candidates seriously broke each other's heads in wild Donnybrooks. Times have changed. It's even arguable that a sober voter is a wiser voter. A case can be made that it's more important to keep bars open on election days than other days. Many a voter needs a light touch of anesthesia to dull his twinges about the choices he has to make when he enters a polling booth. Nevada has shown the way—other legislatures please copy.

FLAT EARTH

Does anybody remember Wilbur Glenn Voliva? Back in Hoovertimes, Wilbur used to preach from Zion City, Illinois, that the earth is flat. On a dull news day he was always good for a story warning careless unbelievers that they were doomed to fall off the edge of the earth into perdition. What with astronauts circling the globe, we thought that the flat earth was gone with Wilbur. We were taken aback when we learned that there is an International Flat Earth Research Society which anyone with the right flat thoughts evidently may join. Its headquarters are in the home of its secretary, Samuel Shenton, a retired sign painter who lives in Dover, England. Shenton is sad in a gentle way about the brainwashing of kids who are taught that the earth is a globe. Flattists hold that the true shape of the earth can't be known. Astronautic photos which show the curvature of the earth are distortions produced by wide-angle lenses, basely deluding the public. The earth is motionless and the part we live in is deep inside it. Men with open minds may communicate with Shenton or start a society of their own and get some publicity like this.

SIR, YOUR HEM IS SHOWING

Sartorial busybodies are forever popping up with plans to revolutionize men's clothing. It has happened again, and we hasten to mention the latest "revolution" before it is providentially forgotten: mini-skirts for men. Clothes designers (a profession with loose qualifications for affiliation) recently put on a show at the New York Institute of Fashion Technology which included plain and pleated men's skirts, assertedly for sale everywhere. A couple of male models who posed for photographs, and who we hope were well paid for their indignity, were caught with a pitiably apprehensive look on their faces, as if they had been sneaking out of a ladies' room or were desirous of a men's room they didn't dare enter. Or they might have been startled by whistles from girls of the Boy Watcher's Society. Women at the show reportedly exclaimed that the lads "looked marvelous!" Certain problems, we think, will kill the skirts-for-men revolution. On windy days, men instinctively watch what's going on in-

(Continued on page 20)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 19)
stead of tugging at their own hemlines. Then there's the matter of sitting down in a mini-skirt without flaunting. And the question of whether a depilatory or razor is better for cleaning up hairy legs. We doubt that mini-skirts for men will ever get off the ground.

HOUSEHOLD GAUDS

Trouble we have had with our wife convinces us that jewelers who think women have three ears would be a boon to mankind. Why women always lose *one* earring we'll never know. They must have numb earlobes. Twice in two months our wife lost one earring. One we found in some draperies behind a telephone stand where she had knocked it in some conversational spasm. The other lost bauble we never did find. Of course it was one that exactly matched her eyes and always won compliments, an 89-cent gaud whose tragic disappearance cast her life in shallows and in miseries. Obviously, earrings should be sold in sets of three instead of in pairs. That way there's a spare which will extend the life expectancy of the set to about two weeks.

SMALL-FRY DUFFERS

Education of the young has reached its finest hour in the schools of Odessa, Texas. Golf instruction is an important class activity for Odessan school children from the seventh grade up. Classes are held on portable golf courses laid down on school football fields. Students who get good marks in follow-through and divot replacement savor the true thrill of education. It shows what can be done to keep children's minds off the three R's, to prepare the rising generation for the harsh realities of life, and to boost the school taxes of property owners.

HI, HO, QUICKSILVER!

Want to be a prospector? The choice stuff to look for isn't gold or silver or uranium. It's mercury, or quicksilver, the liquid metal that runs a temperature inside a thermometer and has a multitude of vital uses. Mercury brings more than $500 for a 76-pound flask. Demand is so great and supply so short that the Federal Office of Minerals Exploration, in Washington, grubstakes prospectors to the extent of half their exploration costs in likely mineral areas. New sensitive detection devices help to sniff out cinnabar, the red-colored mercury-containing ore. Mercury is rather easily extracted, little investment is needed, and sometimes can even be panned out or a lucky guy may stumble upon a sinkhole of the pure stuff refined by nature. The lushest mercury country is the mountains along the California coast. Idaho, Arizona, Alaska, Texas, Oregon and Washington also offer good pickings. Excuse us while we arrange to rent a burro.

OFF WITH THE DANCE

A lot of men have to be dragged to a ballet performance by culture-conscious wives. They may be dragging their wives, or sneaking off to a performance on their own, if a revealing act put on by the Dancers' Workshop of Toplesstown —San Francisco—incites a thirst for culture, as well it may. If the theme of a performance given at Hunter College Playhouse in Manhattan wasn't a takeoff on the Minsky Brothers, it was literally a takeoff. Girls and boys tripped onto a bare stage and peeled off their clothes with aplomb and each other. All their clothes. They were not only topless but bottomless, inbetweenless, G-stringless, down to the buff. Then they put their clothes back on. And off. Assistants dropped masses of paper streamers onto the stage. The stark-naked dancers cavorted through the paper, flung it around and became entangled in a very artistic way. The plot was much simpler to follow than Swan Lake, and made no harsh demands on talent, only on anatomy. It could put ballet back on its bare feet as a popular art form.

DISNEY WONDERLAND

Walt Disney is gone but his legacy of genius goes on and on. Recently we visited the home base of Disney Productions in Burbank, California, and got an eye-opening preview of projects in the works. All the manifold activities of the company funneled through Disney when he was alive. Now brother Roy and a dozen key executives, several of whom go back to the early days of Mickey Mouse, oversee far-flung projects in the "Disney way" they were trained to. Half a dozen adventurous crews are out in the wilds grabbing footage for those fascinating Disney nature movies. The Disney television series is secure. Business at ever-changing Disneyland, a $75 million investment, is up 30 percent. A $35 million snow resort in the Sequoia National Forest, about midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, is scheduled to begin operations in 1971, offering 20,000 skiers a chance to break a leg over ski runs as long as 4½ miles. And on 43 square miles of desolate land near Orlando, Florida, a vast industrial-residential-entertainment-city complex is in the works. Here an amusement park like Disneyland is scheduled to open in 1971, to be followed by golf courses, an industrial park, a jet airport and, it is hoped, a futuristic City of Tomorrow (see photo) accommodating 20,000 citizens—ultimately, a $600 million investment. Quite an oak to grow from a cartoon acorn. What of the animated films that founded the empire? *Jungle Book*, a full-length cartoon feature, will be ready for nationwide showing around Christmas. But Mickey Mouse has left the drawing boards. Walt was Mickey's voice; there can be no other. This touched a nostalgic nerve in us. When Mickey Mouse was 10 years old we did a magazine piece on the anniversary. Walt was astonished and delighted by the popularity of his cartoons, but he had cow trouble. One of his animated animals—Clara, wasn't it?—was all cow, although she had only three teats, or maybe it was two, to simplify drawing. This was too much for some parents whose kids thought milk came out of bottles, and beefs about topless Clara poured in. Walt was a Kansan who thought an udderless cow quite impractical, and we agreed that we could have run screaming from our boyhood milking chores if confronted by such a critter. Whether or not this affected his decision we'll never know, but Clara was gradually phased out of the picture. If you ask us, Mickey Mouse is a greater loss.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The Department of Agriculture is working hard to develop a square tomato, to make mechanical harvesting easier. —THE EDITORS

Falstaff Brewing Corp., St. Louis, Mo.

Thirst come.

Thirst served.

Beer after beer—the choicest product of the brewers' art.® Everywhere.

For $120 what choice do you have in a bolt-action center fire rifle?

Well, for $120 you ought to hold out for a straighter-shooting floating barrel.

And while you're at it, make sure you get a swaged barrel. The rifling's put in while the barrel's formed. Which makes it a tougher, smoother, more accurate barrel.

For $120 insist on the high-comb Monte Carlo stock. It gets you on target faster.

And for $120 be finicky about a strong action. Does the bolt completely enclose the cartridge head? It should.

For $120 don't overlook the trigger pull. It should be crisp, easy to adjust.

And be kind of fussy about checkering. Get the kind that you can really get a grip on.

For $120 you should have your pick of calibers. From 225, 243, and 270 up to, say, 30-06 and 308. [Or a choice of a magnum rifle for a few dollars more; or a carbine for a few dollars less.]

Fact is, for $120 you can get all this in the new Winchester Model 670.

And even get back 5¢ change.

For $120 you can still be choosey.

WINCHESTER®

TRUE
AUGUST

BY DEAN JENNINGS

There never was a mobster like Bugsy Siegel. Gambler, killer and torrid ladies' man, he built the casino that led to today's "paradise in the desert." Here is the full story—from a forthcoming book that reveals all at last

THE HOOD WHO INVENTED LAS VEGAS

June 20, 1947.

The night wind swept in from the west on Strip 91, the lonely road that ran through the endless desert as a dark vein bearing the sluggish plasma of people and cars that kept Las Vegas alive.

The heat rose from the dry land, and as it flowed into the air currents, the wind picked up speed and sucked up grains of sand and fired them, like shotgun pellets, across the road and the flat land. The tumbleweed broke from its roots, and the gnarled balls sped and bounced with the wind, and the silvery heads of the sagebrush yielded and lay close to the soil.

And in Las Vegas, the old-timers heard the shrieking of the sand-laden wind, and closed windows and doors, and canceled whatever plans they had for going out that night.

At exactly 10 minutes before midnight, Hank Greenspun, press agent for the new and unique Flamingo Hotel, locked his office door and walked into the casino lobby. He stood there a moment listen-

Condensed from the book *We Only Kill Each Other*, copyright © 1967 by Dean Jennings. To be published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

ing to the droning spiel of the stickmen at the crap table, and hearing the mesmeric sound of the dice, like the rattles of a desert snake, and for some of the players the silent strike against the felt was like sudden death. The vast curtained room, forever quarantined against the reality of sunlight, was jammed with the masked faces of the bettors. The castanet click of the chips was the dance without end against a curtain of cigaret smoke, and the music was the soft crinkling sound of money, folded and unfolded, and stuffed into the table slots. Ben Siegel would be smiling about that when the counting-room sheets were turned in. He and his friends had sunk $6,000,000 into this wild dream of his in the middle of the desert, and it had been tough going. "You're outta your mind, Ben," one hoodlum had said. "You'll have to furnish camels to get the suckers out there."

Hank Greenspun gazed out across the garden terrace where now the wind-borne sand slashed at a quarter of a million dollars worth of trees and shrubs Ben Siegel had brought in to cover the ugly barren land. The abrasion was swift and cruel, and the leaves and branches, ribboned and torn by the storm, swirled away into the night.

And as he watched, the wind slid under the wrought-iron chairs around the enormous pool, and sent them spinning into the water. And they lay at the bottom, and the sand covered the blue tile. *Oh, brother,* Greenspun thought, *wait till Ben sees that. He's going to blow his stack.*

But not tonight, anyway.

The penthouse suite, on the fourth floor of the hotel wing across the terrace, was dark. Ben Siegel had flown to Beverly Hills early that morning, leaving his guns and bodyguard behind, and he had said he would be back soon.

"It's getting so I hate to go to L.A., Hank," he said.

"So why do you go?"

"Because that's where the dough is."

"You got problems?"

Ben Siegel smiled, and it was a curious, deceptive smile. Like that of a small boy, lying without really believing that it was a lie. "Nothin' I can't handle."

Greenspun would remember that smile forever.

It took Greenspun three hours to reach his home in Boulder City, 23 miles away, and when he did his car was naked metal, for the wind had stripped off all the paint. And inside his house, the phone was ringing.

"Hank, get back here to the hotel right away."

"Somebody stick up the joint?"

"Worse than that. Murder—and I mean murder."

THE NIGHT AIR WAS unusually warm, and George

Charged with murder, Siegel had reason to look worried in 1940. But the key witness against him died—mysteriously.

Sultry Virginia Hill qualified as the playgirl of the century. Few knew she and Siegel married in 1946.

Raft squirmed and perspired and punched the pillow into a lump in the bedroom of his home on Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills.

He was half asleep, with the asthma making him cough in little spasms, and at first he did not hear the telephone. The script of his next picture, a thriller with June Havoc called *Intrigue*, lay half crumpled on the bedside table.

Now he was awake, and he automatically reached for a cigaret and a match and slowly picked up the phone.

"George Raft?" The voice—from the district attorney's office—was crisp and impersonal. "We want to talk to you about Bugsy Siegel."

"You mean *Ben* Siegel?"

"Bugsy or Ben, it's all the same to us."

Raft was angry now. "Listen," he said brusquely. "You want to see me, you come out here. You know where I live."

Raft slid out of bed. He put on a monogrammed robe over his silk pajamas, carefully combed his black hair, and lit another cigaret. Waiting and glancing down at his watch, he remembered another late evening when Virginia Hill, red-haired and sultry, bringing her own satin sheets, came to the house as a guest because she wanted to stay out of circulation for a few days.

Ben Siegel often came to see her late at night, unannounced, and he was always gone before daylight. Sometimes he phoned, and he would casually ask George how Virginia was getting along. But Raft knew why he made the call. *He just wants to make sure she isn't two-timing him and lettin' some other guy come in the back door.*

Then Raft had another and more disturbing thought. He suddenly remembered the hundred grand he had loaned Ben Siegel only a few months ago, and he could still hear Ben saying, with that shy and incongruous little smile of his: "Georgie . . . thanks for the lift. You want a receipt?"

"Not from you I don't," he had said.

"Okay, pal."

One hundred thousand in cash.

Raft heard the gravel skittering in the driveway outside, and heard a man say: "Yeah, this is the place. He'll be here."

ABOARD A LUXURIOUS houseboat on the Seine River in Paris, beneath the long shadows of the Eiffel Tower, there was a gay and noisy party.

The men were sleek and handsome, and the women were lovely and chic. A man was humming "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" the hit song from a new musical in New York. [*Continued on page* 89]

Palship with actor George Raft went far back. Siegel hated "Bugsy" tag, liked Raft to call him "Baby Blue Eyes."

Virginia was away and Siegel was on couch when end came. This is how Beverly Hills cops found him.

ARE FLYING S
REALLY CREAT
LIVE IN OUTE

BY VINCENT GADDIS

■ On the night of November 23, 1944, Lieut. Edward Schlueter, U.S. pilot of the 415th Night Fighter Squadron, took off from Dijon, France, on a routine patrol to intercept German planes west of the Rhine between Strasbourg and Mannheim. With him as radar observer was Lieut. Donald J. Meiers, and Lieut. Fred Ringwald, an intelligence officer. Visibility was good under a first quarter moon. The cabin was dark for good night vision.

Schlueter was flying low so he could spot trains or truck convoys, but at the same time he had to keep a sharp lookout to avoid smokestacks, barrage balloons, searchlights and flak batteries.

Looking toward the west, Ringwald said, "I wonder what those lights are over there in the hills."

"Probably stars," the pilot replied, not looking. "I don't think so."

"Are you sure they're not a reflection from us?"

"Positive."

Suddenly Ringwald remembered that there were no hills in that direction. There were eight or 10 lights in a row, moving through the air at a high rate of speed. They looked like orange balls of fire.

Schlueter could see them off his left wing. A veteran flyer, he had never seen anything like them. Could they be enemy fighters pursuing him?

"Nothing on radar," commented Meiers. The pilot checked by radio with Allied ground radar stations. "Nobody up there but yourself," they reported. "Can't see anything anywhere near you."

Copyright © 1967 by Vincent Gaddis; from the book *Mysterious Fires and Lights* by Vincent Gaddis, published by David McKay Co., Inc.

SAUCERS
URES THAT
R SPACE?

How's this for an eerie theory: the mysterious UFO's are living things— giant, glowing animals that inhabit the atmospheric sea

Schlueter frowned. "Wonder if we're seeing some new German weapon," he said. "Let's take a look." He swung the plane around and headed directly for the lights, ready for action. Then, as he approached, the lights vanished. A moment later they reappeared further away. Again the pilot tried to close in. This time they went into a glide, leveled out and, finally, disappeared.

Schlueter may have been the first to see such orange balls but he certainly wasn't the last. His experience was repeated many times by other U.S. pilots in World War II, both in Europe and the Far East. The objects came to be known as "foo fighters" and they continued to bother pilots in the Korean war as well.

What were they? No one knows, but there have been many theories put forward to explain foo fighters and the other types of unidentified flying objects that have been appearing with increasing frequency since World War II. Perhaps the most interesting theory is that they are animals—animals adapted to life in the upper atmosphere just as some creatures are adapted to life in the depths of the sea.

The suggestion that some UFO's may be animals, life-forms or animate creatures indigenous to rarified atmospheres or possibly to space itself, may seem fantastic at first. Actually it is a logical theory that seems to answer many questions about the strange behavior of UFO's.

I have a friend, Curtis Fuller, who is president of two publishing [*Continued on page* 59]

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL BOYLE

WHO KILLED LIKEABLE SAM?

It didn't make any sense at all, not even when the murderers were caught. Because by then it was clear they had nothing against Sam either **BY CHARLES REMSBERG**

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

■ The case began with an ordinary missing-persons report that was virtually ignored by the police.

On March 1, 1962, Sam L. Resnick, 61, a retired jeweler and art collector, wolfed down a dinner of meatballs and spaghetti and left his lavish home on Phoenix's busy Glendale Avenue for his usual short evening stroll. When dawn came, Resnick had not returned. His wife frantically telephoned the police.

He had appeared in his usual cheerful spirits, she said, untroubled by health, finances or any other personal turmoil. There seemed to her but one logical explanation for his disappearance—foul play. But the cops knew from long experience that they could water a greenhouse full of plants with wifely tears shed over briefly straying husbands, so they assured her Sam would turn up.

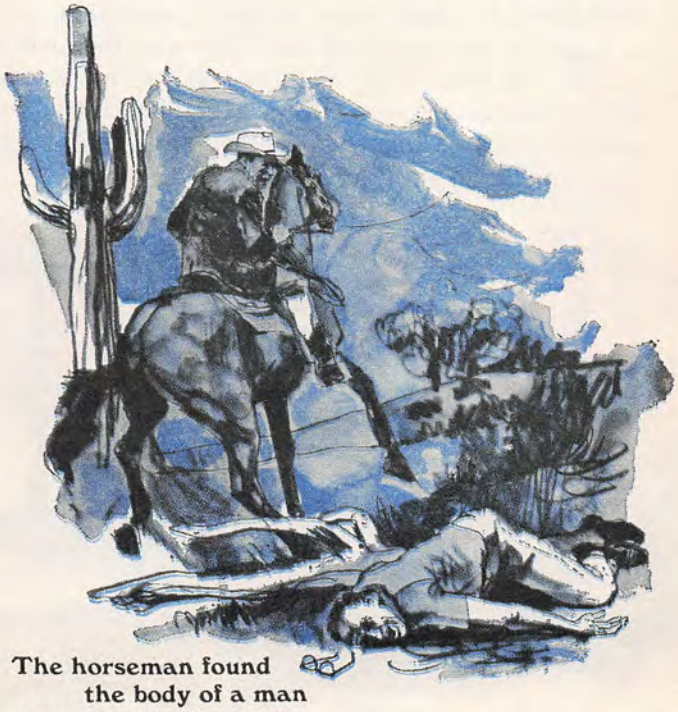
Two days later he did. On that sun-splashed Sunday, a real-estate salesman riding the rocky Arizona desert northeast of town headed down a dry gully. With a startled shout, he reined his horse up tight. The body of a balding, gray-haired man, striped by the shadows of a tall saguaro cactus, lay sprawled face down. His neck was ringed with a deep-purple strangling bruise almost burnlike in its vividness. His face, turned slightly to one side, was ice blue, and his tongue, pushed out full from the constriction of his throat, protruded into the hot sand.

When the horrified horseman excitedly telephoned the Maricopa County sheriff's office from the nearest ranch house, the desk sergeant noted down the body's remote location with a sigh. The lonely graveyard of the desert, long a dumping ground for the residues of criminal violence, had yielded up another victim.

No one realized that the corpse lying in the noonday sun was the main character in one of the weirdest melodramas to enter the annals of American crime. . . .

By the time Detective Sergeant Jim Alandar, a soft-spoken, dark-haired investigator who had just turned 30, arrived at the scene, other officers had already established the victim's name from laundry marks. But as Alandar quickly discovered, there were no ready leads to who had left Sam Resnick out with the rattlesnakes and the cactus wrens.

Alandar had been part of Sheriff Cal Boies' criminal investigations unit only since October. Earlier,



The horseman found the body of a man sprawled in the sand.

It looked like robbery.... But was it?

planning a teaching career, he had worked his way through Arizona State College by serving as a night jailer in the Flagstaff police system. Then, having discovered that the emotional rewards of unraveling mysteries far exceeded those of drilling knowledge into teen-agers, he had abandoned teaching for full-time deputy work. What he lacked in experience he made up for with a teacher's methodical approach, and he now combed the scene around the body as meticulously as he had examined class papers.

A pair of black-rimmed bifocals lying at the tips of Resnick's lifeless fingers apparently belonged to the victim himself. Scuff marks on the ground suggested that a struggle had taken place within a six-foot radius of the corpse. But Alandar could find no ripped-off buttons or discernible footprints. Nor did fibers or other tattletale foreign matter appear lodged under Resnick's fingernails.

A car seemingly had been driven down a little-used lane nearby, but no clear tire marks remained. Even the murder weapon, surmised to be a necktie, was gone. "A clean scene," Alandar muttered in disgust as he dusted off his hands.

"The only possible piece of physical evidence, if you can call it that, is this," another officer remarked. He handed the sergeant a bit of newspaper, shredded as if it had been used for packing. "I found it by Resnick's feet."

"Good, thanks," Alandar said. He thought to himself that the chances the scrap had any connection with Resnick's death must be one in a million.

Foggy as the picture of the killer was, the motive seemed obvious. "No cash, no wallet, no watch, pockets all turned out," Alandar said, to brief his newly-arrived partner, Sergeant Ralph Lake, a balding, roughhewn man in his 40's.

A boy had come to look at the expensive rings Sam was selling.

"Looks like plain, old-fashioned robbery," Lake concluded.

Alandar nodded slowly. Strangling seemed a bit unusual for a heist man, but it could happen. "Let's see what the widow can tell us."

Lillian Resnick, a graying woman of 59, was so near hysterics at news of the murder that she could not talk for long. But in the living room of her ranch-style home, tastefully appointed with fine sculpture, Oriental rugs and oil paintings, she sketched her husband's background and offered what the investigators considered the germ of a promising lead.

Sam, who emigrated from Russia with his parents in 1903, had grown up in the cutthroat slums of New York. He put himself through college on sheer guts and was graduated with a master's degree in chemistry. But right after he married Lillian, 37 years ago, he gave up science and went on the road as a traveling jewelry salesman.

Settling in Albany, New York, stocky, moonfaced Sam Resnick became a highly successful businessman, heading a chain of 10 profitable jewelry stores. In the Empire State's capital city, his insatiable curiosity, exhaustive drive and exceptional personal warmth made him the confidante of important public figures. The Resnick home in Phoenix was hung with an impressive gallery of reminders of that period—photographs signed by Thomas Dewey, Averell Harriman and enough lesser politicians to stuff a ballot box. "Sam loved everyone," Mrs. Resnick told the detectives, "and everyone loved him. He didn't have an enemy in the world."

Alandar nodded unbelievingly. Police homicide records are full of the details of victims who never had an enemy in the world. "When did you come to Phoenix?" he asked.

"We retired here in 1959 after Sam suffered a couple of minor heart attacks," the widow replied. Resnick had then dabbled in a few local investments and briefly had helped their only son run a credit jewelry business in California. But with a net worth estimated at $200,000, Sam spent most of his time reading, playing bridge, kibitzing on the neighborhood merchants and soaking up the Arizona sun. "He smoked a pack of cigarets every day, but he never touched a drop of liquor," Mrs. Resnick declared.

She was thus convinced that Sam could not have met his killer at some wateringhole. Sam's easy life, however, had been disrupted when their son's business had failed. Sam had taken some of the inventory and tried to sell it on a free-lance basis. Here, his widow felt, might lie a clue to his brutal death.

"Usually he sold only to people we know—dinner rings, watches, that sort of thing," she explained. "But last week a Negro boy came here twice to look at a wedding and engagement ring set. The last time was the day Sam disappeared. They were outside and I couldn't hear the conversation, but they seemed to dicker over price. That wasn't like Sam."

She had noticed that her husband also showed the youth his heavy platinum ring. It was mounted with a flawless two-carat blue diamond and two side diamonds, and he had worn it for years. The ring was worth about $4,000 to $5,000.

"It wasn't on the body," Alandar informed her gently.

"Then it was stolen," she said. So, apparently, was Sam's other personal jewelry—a white-gold wrist watch inscribed with his name and a solid-gold Masonic ring studded with chip diamonds. When Mrs. Resnick, at Alandar's request, looked for the wedding set Sam had been trying to sell, she found that it was missing, too.

"Could you describe the customer?" Lake asked.

"Not really. He was average looking . . . about 20 . . . a rather oval face . . . very polite and soft-spoken. He drove a light-colored car, maybe blue but very faded. And I think I heard Sam call him 'Wilson.' "

The detectives asked Mrs. Resnick to check through her husband's papers for anything that might relate to the visitor. Then they walked next door to talk to the Resnicks' neighbors.

This couple, almost as stunned as Mrs. Resnick, described Sam as a man "friendly with everyone." They also remembered his visitor—a coffee-complexioned young man, of medium build and height and clad in brown sport jacket and pants. They had seen him in the Resnick backyard on the day Sam vanished. The wife even recalled the youth's car. It was a 1950 or '51 Studebaker, of faded blue or gray. The standard chrome ring that should have been set around the torpedo nose of this model had seemed to be missing.

"I'm certain that when the one man was with Sam, another was sitting out front in the old car, studying the Resnicks' house," she said. But she could offer no description of the second one.

A block down Glendale Avenue in a cramped grocery store, which had frequently been Sam Resnick's destination on his habitual evening strolls, Alandar and Lake picked up another scrap of information to add to their fund.

About midmorning, a few days before Resnick disappeared, the proprietor and his wife had waited on two strangers. One of them roughly matched the description of the youth seen with Resnick; the other was a short, husky man in his 20's who wore a baseball cap.

The groceryman had waited on two strangers who drove an old car.

"They bought some bologna and bread and sat outside in their car to eat," the grocer recalled. "They kept looking down the street as if they were waiting for somebody, or maybe watching a house down Mr. Resnick's way. Anyway, they headed in that direction when they drove off."

"Did they have a Studebaker?" Lake asked.

"Yeah, one of those funny-looking ones that come to a point in front. It had Arizona plates." The groceryman closed his eyes in thought for a moment. "I think the first two letters were CH, but I was at a bad angle to see very well."

As nearly as the market couple could remember, the strangers' purchases had come to $1.20, rung up on the cash register. Curious, Alandar asked for a sample receipt. He noticed immediately that where the register was supposed to print "THANK YOU" at the bottom of the ticket, only "THANK" appeared. The "YOU," explained the proprietor's wife, was broken off some time ago.

Before heading downtown to report, Lake and Alandar made two other stops.

At the county hospital, where an autopsy on Resnick's remains was in progress, the assistant medical examiner informed them that the chunky little jeweler apparently had been murdered within two to four hours of the time he left on his evening constitutional. Strangulation with some ropelike strand was clearly the cause of death. [*Continued on page* 52]

REPORT FROM VIET NAM

BY KARL H. PURNELL

Get the wounded out fast—
that's the dangerous
mission of the men and
the vulnerable helicopters who
make up Operation Dustoff

ANGELS WITH WHIRLY WINGS

SAIGON

■ Capt. Robert Brower could see the ambush site as he circled the helicopter high above the flat, wet Delta country 30 miles south of Saigon. The tall, soft-spoken pilot flipped the radio switch and again called the operator of the trapped patrol. "Manchu 65, this is Dustoff 104. Has your position changed?"

"Negative, sir," came a dry, hard voice through the radio. "Enemy fire still coming from the north. We suggest southern approach. Two of our wounded can't last much longer, sir."

The copilot and two crew members in the helicopter had monitored the radio conversation over the intercom system. Like Brower, they realized that two American GI's were dying and two others were seriously wounded in one of those stinking, muddy rice fields 2,000 feet below. They also knew that pilots flying medical evacuation missions are under orders not to land their $250,000 helicopters until the area is secure from enemy gunners. Yet they were not surprised when Brower made his decision.

"Manchu 65, this is Dustoff 104," he called. "Request smoke marker. We're coming in."

Pfc. Ronald Walker, 23, an eager, red-faced crew chief from West Perris, California, was the first to sight the green swirl of smoke that signaled the patrol's position.

"Smoke at 3 o'clock, sir," he reported over the intercom.

Brower checked the patrol's position and eased forward on the stick. The helicopter slipped sideways into a steep dive.

As the rice fields rushed toward the Plexiglas window, Brower pulled back on the stick and sent the ship skimming across the deck at a risky 110 mph. Swerving from side to side to avoid enemy fire, he picked out the blurred outlines of the trapped men bunched between two rice fields.

The patrol had been hit by a devastating Viet Cong ambush. As the GI's walked along a narrow mud path, the enemy gunners opened up from a tree line 50 yards ahead. The first machine-gun burst sheared off the side of the platoon sergeant's face. The point man was hit in the chest and pitched forward into the mud. The rest of the patrol dove into the water with their M-16's blazing at the enemy in the trees.

The patrol was still in approximately the same spot 30 minutes later when Brower came down to hover inches above the water beside them.

The medic—stocky, dark-haired Pfc. Karl Danckwerth, 20, of Clifton, New Jersey—and Walker leaped out and churned through the muddy water with a pair of stretchers for the helpless GI's.

As the helicopter hovered next to the struggling men, Viet Cong gunners began firing at the new target —despite the bright red cross painted on its doors.

Brower spoke quietly to his copilot.

"When we're ready, we'll turn around and go out the same way we came in."

The first stretcher had just been loaded by the crew when a bullet cracked through the helicopter's thin aluminum skin. Zipping just below Brower's feet, it plowed through the radio console.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT J. ELLISON

Ang. TRUE

To save a life, these flying medics often risk their own

Ray Cranbourne

When VC hit, help comes quickly. Wounded of 173rd Airborne were snatched off the battlefield by helicopter pilot Capt. Robert Brower (2nd row, left.) Medics begin treatment of injured men in the air as they are quickly taken to a field hospital.

"Charlie's getting closer," he muttered.

Finally Danckwerth and Walker, assisted by three members of the patrol, loaded the second stretcher. It contained the dead platoon sergeant. Two other GI's who could walk were quickly lifted through the open door.

Danckwerth flashed his thumb upward and Brower threw on every ounce of power the ship would take. The helicopter tilted forward, then picked up speed as a final burst of automatic-rifle fire cracked from the trees. When the cool air of higher altitude blew into the ship, the crew chief, Walker, wiped the perspiration from his face.

"We made it, sir! I thought Charlie had us for sure that time!" he called to the captain through his helmet mike.

Brower smiled. Turning the controls over to his copilot, he checked with Danckwerth who was examining the gaping hole in one soldier's chest.

"How are the patients, Danckwerth?" Brower asked.

"One guy is gone, sir. The other is bad."

"Can he make it to Saigon?" Brower asked.

At the Saigon field hospital, 20 miles to the north, a specialist in internal medicine would be waiting if the wounded GI could stay alive for another 20 minutes.

"I think so, sir," Danckwerth replied.

"Saigon it is, then," Brower decided.

The helicopter moved north toward the hospital. Brower scanned the flat green and brown horizon, interlaced with dozens of small, winding canals and rivers. To the west a billow of white smoke was drifting into the wind where jet bombers had just unleased an air strike on a suspected Viet Cong position. Soon Brower could see the outskirts of Saigon; then the crowded tin-roofed shanties gave way to the wide boulevards and spacious villas of the French-built capital.

Suddenly Brower's radio came alive through the helmet's sponge earphones: "Dustoff 104—this is Dustoff control. We have another pickup for you as soon as possible."

Brower wrote down the coordinates and pinpointed the [*Continued on page* 80]

Casualties of 199th Light Infantry above and beside him, crewman stands guard as copter flies to safety. Wounded troops hit mine in paddy near Saigon.

Bruce Brown was one of the first gods of the surfboard. He also had a rare photographer's eye. The talents came together in The Endless Summer, *a surprise movie hit which will make him a million dollars*

A barefoot tycoon, Brown runs business informally. When bored, he takes off and goes surfing (left).

A COOL SURFER RIDES A JACKPOT WAVE

■ The squat, rambling bungalow belonging to Bruce Brown perches atop a cliff overlooking Dana Point, where another adventurer named Richard Henry Dana landed during his two years before the mast. Bruce Brown, a slim man of 29 with sun-whitened hair and weathered face, sits in a concrete niche at cliff's edge. He studies the barges that are bringing huge rocks to build a breakwater. Occasionally he glances halfway down the precipitous slope, where his sons Dana, seven, and Wade, four, are learning the twin lessons of adventure and survival.

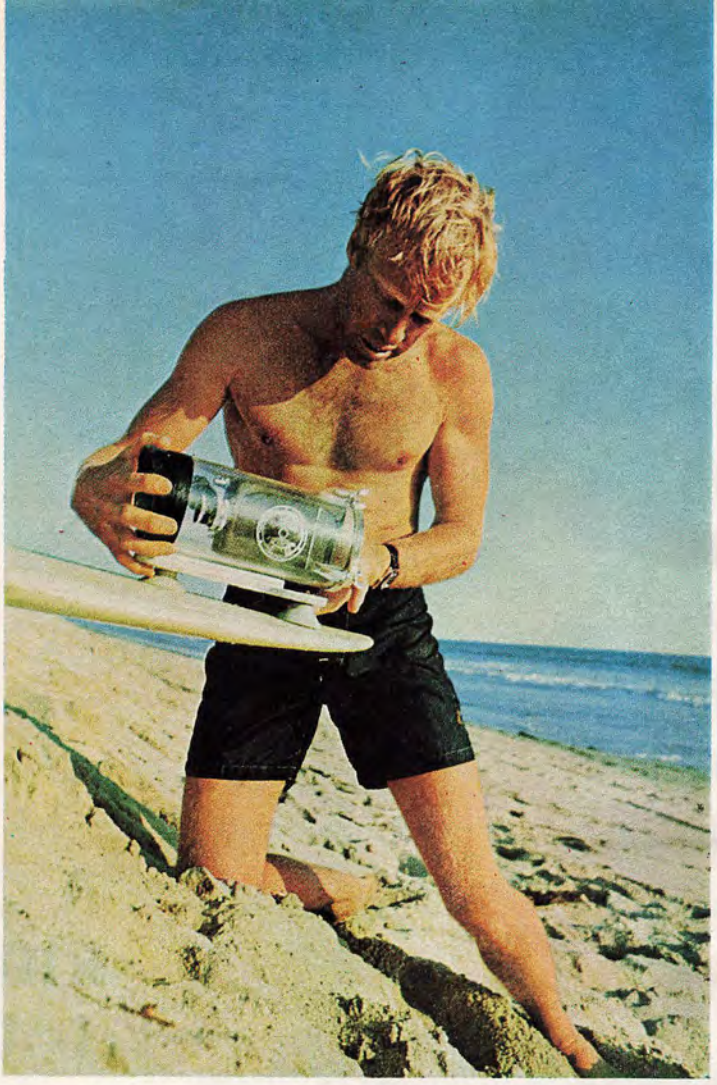
The telephone rings. A secretary with a phony English accent announces that Brown is being called by a high-powered film producer in Hollywood, 65 miles to the north.

"I want to talk to you about making a picture for us," says the executive. "Come on up to the studio and see me."

For a moment Brown contemplates the soft California sunshine and the endless reach of ocean. "No, you come down here," he replies, and the astonished producer agrees to do so at Brown's convenience.

Now Brown summons his towheaded sons, and they reluctantly join their year-old sister Nancy in taking naps. Still in sport shirt and chinos, Brown says good-bye to his pretty wife

Brown has no trouble maneuvering, despite gear on surfboard.



Mounted camera provides a wave-height view of surfers.

He was told there were certain movie shots that couldn't be made. Then he went out and made them

and rides his motorcycle to the office of Bruce Brown Enterprises, two blocks away. There he, his office manager and a secretary operate the business of distributing the five surfing movies Brown produced earlier in his career.

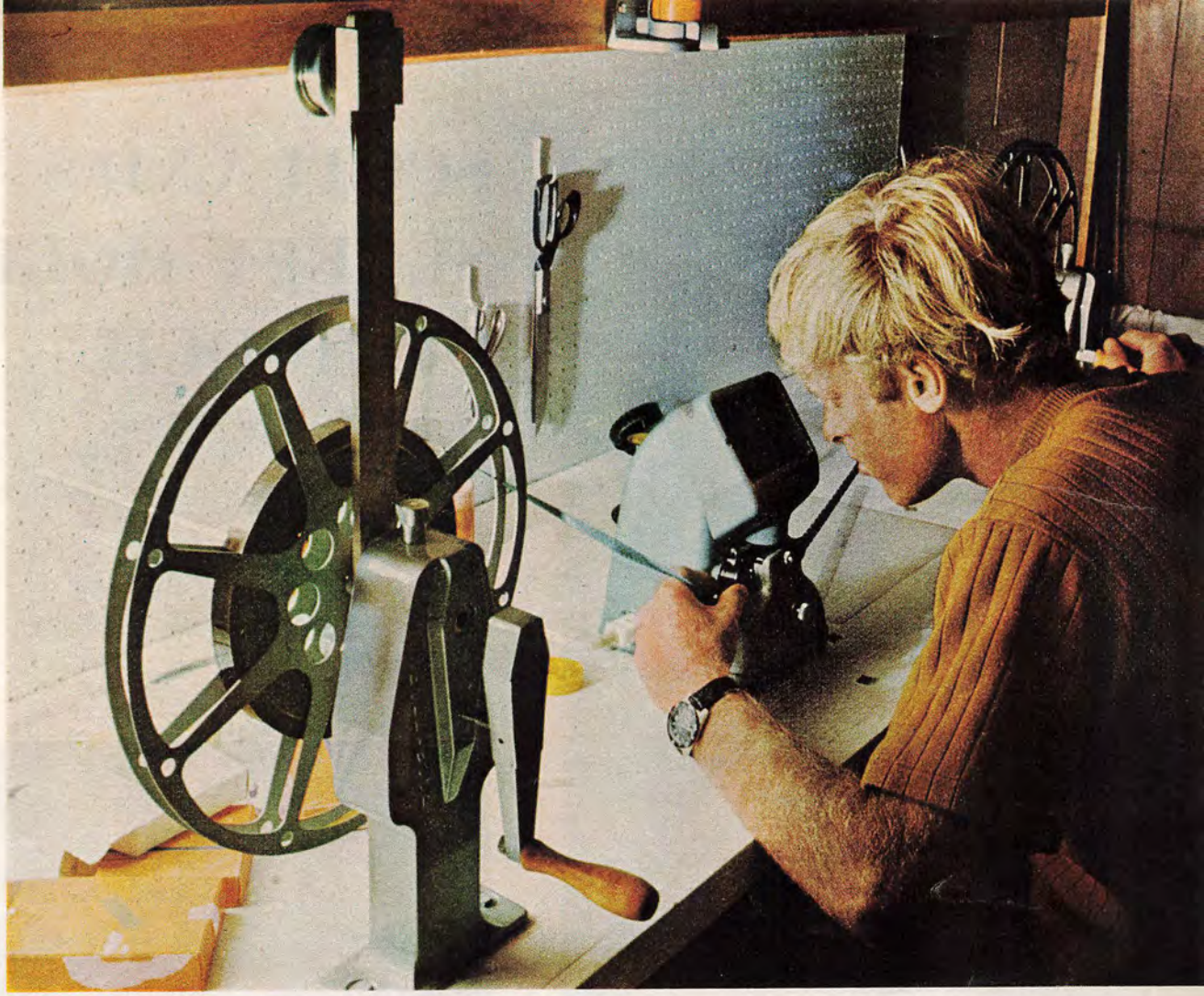
Long a legend in the surfing community, Brown has lately become known to the general public because of his sixth film, *The Endless Summer*. It is the unlikely story of a round-the-world search for a perfect surfer's wave. Produced, written and narrated by Brown, it stars two men who were unknown before and haven't been seen in a movie since. It involved months of skimping and budget trimming and cost only $50,000 to make. But what could—and by traditional Hollywood standards, should—have been a slapdash, forgettable documentary, somehow captures all the excitement and wonder of today's "coolest" sport. The film has been hailed by the sniffiest of critics as a modern classic, and so many people have flocked to see it that *Summer* has popped up on *Variety's* weekly lists of top boxoffice winners in the company of movies that cost 200 times as much. Brown, who flirted with bankruptcy to make the film, stands to make a million dollars from it.

His office hours are occupied by numerous telephone calls from the eastern capitals where *Summer* is playing. The telephone rings once too often, and Brown escapes on his motorcycle. He returns home, straps his surfboard onto his Jeep and goes tooling down the Pacific Highway in search of some waves.

He finds them at San Onofre, one of the great surfing beaches of Southern California. Brown strips to his trunks and paddles through the onrushing waves, unmindful of the wintry chill in the water.

Three hundred yards offshore, he turns his board to the beach and waits. Soon it arrives, the large, menacing swell that holds promise of a fine wave. Brown is on his knees, chopping his hands into the water to meet the momentum of the swell. Now it is carrying the board along, and he rises to his feet as the immense power of the wave starts to break.

He leans forward on the board and the full force of the water hurtles him toward the shore. The wave starts to wane and he crouches down to paddle



A precise editor, Brown looks over film. It took two years before he was satisfied with The Endless Summer.

Brown and cliff-dwelling family live his dream.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

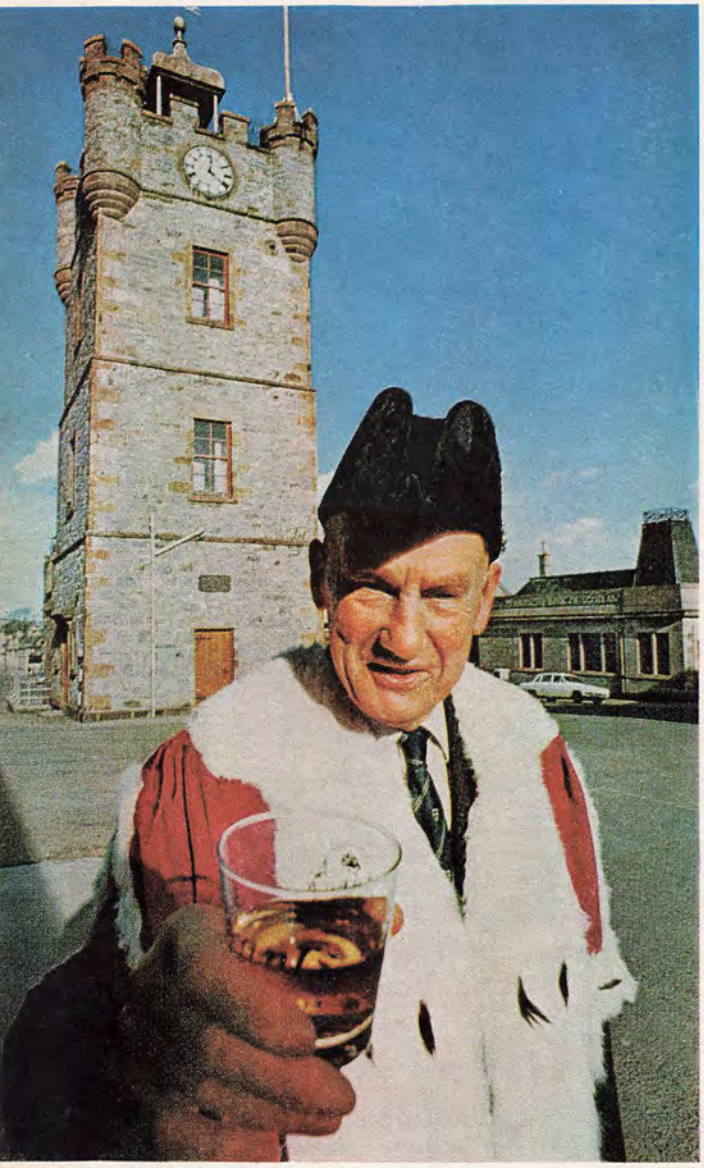
swiftly. Another swell breaks from behind and Brown rides it upright until the force is spent and he steps off into ankle-deep water. Here, personified, is the skill and joy of great surfing. It could have been the movie.

This daily routine is often repeated by Brown, with slight variations. Some days he may escape by hunting for quail with his golden retriever Arf in the unspoiled hills behind Dana Point. Or he may take his commercial fishing boat out on the Pacific to track down and harpoon sailfish.

"Bruce leads the kind of life that most men dream about," says an admiring friend. "What's more, he's getting rich doing it."

But that's a recent development. Until a year ago, Bruce Brown earned an often precarious financial existence as "the Fellini of the foam"—he was so dubbed by *The New York Times*. Then the dice came up seven on *The Endless Summer*.

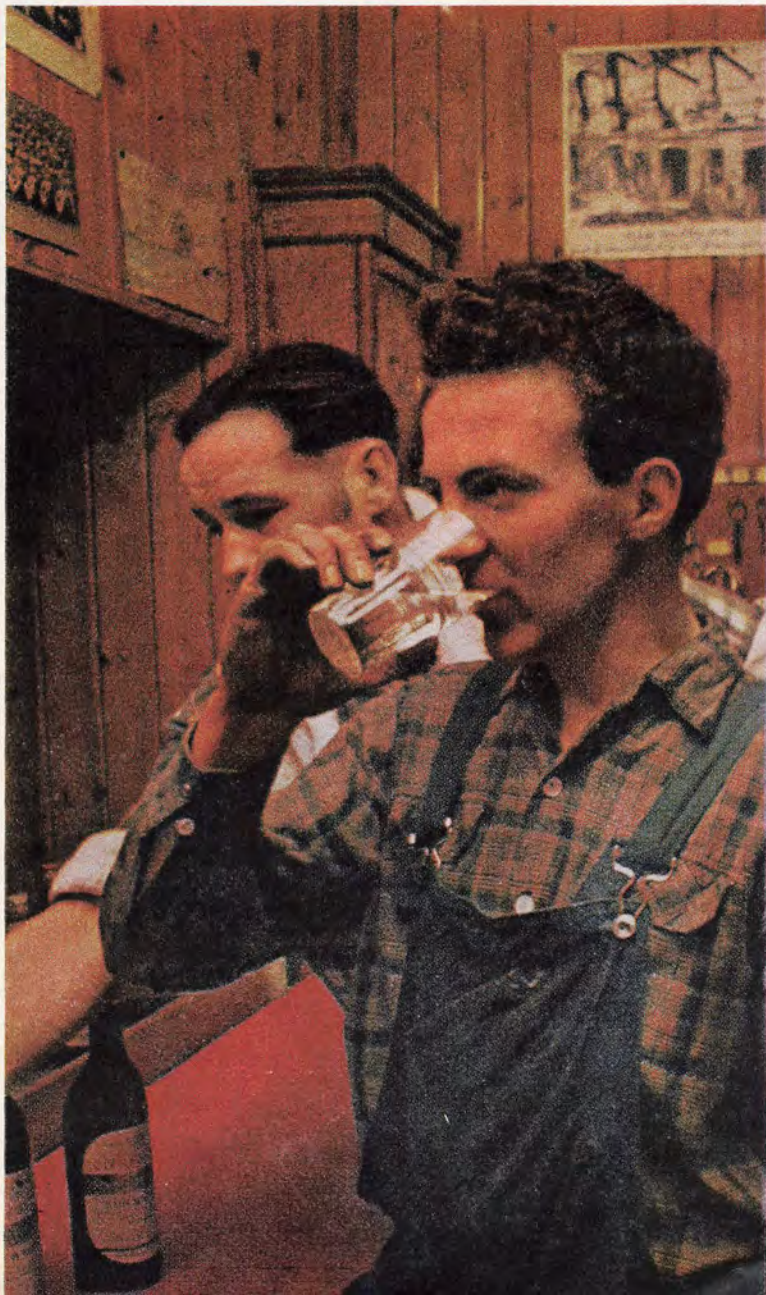
The results have delighted Brown, but he is the kind of man who can live with success or without it. The office is new, and he [*Continued on page* 63]



With an ex-bothy (the tower) at his back, Dufftown's Provost, George Barkes, offers a sip of naked Scotch.

SCOTLAND'S SLEEPY HOLLOW OF HOOCH

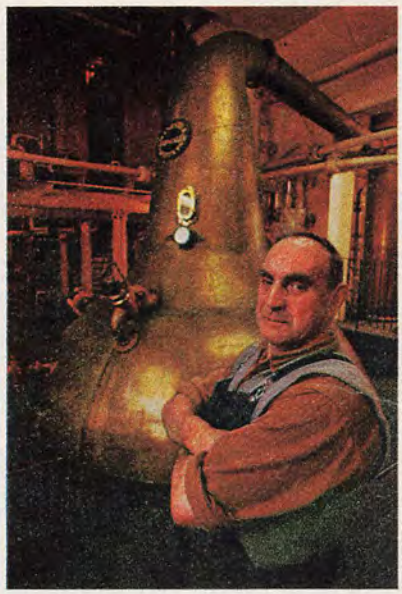
The place is called Dufftown
and it turns out
3½ million gallons a year
of the richest, rarest
whisky of all—
straight malt Scotch

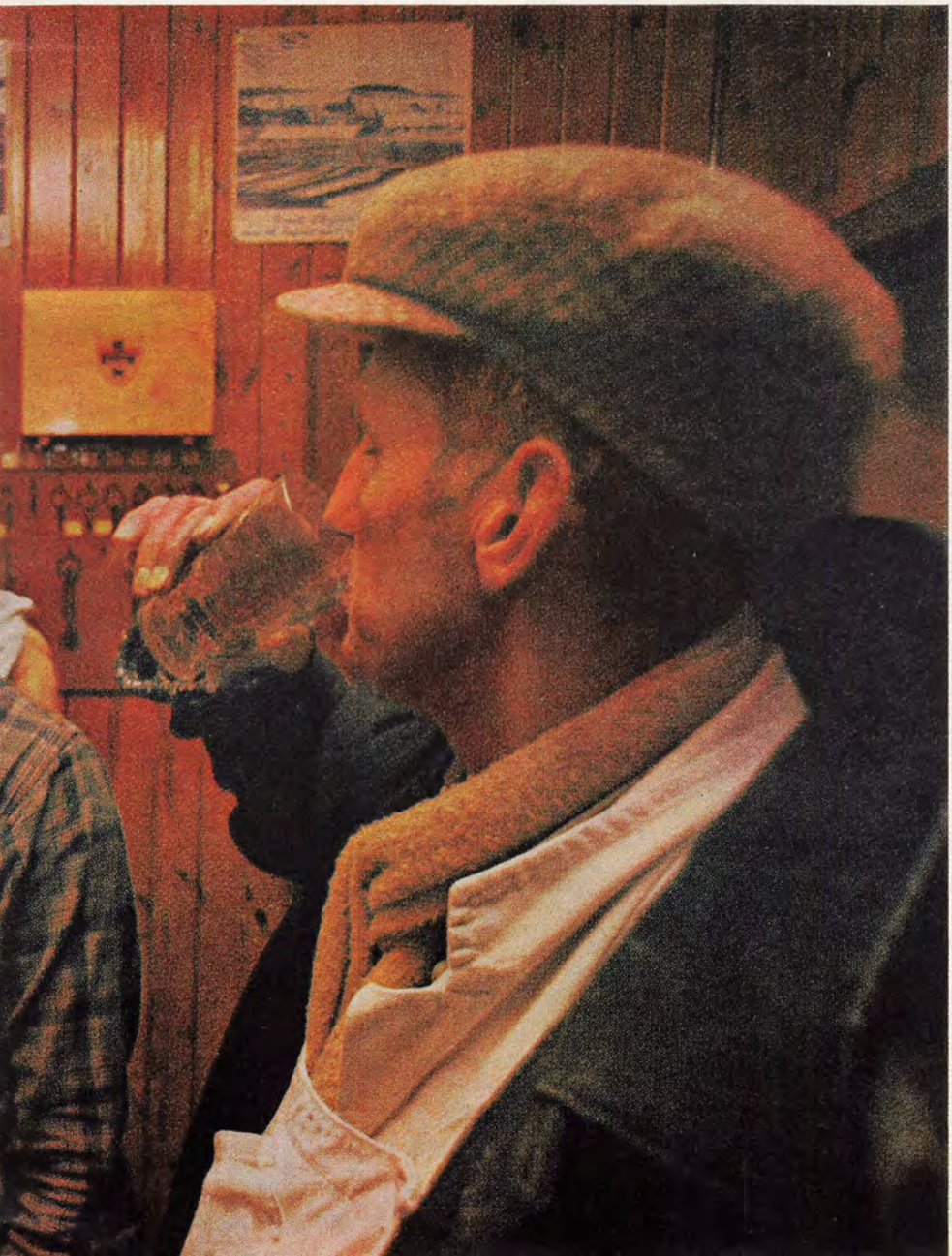


BY AL STUMP

■ It was the peat reek that got me, along with a few of the other elements involved. The time was 3 a.m. by the clock in the town square tower, and I was standing—in a leaning position—outside the Fife Arms Pub with my friend Willie Duncan McNab, who is head mash man at Pittyvaich Distillery. Under the pale Scottish moon over Dufftown we shook hands. McNab proposed we sing a song.

The name McNab is one of the most celebrated among the whisky-making professionals of the Central Highlands of Scotland. Willie's father and grandfather were both noted malt men and mash men, and as far back as 1803 a McNab was making history as a gun-packing liquor smuggler and operator of illicit stills. The present McNab is stocky, bushy-haired, reddish





Still Manager Alistair Murray (upper left) samples the spring water vital to the flavor of Scotch. Chief mash man Willie McHattie (upper right) folds his brawny arms to rest as his gruel of barley and water begins its wondrous ferment. Coppersmith Sandy Grant (below) beats out the great pot stills in his shop—and hoards their precious secrets.

At left, the still men down their drams of Scotch on the house—a daily fringe benefit they often augment on the way home.

Looking a playful pixie, the malt man airs the working barley several times a day.

It takes men and malt and burn water to make the heady Highland brew

of complexion, heartily cheerful and within the law.

"By dawn the ranks were wearin' thin," brayed McNab, bracing himself against the pub wall and quoting from an old ballad of the Clan Colquhoun, "for it was a grand, grand night on the batter. . . ."

"What's a batter?" I asked unsteadily.

"A big toot! A drinkin' party, like we just had. A *muckle* drinkin' party," said Willie. "Don't ask so many questions and take a breath of our lovely Dufftown air." He belched. Then he watched me inhale and laughed.

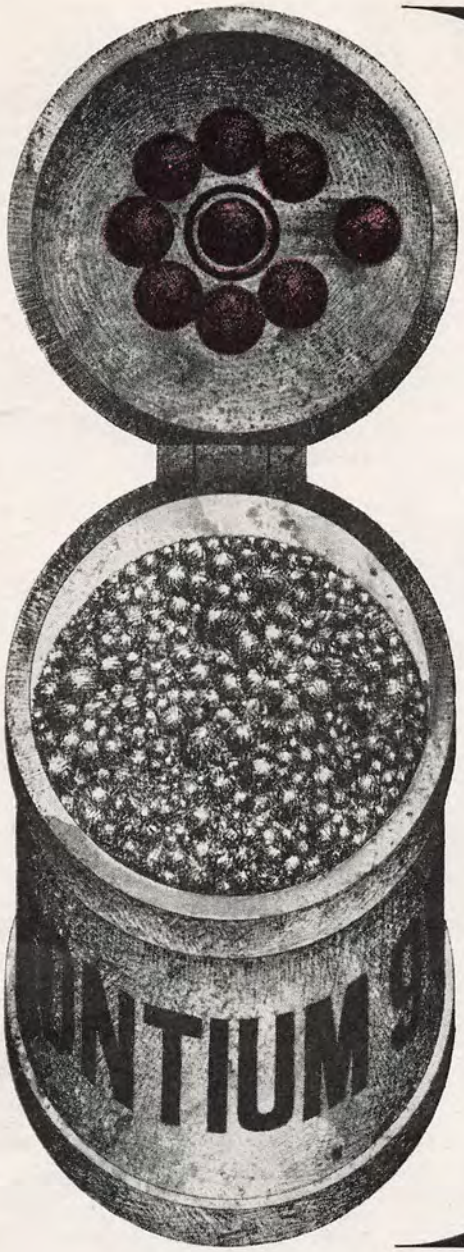
The joke was on me, the newcomer, for when I breathed deeply of the crisp, chill air of the village, my head seemed to spin and I reached for a handhold. It was like downing another dram of those skull-busting local products, Old Craigellachie Straight Malt Whisky and Glenfiddich Best Procurable.

You won't find Dufftown on many maps. It's a tiny

Malted barley and Highland water meet in monstrous vats to writhe in gassy fermentation before moving on to the stills.

cobblestoned burgh (pronounced "borough") located in a remote Banffshire glen about halfway between Aberdeen and Inverness, in northeast Scotland. It's so small that it has only two cops, a one-cell jail, 32 miles of paved road, six municipal employes and a population of 1,554, yet it contains seven Scotch whisky distilleries with four more in the near vicinity, which produce enough first-quality spirit to flood the whole township—more distilleries than you'll find concentrated anywhere else in Scotland, including metropolitan Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Per capita, this mountain-and-icy-river-ringed, historic smugglers' nest is the Number One booze town in the world. It claims proudly to be: "The center of the Kingdom of Whisky and the Glory of Scotland."

When you try to sober up in "Duffy" by breathing deeply, you take in a little oxygen. At the same time your lungs fill with the [*Continued on page* 66]



Atomic Garbage Turns to Gold

For two decades radioactive waste from the government bomb factories has been man's worst disposal problem. Now science is discovering how to turn this awful stuff into industrial and medical miracles

BY JOSEPH M. DUKERT
ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

■ Beneath the powdery soil of a sagebrush desert southeast of Seattle, Washington, millions of gallons of viciously corrosive, intensely radioactive liquid bubble like the cauldrons of hell. The site is one of the vast burying grounds of the Atomic Age. Stored in over 150 subterranean vats are more than two decades of residues from the government's famous Hanford Works where plutonium is produced for the atomic arsenal. The bubbling mass contains, among other things, more strontium-90 than has been released by all the nuclear weapons ever detonated.

Science knows no way to quench the nuclear fires within those massive tanks of steel and concrete. If undisturbed, some of them could continue to seethe and sizzle for centuries.

The hot gunk must be tended constantly. One Atomic Energy Commission publication estimated the eventual cost of full-term storage at $100 a gallon. Thus, the nation faced an unavoidable expenditure at Hanford of *tens of billions of dollars* and there seemed to be no way to let go of the tiger's tail.

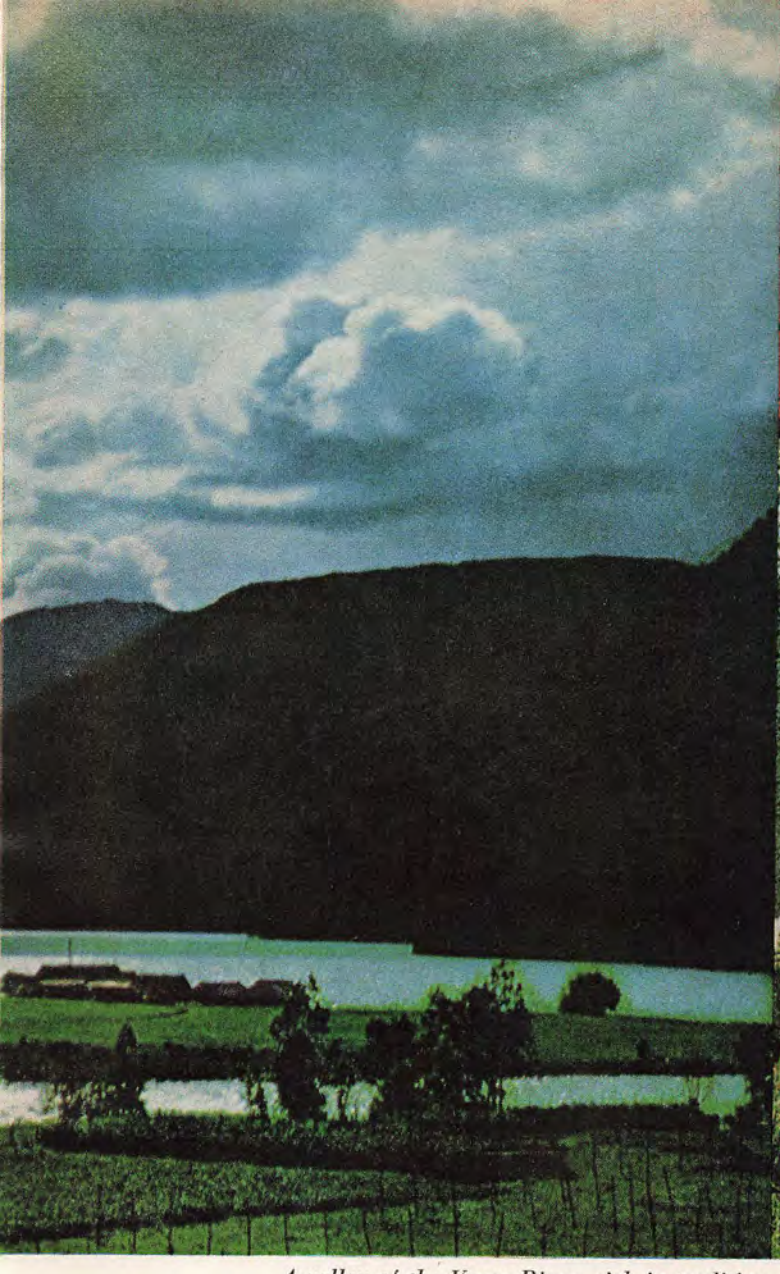
Until now.

In the past few years, a little-publicized but dramatic reversal has taken place. Instead of being looked upon as a burden of the Atomic Age, the radioactive [*Continued on page* 70]

the river that makes fishing widows

Norway's Vossa repeatedly serves up Atlantic salmon of better than 50 pounds — trophies so superb that aficionados carry pictures of fish instead of wives in their wallets

BY ERNEST SCHWIEBERT



A valley of the Vossa River, rich in tradition and scenery. At far right, author poses with his 51-pounder.

BOLSTADOYRI, NORWAY

■ Bruno Jensen, who has fished Norwegian salmon all his life and represented Denmark in the world casting championships, remarked with a wry grin, "Salmon fishing isn't really a sport. It's almost a religion."

I nodded in agreement. Perhaps I shouldn't have made this trip myself . . . yet the lure had been too great. And as it turned out, the reward was to be exceptional. Bruno was talking of men who spend fortunes in a lifetime of chasing after Atlantic salmon, neglecting families and professions—men who carry pictures of fish instead of wives in their wallets.

Such men are dreamers. They indulge in Mitty-like reveries of titanic battles with salmon in famous rivers of the world. And since Norwegian rivers have produced all existing records, the salmon addict finally dreams of Norway and such legendary rivers as the Alta in the arctic barrens of Lapland, the pastoral Leardal, the wild steeplechase of the Aroy and its Platforms of Despair.

There is also the lovely Vossa, which drains a region of mountain lakes and picturesque villages and forests 50 miles northeast of Bergen. The Vossa's tradition is rich and includes an incident during the German occupation that has become part of Norwegian folklore. A Wehrmacht colonel arrived complete with Mercedes staff car plus an escort of motorcycle troops, and demanded two weeks of fishing.

"You will find us suitable quarters," the colonel announced, "and tomorrow we begin fishing!"

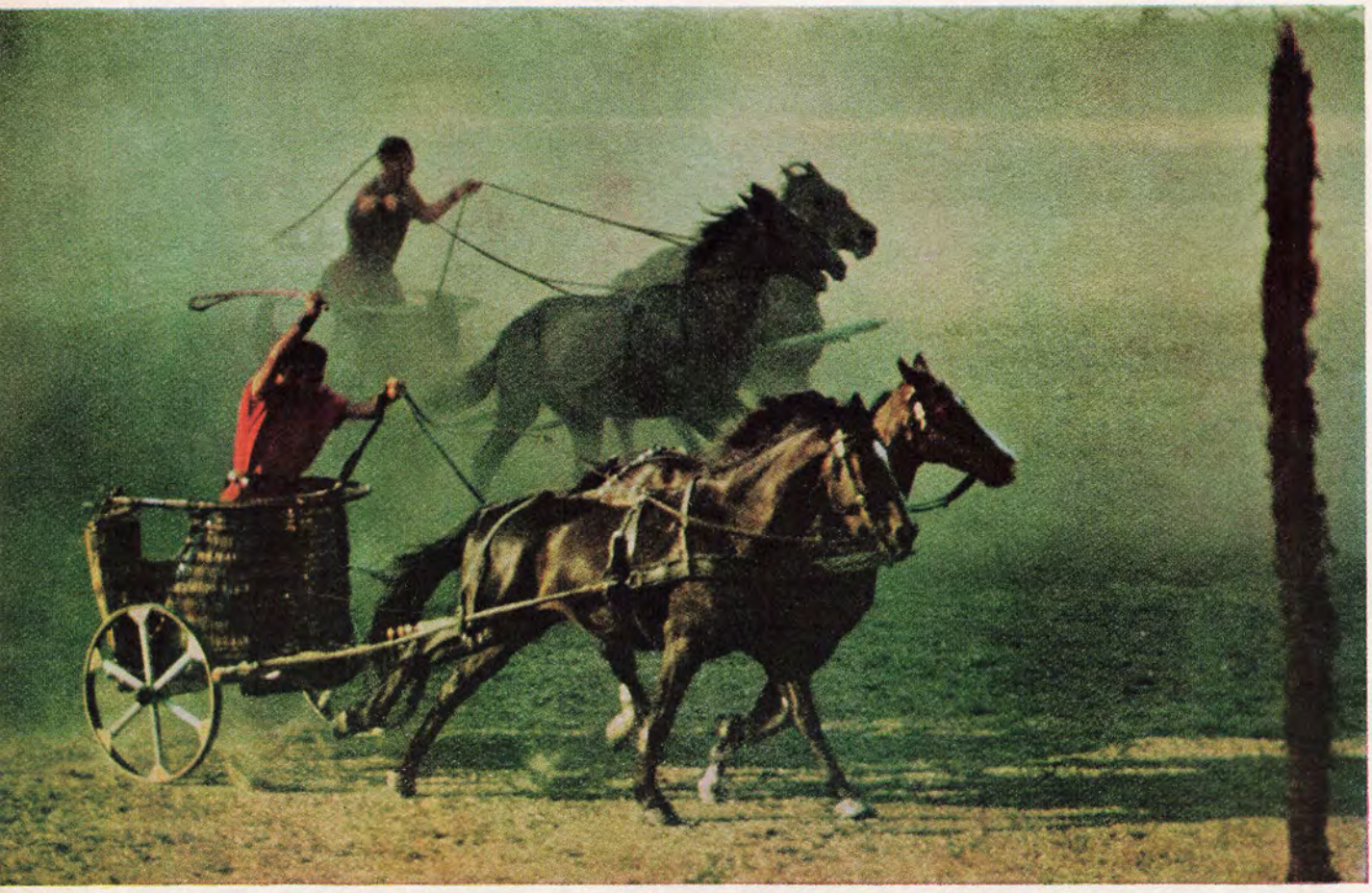
The assembled farmers muttered until the old riverkeeper shook his head gravely. "You cannot fish," he said. "The fishing rights belong to Englishmen."

"Ridiculous!" snapped the German. "Englishmen no longer control anything in Norway."

"They'll be back," said the old man softly.

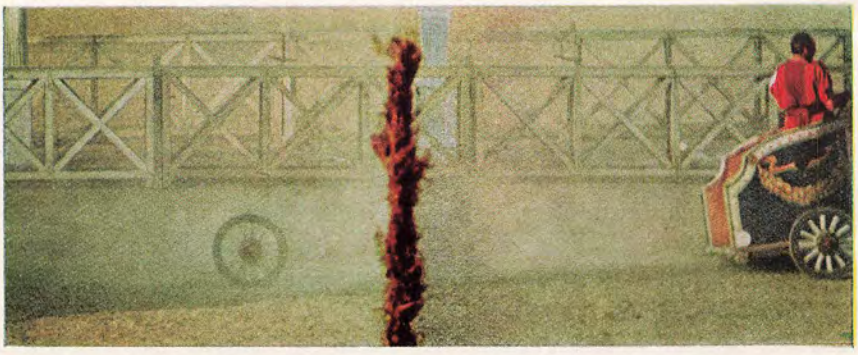
Such reverence for the sport and its traditions is found on most salmon rivers in Norway, although opinions about the Vossa are mixed. Fishermen who know, argue that its salmon have the highest average weight in the world. Others find it barren and dismiss the river as a fishless [*Continued on page* 83]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MAX B. MILLER AND BOB GRANT



Drivers in light wicker carts whip their teams down the stretch.

CRASH PROGRAM FOR CHARIOTS



Whether it's Indy or Rome, mechanical troubles are what lose the race.

Four-horse teams, crowded in the dusty turn, jostle for the rail.

Frustrated driver, with his off horse down, thinks it's time for a pit stop.

Romans have more fun at election time than we do. It's traditional to enliven the action at the polls with all kinds of non-partisan entertainment. One recent election, the principal attraction was a big, old-fashioned chariot meet. Old-fashioned in Rome is tunics, togas and Ben Hur chariots, of course. After a long costumed parade around the track in the Piazza di Siena, Romans gathered to watch some of their fellow citizens drive in the chariot races. Two-horse and four-horse teams competed with no regard for careful driving. Every team skidded full tilt into the tight turns and amid the resulting clouds of dust, collisions were frequent. By the time a local lawyer was declared champion, one driver, who leaned far over to lash his horses on, had fallen right out of his chariot. Another lost a wheel. More seriously, a horse fell and was dragged some distance as the race dashed past. It finally got up unhurt, urged by the wild screams of the crowd, and ran on to the finish line. Possibly it remembered what happened to early Christians who fell in the arena. ■

Author Mannix attempts to get a smile out of Mrs. Tod—who remains sober faced, keeping her own thoughts.

Is a fox as cunning as legend says? The author used to have some doubts, but that was before his new houseguest moved in **BY DANIEL P. MANNIX**

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

■ You won't believe it, but I've been accused of anthropomorphism. A bunch of zoologists claim that my animal friends behave too much like humans to be true. I brand the charge a lie. As Tiba, my ocelot, was remarking only last evening while we were enjoying our brandy and cigars in front of an open fire, "Is it the fault of us animals that we have more brains than those zoologists?" Tiba has a point.

Even so, there is one animal about which I've always had my doubts. That's the fox. When it comes to foxes, there are two schools of thought; the traditional and the scientific. Traditionally the fox is the smartest of all animals. Whenever Aesop, La Fontaine, Chaucer and the Grimm brothers wanted a clever hero, they picked the fox. Foxes carry off geese by slinging them over one shoulder. They get rid of fleas by holding a ball of wool in their mouths and then backing inch by inch into a pond so the fleas have to climb on the wool to escape drowning. And foxes escape hounds by hiding in the middle of a flock of sheep.

In a recent book on foxes, one animal digs up water lilies, plasters them over its head, and, thus disguised, swims out into a lake and nabs a duck. Foxes are said to lure hounds in front of trains and get them killed, but as Bergen Evans in *The Natural History of Nonsense* points out, "Just where the fox procured a copy of the timetable is not made clear."

Then there's the scientific attitude. According to the zoologists, a fox hasn't any more brains than the average congressman. Zoologists have borrowed foxes from zoos and given them puzzle boxes to solve. Because the foxes won't do the puzzles, the scientists are convinced that foxes could never learn how to spring traps. Foxes would never know enough to hide among sheep because they can't reason. Foxes, like all animals, are merely mechanisms controlled by sex and hunger. Maybe.

Foxes may not be puzzle-box experts but they're among the few wild animals not threatened by extermination. They don't need to be protected—all they need are humans. In many areas red foxes especially have become virtual parasites. They like farming country because the small game they hunt and the type of wild plants they eat live mainly in cleared areas. Red foxes prefer to live in open country where they can see anything coming, since they depend for safety on their brains and long legs. Gray foxes, which can climb trees almost like cats, stay in the thickest cover they can find.

Red foxes are probably monogamous, although if one member of a pair is killed, the survivor mates again as soon as possible. Mating is in midwinter and the pups—usually four or five—are born in March. While the mother nurses the pups, the father hunts for the whole family and later helps the vixen teach the little fellows how to hunt.

In autumn, the family breaks up and the pups go out to look for ranges of their own—each pair maintains its own territory and trespassing isn't encouraged. With luck, a fox may live for 18 or 20 years and nowadays plenty do. Long-haired furs are currently out of fashion so fox trapping doesn't pay. This is just as well for catching an experienced old fox is as tough as getting the Pentagon to make a definite prediction on Viet Nam.

No matter how you look at it, there seems to be plenty of confusion about how foxes think. And so, a couple of years ago, I decided to try something which, as far as I know, nobody had attempted before. I resolved to get a pair of foxes, tame them and then let them go hunting on [*Continued on page* 76]

WHO KILLED LIKEABLE SAM

[*Continued from page* 31]

Their second stop was at the home of the Resnicks' insurance agent, a talkative chap who described Sam as a "very friendly" man with a "warm, sincere personality." Right now, though, he wished he'd never laid eyes on him, for soon after the New Yorker had arrived in Phoenix, he had purchased a Lloyd's of London accidental death policy with a payoff value of $50,000 for any departure from this world that was not natural or suicidal. The policy was suddenly collectible, with Mrs. Resnick as beneficiary.

In the days that followed, Alandar and Lake canvassed the local jewelry stores and located rings and a watch similar to those missing from Resnick's body. Photos were taken of them, and descriptive flyers sent to law enforcement agencies and pawnshops throughout the Southwest triggered tips from as far away as coastal California, but no solid leads on the missing jewelry could be established.

The investigators in Phoenix attended Sam's funeral, with the vain hope of spotting someone acting suspiciously, and afterward went over the attendance register with Mrs. Resnick. She discovered six unfamiliar names, but by the time Sam's ashes were scattered by plane over the desert where he died, the detectives had checked out each and learned nothing of significance.

They drew a blank, too, when they asked the widow to flip through 300 mug shots of known felons named Wilson and of convicts recently released from Arizona prisons.

When they asked the state motor vehicle division for a list of '50 and '51 Studebakers registered to Negroes named Wilson, they found only one in the Phoenix area—and its owner had a cast-iron alibi.

The trails of other would-be suspects simply disappeared. A door-to-door survey of the Resnick neighborhood revealed that one young resident with a police record and a mental history had mysteriously dropped from sight since the murder. A white man, he was last seen by two housewives on the day Sam disappeared, riding in an "old faded blue car" with an unidentified Negro. Just a few minutes earlier, the women reported, the Negro had approached them to ask directions to the street behind the Resnick house. Alandar and Lake had no luck tracking down either man.

Nor were they able to run out a curious story from a Phoenix service-station operator. Less than three hours before Resnick's body was found, three white teen-agers in an old car had pulled up to his gas pumps. "When I went to the window," the man reported, "I could see they had someone tied up and gagged, with his feet under the front seat and his head and shoulders under the dashboard. I asked what was going on, and one of the kids said, 'That's a rabbit we caught.' Then they peeled out." Until the Resnick murder hit the headlines, the operator had considered it a prank. Now, no trace of this strange group could be found.

Even an old Studebaker found abandoned on the desert with a bloodstained white shirt in its back seat failed to advance the case. The car's owner, it developed, had been cut when the vehicle spun out of control and jumped an irrigation ditch, smashing an axle so badly it could not be driven.

Then, when the investigation was nearing the end of its first—and very blank—week, it suddenly took a bizarre turn.

Seeing and hearing Sam Resnick's name every day had finally jarred loose two vague memories in the mind of Sergeant Seymour Nealis, the Phoenix police department's homicide chief. Because the body had been found outside the city, this was not the police department's case, but the reports of Alandar and Lake at the Sheriff's office were passed on to it, and Nealis knew the details. Digging back through the daily record of phone calls received by his office, he soon found the source of one recollection.

A notation dated February 20, scarcely more than a week before the jovial jeweler had taken his last walk, showed that a truck driver had telephoned the homicide division to report a proposition for murder. A man had asked the trucker to shoot him, and had bid a diamond ring worth $5,000 for the job.

The trucker had refused, and because no crime had been committed the police did not pursue the matter. But the report included the would-be victim's first name: Sam.

A week farther back in the file, Nealis found the other report he was seeking. On February 13, a woman had phoned to relay a story from a young man formerly in her employ. He had advertised for a job several days earlier and had been called by a man who offered $5,000 if the youth would murder him.

Startled, the youngster blurted that he'd think it over, and noted down the man's phone number, which he'd given his ex-employer when he called her for advice.

Again the law had done nothing; had officers notified the man's family, he undoubtedly would have denied the story as someone's practical joke. But now, as soon as Nealis checked out the number in the Phoenix city directory, he rang up Sergeant Lake at the sheriff's office.

"You may find this hard to believe, Ralph," he said, after explaining the two reports, "but that number is listed to Sam Resnick."

Lake and Alandar immediately sought out the truck driver to show him a photo of Resnick. "That's the man I told the cops about, all right," the driver said. "I'll never forget him. He was smilin' just like that when he asked me to bump him off."

"How'd you meet him?" Alandar asked.

"Well, I'd just moved here and I put this classified ad in the paper. 'I will do anything within the law for $1,000,' it said. He called up and told me to come over to his house."

"Is that where he made the proposition?" Lake asked.

"Yep. We went into the bedroom and he said to talk quiet so his wife wouldn't hear. He took this big diamond off his finger and dumped some other jewels out of a cloth. He said they could all be mine, and to not take less than $5,000 for the ring. He said, 'I'll meet you tonight any place you say, and you shoot me in the back of the head.' "

"Then what?"

"I turned 'round and got the hell out so fast I left my hat behind!"

On their way back downtown, Alandar and Lake reassembled the case with a new blueprint. Incredible as the latest evidence seemed, it did make a macabre sort of sense. If Resnick, for some reason, wanted to die quickly and yet not deprive his widow of the $50,000 in insurance, he couldn't pull a common suicide, for the policy covered only *accidental* death. If he smashed up his big Cadillac with himself at the wheel, there was always the risk that the impact might not be fatal. But with hired murder, rigged to look like the end product of robbery, there was certainty, both of death and of a policy payoff.

A block from the sheriff's office, Alandar suddenly cramped the car into a sharp U-turn and headed crosstown. "I've got an idea," he explained to Lake. "Resnick contacted both these guys after they ran ads for work. Maybe that's how he finally connected with a killer. Assuming this fellow Wilson is the one we want, we just might find him by checking out the classified ads."

At the combined morgues of the *Arizona Republic* and the *Gazette*, the city's two principal dailies, the two officers pulled out files of the papers dating as far back as three weeks before the murder, and began the tedious chore of reading the agate print under SITUATIONS WANTED. They checked every phone number in the city directory for its address and the residents listed there, and they starred the locations in Phoenix's Negro sections. In the end they had nearly 80 names—none of them "Wilson."

Still, on a long-shot chance they decided to visit each address. Thus, on the morning of March 15, having fruitlessly questioned the occupants at a depressingly long list of homes, they came to a decrepit house on East Tamarisk Street, a dusty, sunbaked lane.

The phone number of the place had been listed in a classified ad February 24 asking work as "Service station attendant or anything else." But the old man who answered the detectives' knock said the notice had been placed by a neighbor boy from across the street. "They don't have a phone over there, so I let him use my number," he explained.

The job seeker's name was Clemmie Lee Jackson, not Wilson, and he had just come to Phoenix from Texas to live with an aunt and an older brother. The old man thought he was about 18—a quiet, well-built lad with a smooth cocoa complexion. Yes, he had come to the phone several times in connection with the ad. No, Clemmie didn't own a car, but his brother did: a 1951 Studebaker.

As Alandar and Lake hurried across the rock-strewn dirt street to the decaying stucco house where Jackson lived, they could see no Studebaker. But parked by a runty palm tree in front was an old

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY ©ETDC 1967

join the swingers

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

Chevy truck. Alandar glanced into it, and what he saw pulled him up short.

Littering the bottom were scraps of shredded newspaper—just like that lone piece picked off the bush near Sam Resnick's feet out on the desert.

Suddenly, Alandar and Lake were more anxious to talk to Clemmie Jackson than they had been to anyone else they'd encountered in their whole investigation. But only his aunt was at home, and they concealed their interest behind an affectation of boredom. She said that Clemmie was gone—at 10:30 the night before he had taken a bus back to the sharecropper's cotton farm his parents worked near Crockett, Texas.

"Where's his brother, the one with the Studebaker?" Alandar asked.

"R. E.? At work, I 'spose. He jobs at some place that cuts up paper."

Within an hour the two officers found him, boxing paper at a shredding plant on South Seventh Street. Round-faced and mustachioed, 20-year-old R. E. Jackson readily admitted that he drove a 1951 Studebaker, license number CGW 164. He was in the process of buying the car from his boss, he said, and because his old flatbed truck had broken down, he had been using the Studebaker to haul paper to merchants around town. Jackson insisted—and his time card confirmed—that he had been at work on the days a similar car had been seen in Sam Resnick's neighborhood. Whether his brother or some friend had borrowed the faded sedan then, he couldn't recall. He denied knowing anyone named Wilson, or ever hearing the name Sam Resnick.

While Lake continued to question him, Alandar quietly headed for the nearby service station where Jackson said he had parked the car.

The Resnicks' neighbor, Alandar recalled, had claimed that the Studebaker she saw had a chrome ring missing in front. All the chrome on Jackson's car seemed intact, but the officer noticed that the hood did not fit tightly around the torpedo nose. Could the woman have mistaken the resulting gap for missing trim?

Looking inside the car, Alandar became convinced of that. Scattered on the floor were several ribbons of shredded paper. From the front seat he picked up a piece of white waxed paper such as butchers use to wrap meat; the men he and Lake were looking for, Alandar remembered, had bought bologna at the market near the Resnick house. In the trunk he found a crumpled, brown grocery sack which had fallen through a hole in the rear window shelf; he plucked from it a cash-register receipt for a purchase totaling $1.20. At the bottom where the machine should have printed "THANK YOU," only "THANK" appeared, as it had in the sample receipt Alandar had obtained at the grocery. And coiled beside the bag on the floor of the trunk were two lengths of rope, one quarter-inch manila, the other common clothesline. Either could have throttled the life out of Resnick and left the purple necklace of death around his throat.

"Come on," Alandar told the protesting R. E. back at the paper plant, "you're going to cool off in jail until we find your brother."

By the next evening the sheriff at Crockett, Texas, had picked up Clemmie. The youth was no sooner in custody than he began unraveling the riddle of Sam Resnick's remarkable rub-out.

Resnick had called on February 25 in response to Clemmie's want ad. Driving the Studebaker with a friend, 19-year-old Jessie Tillis, Clemmie visited Resnick the next morning, after pausing at the nearby grocery to buy food for breakfast. As Clemmie sat on the couch in the elegant living room, Resnick showed him the $375 wedding ring set and his own big diamond ring, then he got to the point.

"I am dying of cancer, Wilson," he said, apparently mistaking Clemmie Jackson's surname. "The doctor can't help, and I can't stand these pains. I want you to kill me. I'll give you these rings."

Clemmie could think of no quicker way out than to agree, but the moment he climbed back in the car he told Tillis he wanted no part of the scheme. Resnick, however, kept telephoning, begging him to come back. Finally at noon on March 1, he did, taking along another friend, Earnest Spurlock, 29, for moral support.

"You wouldn't have to use a gun," Resnick told Clemmie as they stood in the back yard. "A gun makes too much noise. You could put a rope around my neck."

That evening Clemmie, his brother R.E., Spurlock, Tillis and another friend, John Henry Lewis Jones, 21, climbed into the old Studebaker and started out toward an appointment with death. But a few blocks from home Clemmie turned chicken. He scrambled out of the car.

His brother and Jesse Tillis awakened him later that night. Clemmie said, and showed him the rings and a wristwatch they had taken from Resnick's body.

With this story in hand and Clemmie and R.E. in jail, Sergeants Alandar and Lake launched a dragnet for the other three men involved in Sam Resnick's plot. Other officers went to the home of the Jackson brothers' aunt, and recovered the jewelry there from a tin can buried near a chicken coop. Before the week ended the suspects were all in custody, and the investigators elicited confessions that pieced together Resnick's final moments.

The killers had picked him up half a block from his home and driven him to the lonesome desert trail. Their "victim" was anxious that nothing go wrong. Complaining for the last time about the pain from his cancer, he looped R.E.'s rope around his neck, watched two men nervously grasp each end and slowly closed his eyes as they began a gruesome tug-of-war.

Suddenly the rope broke. Incredibly, Resnick had no change of mind. For the second go his executioners held the rope strained tight around his neck for nearly 10 minutes. When they let go, Resnick pitched forward, dead.

The five men were all charged with first-degree murder, and trial was set for June. Before proceedings were opened, Alandar and Lake had found three more witnesses who had known smiling Sam Resnick as a victim in search of a killer.

It was not until the trial, however, that a clear picture of the shadow side of Resnick's personality emerged. For years he had really been a deeply troubled man. Most of his problems seemed to date from a fire in his Albany jewelry store in 1954. A fireman had been killed by smoke poisoning, and Resnick felt somehow responsible. Four years later, after quarreling and splitting with his business partner and suffering a heart attack, he became so depressed that he got psychiatric help.

Shortly thereafter the Resnicks moved to Phoenix. Sam intended to buy a jewelry store, but instead invested in a machine shop, a business of which he knew nothing, and lost $25,000. During this calamity he drew a gun in his lawyer's office and threatened suicide, but the attorney joked him out of it. Before long the jeweler seemed his old self. He borrowed against his insurance policies for working capital and eagerly scouted for new prospects.

Then in the autumn of 1961, he dropped into a doctor's office for a checkup. A chest X ray disclosed "a good deal of scarring of the lung"—a possible symptom of cancer. Resnick picked up this report before the physician could file it away and almost certainly read the notation of this possibility. Cancer had killed Sam's father, and the thought of waiting for death in the same manner was devastating to a man rated in psychological tests as possessing superior intelligence, driving ambition and abundant energy.

Throughout his hunt for a killer, Resnick had never betrayed to his wife or his son what he was about. Yet a witness said that by January, 1962, Resnick had begun to drive his car with utter recklessness—perhaps hoping for a fatal smash-up. Then, at last, he found people whose will to live was as intense as his will to die.

The Jacksons and their friends had all grown up bone poor. Resnick was the only chance they had ever had to move from mere existence up into living. They were churchgoers; they were not criminals; they were responsible toward their own families. And they were desperate.

On July 15, 1962, a jury, after deliberating for 10 hours, found all of them but Clemmie Jackson guilty of premeditated murder and set sentences at life in prison.

The case's ultimate irony, however, fell on Resnick.

Not only did Lloyd's of London refuse to pay off the $50,000 policy, but the autopsy on Sam's body revealed that his fears of cancer were baseless. Medical examiners found not a single malignant cell in his system. —**Charles Remsberg**

COMING . . .

They bring troops
guns and goods as
close to hell
as cargo planes
have ever been

THE EDUCATION OF AN AIR COMMANDO

A special Viet Nam
report about rugged
flying and rugged
fliers—told by
one of them

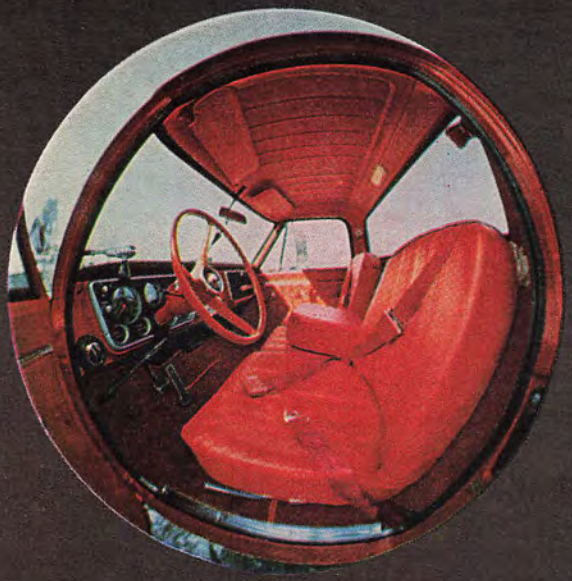
NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

LOOK WHAT'S BECOME OF THE PICKUP TRUCK

BY RALPH STEIN
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PETER SAHULA

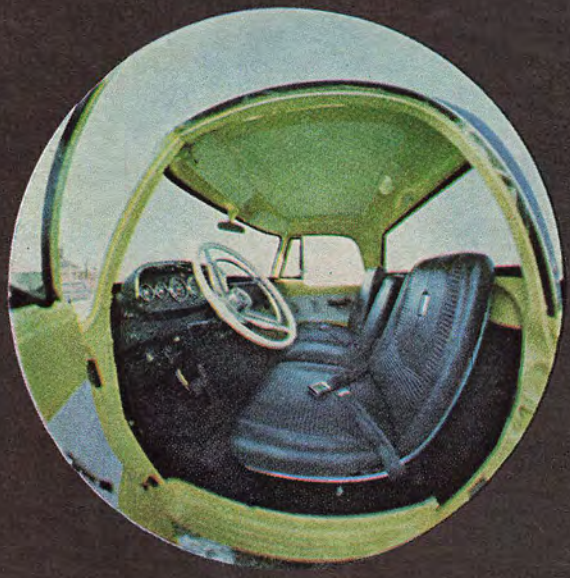
POSH

Each of the Big-Three truck builders has a luxury interior option. This is Chevy.



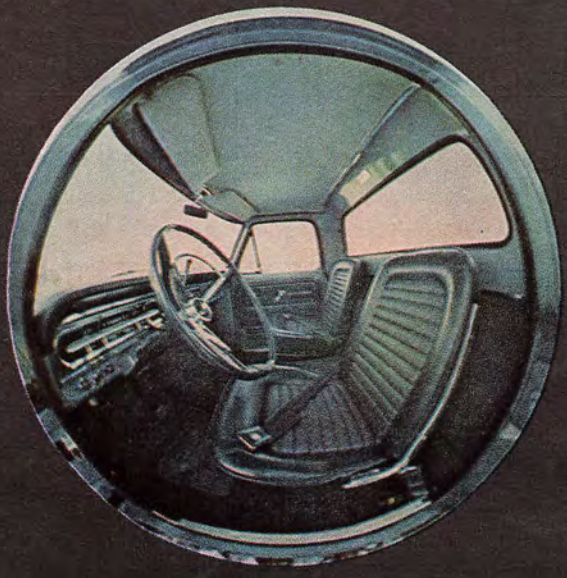
SLICK

Not to be outdone, Dodge also offers passenger-car comforts on a rugged chassis.



PLUSH

A Ford fit for fun as well as work—drive it to the opera or *Grand Ole Opry*



TURN PAGE →

Chevy custom sport pickup is loaded with so many passenger-car-type goodies, you have to look out the back window to know it's a truck.

Swinging Trucks: How You Gonna Keep Them Down on the Farm?

■ The pickup truck has come up in the world. Oh sure, most of them are still work tools and lug stovewood or manure or two-by-fours. But now there's a new generation of still-tough but gussied-up small trucks that are as slick inside, as pleasurable to drive and as excitingly quick on their feet as almost any Gran Turismo passion wagon. And trucks have a certain status value too, if you care about such things.

I discovered this for myself not long ago. My wife and I were invited to one of those self-consciously elegant Connecticut drinking parties one Saturday afternoon. The kids had grabbed the family car so we went in our beat-up 1954 pickup—emphatically not one of the new posh kind. We parked among the Lincoln Continentals and Jaguars that exurban gentry affect (there was even a Ferrari). I tried to find a spot where the truck wouldn't show too much. But I got found out quick.

At such parties guys wander around outside carrying their drinks. Right away one of these brass-buttoned-blue-blazer-and-ascot-tie birds comes charging up to me.

"Reverse snobbism," he barks, "that's what it is. You're showing that you're above caring about owning an expensive status symbol." And he went on growling about my fiendish ploy to make everybody look cheap and silly.

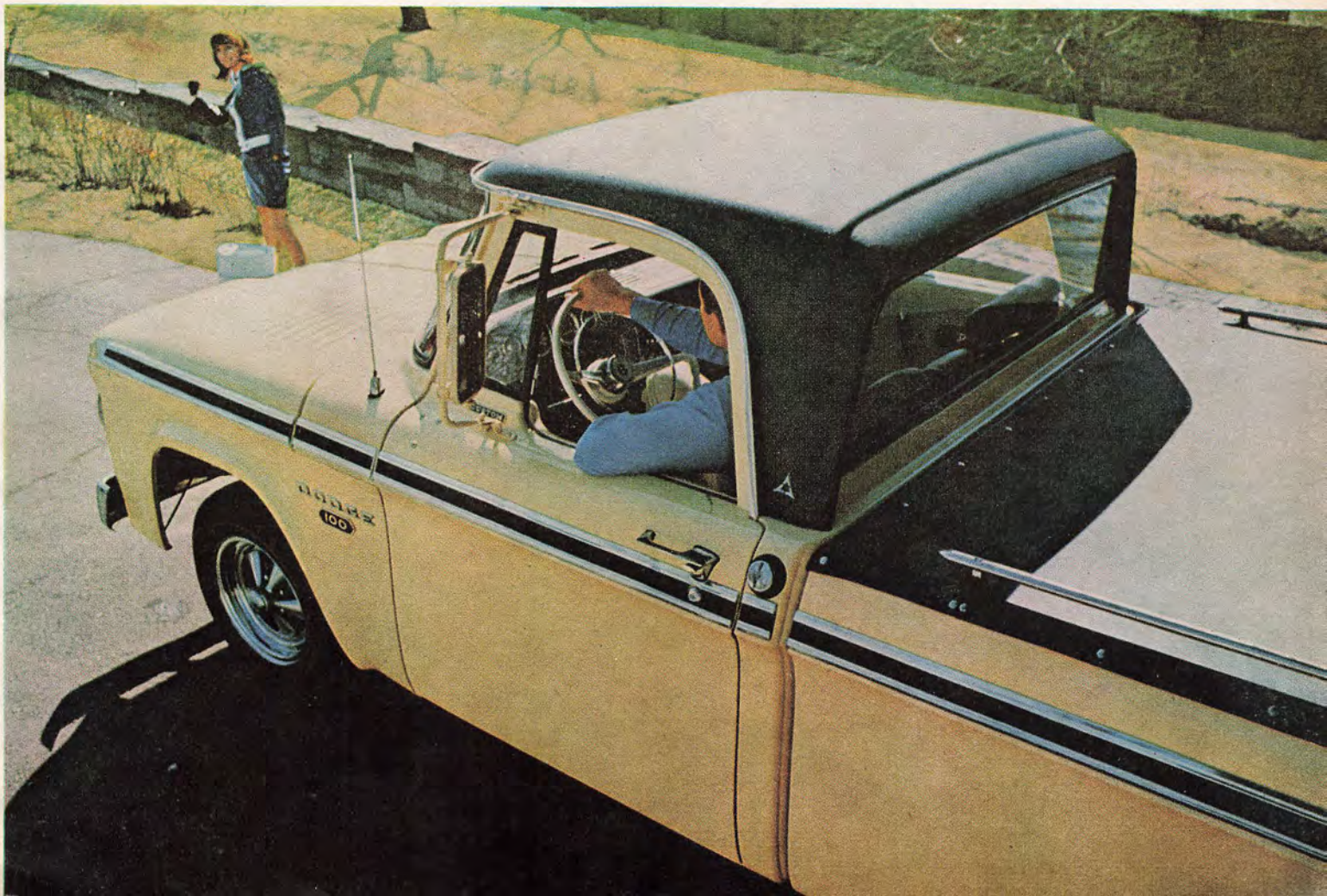
Later in the day I had to kick the lengths of rusty chain, the oily rags and the broken jack under the seat and give people rides. They all went crazy about that old truck.

You couldn't really blame them. A light truck is fun to drive. Its steering is quicker, its seating position is high and comfortable and the big view out of its windows is a revelation to people used to low passenger cars. And the truck has still another advantage besides its obvious load-carrying purpose. A truck is tough—much tougher and more durable than an ordinary car. It has to be, since it is usually overloaded and often works hard over rough ground. Trucks last years longer than ordinary cars.

Still, until a few years ago, the pickup was just a commercial or farm vehicle. True, farm families who could afford but one machine used the family truck for all their transport. But now nonfarm families, especially in small towns, are buying dressed-up trucks that can be used part time for camping or for business. And then mama uses the pickup to go shopping as if it were the family sedan.

John McLean, Ford Division assistant general sales manager for light trucks, says: "A major factor in the growth of the pickup market, which has almost doubled in sales since 1961, is the increased use of pickups for personal transportation. A recent survey indicates that 80 percent of all pickup owners use their trucks for personal transportation some of the time." Not all reverse-snobs live in Connecticut, apparently.

The posh pickup has begun to take the place the station wagon used to have before



Dodge custom sport special has bucket seats, full carpeting, vinyl-covered roof and load space—and up to 365 hp for bombing off to work.

its cargo area was shrunk by stylists anxious to please appearance conscious suburbanites. The pickup now does what the tall old station wagon used to do—it carries bulky loads. You can slide a plump dinghy and its outboard motor into its bed. If you go antique hunting, it has room for a highboy or a big sofa. You can load its body with sail bags, provisions, anchors and seasick remedy and still tow a good-sized boat on a trailer. (But you'd better carry a tarpaulin to protect cargo in wet weather.)

Depending on the work you have in mind for it, you can choose either a ½-ton, a ¾-ton or one-ton pickup. And there are numerous suspension and towing options, too.

New pickup-truck registrations went up in 1966—to 1,027,143 from 980,035 in 1965. At the same time, passenger-car registrations dropped from 9,313,912 in 1965 to 9,008,488 in 1966. Thus for every nine passenger cars sold last year, one pickup was sold.

This figure was much higher in states where the populace engages in outdoor pursuits. In Wyoming, for instance, the percentage of pickup trucks sold in 1966 was a thumping 26.3 percent—12,783 passenger cars, 4,558 pickups.

And the plushy new options seem to be attracting a wider range of buyers. When Ford, in 1967, brought out its dressed-up "Ranger" pickup, it immediately accounted for 15 percent of light Ford trucks sold.

How did the pickup get dressed up? The first people who broke down inhibitions about jazzy trucks were the hot-rod types. They reworked old trucks to suit their strange California fancies. They chopped and lowered the cabs, shortened the bodies, installed white fur rugs, upholstery made of gold lamé G-string material and quilted embroidered tonneau covers on the parquet-floored kandy-kolored [*Continued on page 70*]

The New-Breed Pickups Are Built For Both Work And Play...

Ford Ranger can work by day and play by night, has rugged truck chassis and engine plus a cab full of creature comforts for leisure hours.

ARE FLYING SAUCERS REALLY CREATURES THAT LIVE IN OUTER SPACE?

[*Continued from page 27*]

companies. A friend of his, who prefers to remain anonymous, is a top biologist at Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio.

This scientist points out that not so long ago it was assumed there could be no life in the depths of the sea because of the tremendous pressures and total darkness. Today, of course, teeming life has been found, luminous and adapted to great pressures. In other words, wherever science has searched on the earth, some form of life has been found.

So the biologist from Wright-Patterson suggests that UFO's may be space creatures—a form of life that may feed on pure energy and has adapted itself to living high in the atmosphere.

If so, and if their appearances in history have been sporadic and rare, why are they appearing in larger numbers since World War II?

"When you toss a pebble into a pool," the scientist explains, "you see the water animals, nymphs, crawfish, minnows, water insects, streaking away in fright. But almost before the ripples have died in the pool they are back, investigating curiously. Perhaps events on this earth—atomic explosions, rocket flights into the stratosphere and so on—have been like the pebble tossed into the pool. They have disturbed the stratosphere, perhaps have sent ripples into the fabric of space itself. And the space animals, in curiosity, are coming down to investigate."

That the U.S. Air Force investigators have tentatively considered this theory is evident from an official UFO report released to the press in 1949. It read: "The possible existence of some sort of strange, extraterrestrial animals has also been remotely considered. Many of these objects described acted more like animals than anything else. However, there are few reliable reports on extraterrestrial animals."

Another advocate of the animal theory is John P. Bessor, of St. Thomas, Pennsylvania. He states that he evolved the theory in 1946 and presented it to the Air Force in July, 1947. An officer in the Press and Radio Section, in acknowledging the submission, said it was "one of the most intelligent theories we have received."

Bessor has explained his theory as follows:

"I contend that the 'flying disks' (as they were first called) are a form of space animal, or creature, of a highly attenuated substance, capable of materialization and dematerialization, whose propellant is a form of telekinetic energy.

"There is a saying that nature abhors a vacuum. If the seas of our earth are swarming with varieties of living things, both great and small, is it not logical to assume that the 'sea' of our sky abounds with sundry forms of living things, likewise both great and small, of varied shapes, but adaptable to their celestial environment? Some may be quite invisible, others translucent, others opaque, still others capable of changing, chameleonlike, from one color to another, from one form to another, from visibility to complete invisibility, all in a moment."

A detailed elaboration of this theory by the Countess Zoe Wassilko-Serecki, of Vienna, Austria, appeared in 1955 in the journal *Inconnue,* published in Geneva, Switzerland.

The countess pointed out that the behavior of many UFO's can be likened to that of animals or other mobile living things. They play tag, they dance, they are very inquisitive, occasionally they even appear to breed. Usually they avoid contact with man, but if cornered they defend themselves with bolts of energy. They appear to have a low order of intelligence.

If they are life-forms, equivalent to, but not specifically either animal, vegetable or virus, how can they dwell in the atmosphere?

Animals feed on matter. Plants feed partly on matter (air and liquids) and partly on energy—sunlight. Viruses, mostly parasites and saprophytes, feed on matter, but in some cases they can at one time be inanimate and at another time animate.

In view of these facts, Countess Wassilko-Serecki suggested the existence of life-forms that feed on pure energy and which are mostly composed of energy, though concentrated around a core or body of highly tenuous matter. These bodies could be vast bladders of fine composition, containing colloidal silicones in a special form that would assume spherical shapes when stationary, or pear, spindle, cigar or other shapes when in motion.

These changes in form can be observed among the microscopic life-forms in water. They would be almost automatic in a liquid or gaseous medium when we consider that our space creatures might be large jellylike masses, virtually empty except for their entrapped energy. The pear shape would likely be assumed at low speeds in a dense medium; the spindle at high speed in rarified air. Being almost pure energy, they could glow at night and, due to their fine, membranelike outer "skins," shine like burnished aluminum by day.

If such creatures exist, their natural habitat would be at the outer limits of our atmosphere where cosmic rays, photons and other forms of raw energy are in abundant supply.

Next, the countess observed that on earth, the nature of the medium determines rate of animal movement. Creatures that burrow in the ground move slowly. Animals near the surface of the oceans move faster than those near the bottom. On land the cheetah can run at 70 miles an hour. But in the air speeds are greatest. The spine-tailed swift of Asia has been paced by a plane at flying 150 miles per hour. The high speeds, therefore, of UFO's as reported by numerous observers is not inconsistent with the theory that some of them may be life-forms.

A logical question at this point is, if these creatures exist, why are they not seen all the time?

One answer which is often given is that normally they dwell so far up in the atmosphere that they simply are not vis-

TRUE

"I was hoping for national recognition, fabulous money offers, and a chance to become a legend in my own time—but LBJ liked them all."

ible. On the other hand, an astonishing number of astronomers have observed unknown small objects passing across the sun and moon.

Another reason "space animals" may not always be visible is that these creatures may be of a highly tenuous composition. As such, they may well exist beyond the extremely limited range of human eyesight in their usual high habitat. Under certain conditions when coming to lower levels, they may become visible due to the greater friction of a heavier atmosphere.

Why do "they" descend to lower levels? Why more frequently in recent years?

The countess says that an analysis of UFO observations, discloses that they have been concentrated in technically-advanced countries and in areas where power is produced—atomic energy installations, hydroelectric plants, radio and television transmitters. Other observations are frequently along straight lines from these spots that can be matched by radio beams for guiding aircraft.

If these aerial denizens do feed on pure energy, and if they occasionally do drift down to lower levels, they would naturally be attracted to sources of their food or freely radiated energy. Prior to WW II there was little of this energy available on earth's surface so they seldom bothered to come down. Today we are launching vast quantities of power into the air, offering a form of free-lunch counter for these creatures.

Bessor has a suggestion of his own in answer to this question. In a study of historical records he found that outbreaks of UFO observations seemingly coincided with periods of unusual or record-breaking weather during the past century. He theorizes that the solar or cosmic cyclic disturbances that created the unusual weather also affected the aerial creatures and forced them to the safety of more dense atmosphere at lower levels.

Commenting on the type of life suggested by the Wassilko-Serecki theory, biologist Ivan Sanderson points out that it's difficult to draw a line between the animate and inanimate and we can define neither. The border between organic and inorganic matter has become very thin as the result of discoveries in recent years. There are certain bacteriophages that literally dwell on the border. Some crystals for example are born, eat, grow, reproduce, are subject to diseases and die.

But just because "life" as we know it exists only between the boiling and freezing points of water is no reason that another form could not do so at greatly higher or lower temperatures. Just because our bodies are based on hydrogen and carbon does not mean that "life" could not be based on other elements. Animate entities need not be solid; they could be liquid, gaseous or composed of "forces." With our limited knowledge, we cannot afford to be dogmatic about defining life or the conditions in which it can exist.

Sanderson concludes: "We can only see just so far upwards with one lot of instruments and beyond a certain point with others. There could be countless hosts of things buzzing about up there that we cannot see at all for our eyes are sensitive to only a limited segment of the full spectrum."

John M. Cage is an elderly scientist and inventor of Montclair, New Jersey, a man who holds numerous patents and has had a long life of practical accomplishment. During World War I, while on loan to the British Admiralty, he invented the hydrophone to detect submarines. Later he designed and built the first radio sets for alternating house current. For the Pan American Oil Company, he designed and supervised the installation of electronic dehydrators for its refineries; and with Col. E. E. Wilcox developed a lightning-protection system for the firm's tank farm near Los Angeles, a system considered one of the most efficient in the oil industry.

Cage has patents for devices held secret by the War Division of the U.S. Patent Office. In recent years he has been working on devices which will penetrate fog.

Regarding UFO's, Cage offers a theory similar to that of the Countess Wassilko-Serecki but offers a more detailed scientific basis for the concept. He theorizes that the entire universe is pervaded with an inherent energy now called negative electricity and which is the only form of this energy that exists; that what we call the positive charge is only the absence of the negative charge; and that the power resulting from the movement of negative electricity into positive areas creates permanent electrostatic fields around all heavenly bodies.

The UFO's, he suggests, are "sentient life-forms (or life fields) of a highly tenuous composition, charged with and feeding upon energy in the form of negative electricity." They came into existence in the same manner as other living things, but "they represent a life-form that diverged from the evolutionary process of this planet at such an early age that they do not fall into any predetermined category established for the classification of ordinary terrestrial life-forms." This divergence gave them an environment and evolutionary development that may have rendered them incapable of existing in areas of high gravity for long periods.

Having a natural mechanism for the absorption of negative charges, Cage speculates that they may overload their systems and go through their fantastic gyrations to discharge the excessive energy.

The Wassilko-Serecki and Cage theories explain UFO motive power, why they appear and disappear, and why they can assume so many shapes, sizes and colors. They explain the so-called "mother ship" observations in which smaller UFO's—or offspring—emerge or return to larger ones.

Throughout history there have been a number of instances recorded in which strange animals seemed to appear in the sky. Usually, such appearances were brief but they were always startling. The most detailed example of this type of phenomenon is the "sky monster" that frightened residents of Crawfordsville, Indiana, in September, 1891.

When, years later, I attended college and worked as a reporter in the vicinity of Crawfordsville, I had the opportunity to interview surviving witnesses and to read the original on-the-scene newspaper accounts of this astonishing visitation. Here are my notes as I wrote them at the time:

"Self-luminous, surrounded by an aura of dim white light, the appearance resembled 'a white shroud with fins.' No clear-cut shape or outline could be observed. It was about 18 or 20 feet long, eight feet wide, and no head or tail was visible. It moved rapidly 'like a fish in water' with the aid of 'side fins.' At times it flapped its fins violently. Emitting a wheezing, plainting sound, it hovered about 300 feet above the surface most of the time, but on several occasions it came within a hundred feet of the ground.

"All the reports refer to this object as a living thing. A flaming, red 'eye' was noticeable. At times it 'squirmed as if in agony.' Once it swooped low over a group of witnesses who said that it radiated 'a hot breath.'

"This visitor from the void made its appearance on two successive nights, September 4-5, 1891, first coming into view about midnight on both nights, and disappearing upward about 2 a.m. On the first night witnesses included the Rev. G. W. Switzer, pastor of the local Methodist Church, and his wife, who watched the sky phantom for over an hour.

"On the second night hundreds of residents watched the monster as it moved slowly over various parts of the business district for two hours. On the third night almost every adult in the town waited for its appearance, but it never came."

Today radar often detects unidentified objects that are invisible to unassisted human eyesight. These images or "blips" on radarscopes, called "angels" or "gizmos," can be distinguished from the usual targets; otherwise radar would be an untrustworthy instrument.

What are these angels? They have been observed since 1943 when microwave radar was first being developed. Since that time, however, the vagaries of radar have become well known. Competent observers recognize false targets caused by the bending or refraction of signals, the high specific humidity in a rain cloud, or birds. Yet the mystery remains.

Angels appear only sporadically and produce sharp echoes that are neither diffused masses like weather targets nor small limited-range blips like birds. Birds

COMING . . .

In all of history, nothing raised the heated passions of men more—except women

GOLD

Some surprising new facts about the most dazzling, sought-after metal on earth

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Well, that takes care of her costume changes up until the time she *meets* Father Marquette . . ."

can only be spotted at distances of a mile or so, while angels have been detected up to 25 miles. Ionized air masses are detectable on radarscopes, but are recognizable as sprawling blotches with cometlike tails. Such masses do not contain enough electrified particles to duplicate the sharply-defined angel blips.

Angels appear day and night in all types of weather, moving usually at speeds between 30 and 60 miles an hour, and have been known to disappear without moving out of the scope's range. They cruise at various heights, but sometimes as low as 800 feet. Moreover, they fly downwind, upwind or crosswind.

Efforts to explain angels in conventional terms have been unsatisfactory.

Dr. Luis W. Alvarex, inventor of the radar Ground Control Approach System (GCA), once suggested that angels might be exceptional masses of ionized atmosphere (which might also describe the Wassilko-Serecki and Cage creatures). But, he continued, he could not imagine how so many ions got jammed into so few cubic yards of air. "And I don't understand," he added, "why the gizmos don't always move with the wind, *if they aren't alive.*"

Since 1947 many UFO photographs have been taken, some probably authentic, many questionable. A majority of the ones that can be regarded as authentic show little detail. They simply indicate that something unidentifiable was in the atmosphere.

One man, however, decided to do some personal research. He went out into the California desert and took thousands of pictures. These photographs do not reveal extraterrestrial, artificial constructions. They do disclose what may well be atmospheric life-forms.

The man is Trevor James, a Los Angeles businessman and author of the book *They Live in the Sky* which contains 30 pages of his photographs.

At first the experiments of Trevor James and his associate, James O. Woods, were hit or miss efforts. They had very little success with an infrared telescope (or "snooperscope") which seemed to be insensitive to the required vibrations or wavelengths. Then they turned to cameras, certain filters and high-speed infrared film. The two men did not see the creatures with their physical eyesight, but after a time James developed the ability to "feel" their presence. "First," he writes, "one becomes conscious that such things do exist, and then an awareness of their actual presence follows."

The use of infrared film (Kodak IR 135) requires special care to prevent fogging and must be kept cool. The cassettes must be spooled, stored and loaded and unloaded into and from the camera in dim light. To record the invisible light, one should employ an 87, 88A or 87C Kodak Wratten filter over the lens, although a 25A or 29 Wratten filter will work.

In two of James's most remarkable shots he used a Leica with an 87 filter, lens opened to maximum f3.5 setting, shutter set at 1/30 of a second; and a Praktica FX2, with high-speed infrared film exposed 1/50 of a second at f11.

The pictures were taken day and night, but some of the best were shot in the immediate postdawn period. They were principally taken in the area of the Lucerne Valley of the Mojave Desert between Victorville and Yucca Valley.

"For experimental purposes," James tells us, "it is not necessary to have any conditions other than a perfectly cloudless day. Take a few rolls of infrared film, and shoot the horizon in overlapping segments through the full 360 degrees. It is possible that in the Mojave Desert area strange objects will appear in your pictures which should be examined minutely . . . . You may catch an invisible flying animal or a creature. Try it and see, and you will find for yourselves that we speak the truth."

And what are these creatures or lifeforms like?

According to James, they are self-illuminated; sometimes the light is steady and at other times it flashes. Some resemble large amoebas or bladders, cigar or sausage-shaped; others are heel or disk-shaped. The larger ones occasionally reveal reptilian features or beaks. They appear to contract and expand as they move through the air. A curious feature is that some seem to be transparent even to infrared and to be two-dimensional (to have no depth), although this may be due to the way they register on the film's emulsion.

We now have a theoretical basis for explaining *some* of the UFO's. We especially have a basis for explaining the curious actions of "lights" and "fireballs."

In the atmosphere of an electrical storm, couldn't these creatures occasionally become charged by friction or otherwise build up sufficient energy to become visible to human sight? Then, in the brief span of their visible existence, couldn't they express their curiosity by following planes, cars and trains?

Is it possible that large atmospheric animals sometimes cause flocks of migrating birds to fly blindly in panic? On September 11, 1948, for example, thousands of birds of different species were killed or injured when they crashed into the Empire State Building, New York, and the transmitting tower of Radio Station WBAL at Baltimore. Fog and beacon lights are usually blamed for such incidents, but in these cases there was no fog and weather conditions were good during the night and morning.

Is it possible that radiation from these creatures may occasionally kill flocks of birds? In May, 1917, there was a report of hundreds of dead birds of varied species falling from the sky at Baton Rouge, Louiania The sky was clear and the nearest storm was on the Florida coast. A similar fall of thousands of petrels occurred in August, 1960, at Capitola beach, east of Santa Cruz, California. In both instances the cause of the deaths could not be determined.

Is it possible that atmospheric animals occasionally "materialize" into our physical realm and meet disaster by disintegration? There have been many accounts of the fall of mysterious gelatinous and organic substances from the sky. In one case, reported in the *Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences*, a "tremendous procession" of round bodies with tails passed overhead, and occasionally one fell to the ground leaving a "soapy and jellied film" which soon dried and vanished.

On September 26, 1950, Patrolmen John Collins and Joseph Keenan saw an object fall into a field in southwest Philadelphia, as they were riding in their prowl car. With two other officers called to the scene, they found that the object was of irregular shape, about six feet in length and a foot thick at its center, and it gave off a misty purplish glow. Collins touched it and determined that it was a jellylike mass; the material on his hand dissolved, leaving a sticky, odorless residue. Within half an hour the entire object had evaporated. The officers told reporters that they believed the object was organic.

A similar incident occured on February 28, 1958, at Miami, Florida, when an object fell from a clear sky into the backyard of Faustin Gallegos, a police detective. It was roughly globular, transparent like glass, and about the size of a medicine ball. Its surface glittered, and it "seemed to be made up of thousands of minute cells resembling those of a honeycomb, and it was pulsating over its entire body." There was no odor.

The detective and later his wife stuck their fingers into it. "To my amazement I could feel nothing," Gallegos said. "I withdrew my finger at once and saw that I had left a hole in the material the size and length of my finger. This was the first time in my life that I had been able to see and touch an object, yet be unable to feel it."

By the time neighbors appeared on the scene, the weird mass was spreading out over the lawn and shrinking. Gallegos managed to scoop up enough of the material to fill a pickle jar and seal it with the lid. Half an hour from the time of the fall, the mass had dissolved, leaving no trace. It took the detective 20 minutes to drive to the police station, but when he arrived the jar was empty. There was not even a trace of moisture.

What was the strange object that fell in Detective Gallegos's yard? Was it a space animal? We'll never know for sure. But as scientific progress continues, and astronauts make more and more voyages into the upper atmosphere, it may well be that evidence for the existence of such creatures will continue to accumulate.

—Vincent Gaddis

COMING . . .

Orbiting eyes
from outer space

SECRETS OF THE "BLACK AIR FORCE"

A report on
new spies in the
sky which make the
U-2 as obsolete
as a birchbark canoe

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A COOL SURFER RIDES A JACKPOT WAVE

[*Continued from page 39*]

enjoys the idea of a staff, bank balance and debt-free existence. On the other hand, he refuses to change his values or to be impressed by the plaudits and attention that have come his way. He takes part in the publicity hoopla when *Summer* opens in major cities because he recognizes that salesmanship is needed to help put the movie over. But after each premiere he jets back to Los Angeles and flies the helicopter to Dana Point, where he chooses to swing a lot more like a Robinson Crusoe than a Frank Sinatra.

He has resisted the blandishments of the film Establishment. Among his offers was one from producer Ivan Tors (*Flipper, Daktari*), who told him: "If you will make a television series based on surfing, I could sell it in one hour."

"But I don't want to make a television series based on surfing," replied Brown, and that was that.

Brown has a very special, almost lyrical view of surfing which goes back to days long before a pair of knobby knees—formed by long hours of kneeling on surfboards—became a badge of honor for California youth. He was born in San Francisco, the son of a salesman who moved his family to Southern California when Bruce was 10. Shortly afterward, the boy was introduced to the idea of riding a wave into shore and became one of a small band of pioneers who surfed at Hermosa and Huntington Beach in every kind of weather.

"Bruce was a big Kahuna [Hawaiian god of surfing] when I started out," his close friend, Del Cannon, now manager of a surfboard shop, recalls in typical surfing lingo. "He did hot-dogging [tricks on smaller waves] that most of the others wouldn't handle. He was great at stalling [angling the board just as a wave breaks], traveling [walking atop board during a wave] and hanging 10 [dangling toes over front of board]; and he was absolutely fearless at shooting the pier [riding a wave through pier pilings]."

Graduating from Wilson High School in Long Beach at 17, he decided to get his service duty over with. He naturally chose the Navy and volunteered for submarine duty.

"I had heard that the top 10 percent in the class could choose between the east and west coasts," he recalls, "and the honor man could pick his own base and sub. I was honor man, and I chose the *Gudgeon* because it happened to be in the shipyard at Pearl Harbor." And Pearl Harbor, of course, happens to be in Hawaii, the crown jewel of all surfing country.

With his savings from sub school and his hazardous-duty pay, the lanky new sailor promptly bought an Austin-Healey sports car and had his surfboard shipped over from California. Instead of spending nights aboard the *Gudgeon*, he rented a $25-a-month room on the beach at Waikiki.

"I wasn't too popular with the other men on the sub," he admits. "They resented it when this apprentice seaman—the lowest man on the totem pole—went racing off in an Austin-Healey with a babe at his side and a surfboard on top of the car. Surfing was strange to them then. Their idea of fun was to get tattooed and then go out and get drunk. Hell, I could live for a week on what they spent on booze."

As a result of his minimal gung-ho, Brown set new Pearl Harbor records for the amount of time spent by an apprentice seaman in paint-chipping and mess duty. After two years of service, including voyages to Alaska and Samoa, he was discharged in California. He returned to Hawaii immediately.

There Brown joined a few other Californians who were living on the beach. Some slept on the sand, in vacant lots or derelict cars; one nonacrophobic type positioned his mattress in a tree. Brown shared a $16-a-month room that included nothing more than two cots and a hot plate.

Brown and his fellow surfers skin dived for lobsters and speared fish, which they exchanged for meals from the local citizens. Girls invited to their haunts were told: "Better bring a bag of groceries if you want to eat." In an extremity some of the surfers took jobs, but only long enough to supply food money. They preferred to spend their days astride boards in the cobalt water, waiting for that perfect wave.

Not only did Brown live the surfer's life. He photographed it.

As a hobby, he had been taking surfing movies with an 8mm. camera since he was a boy. During his on-the-beach period in Hawaii, he began developing the techniques that were to establish him as the master of the art.

Brown did not invent the surfing film; others were in the field before him. But their efforts consisted of an endless procession of waves of all sizes which fascinated surfers but generally made nonsurfers a little seasick. Brown photographed wave-riding, too, but he also focused his camera on the surfers themselves and the way they lived.

More important, he learned how the camera could be used to make movie audiences almost feel they were riding the waves. He tried longer and better lenses that brought the camera eye in so close on a surfer surrounded by a mountain of water that viewers instinctively ducked. And being a superb surfer, he was able to balance himself on a board, camera in hand, and capture a surfer's eye view of the ride to shore. He even attached a camera to the front of his board for unprecedented shots of a fellow Kahuna during a wave.

Brown's daredevil camera work often caused dings (dents) on his board, not to mention his head and body—a 30-pound board in a crashing surf can be a lethal instrument. Many times he dropped his camera, and only its waterproof housing saved it.

But if Brown was happy living a nomadic surfer's life and experimenting with pictures, his parents weren't. They demanded that he return to the mainland to enter Long Beach City College.

He became a college dropout in his first semester.

The American literature professor was describing the death of Edgar Allan Poe. Freshman Brown, who had read the complete works and several biographies of Poe while in the Navy, cited varying theories about the author's death.

"You write down on the test what I've said or you will be marked incorrect," the professor decreed.

That did it. Brown figured if the students were being misinformed in American lit, there was no telling how much more bogus knowledge was being purveyed in other classes. He quit school and lit out for Mexico with a friend.

Their aim was to reach Mexico City, but they were fated never to get there. They had paid $40 for a 1947 Kaiser which had a dozen blowouts before they reached the border. The gas tank was so leaky they had to put coffee cans under it whenever they stopped, then refill the

TRUE

"Oh, good heavens! You're not co-ed, are you?"

tank when they started again. Going through Mexican mountains, they suffered two simultaneous blowouts that dislodged the tank and sent it plummeting down a 300-foot cliff. A passing truck driver lent Brown a rope to rappel down the cliff to retrieve the tank.

The Kaiser finally chugged to a complete stop, and Brown hitchhiked back to California. But he had seen Mexico and had spotted some virgin surfing country near Mazatlan. Now he was ready to go to work. He took a lifeguard job at San Clemente.

Brown continued fiddling with the film he had shot in Hawaii. Occasionally he showed his movies at surfboard shops for 25 cents a customer. To his amazement, he discovered he could earn as much as 10 dollars a night. One shop owner was equally amazed.

"I'll stake you to a 16mm. camera and all the film you need," he told Brown. "I'll pay your fare to Hawaii, too. Make a real movie, and I'll split the profits with you fifty-fifty."

And so in 1957, Brown embarked on his first feature movie. He recalls: "I devoured every book I could find about cinema technique. As a result, the first picture was a book-type movie, with long-shot, medium-shot, close-up, and so forth. It wasn't until I learned the rules that I realized they were made to be broken."

He returned from Hawaii with thousands of feet of film. For weeks he cut, uncut and recut the footage, trying to assemble it into something he liked. Occasionally he was visited by Patricia Hunter, a California girl he had met in Hawaii, who "removed the top three feet of clothes and newspapers that littered my apartment."

He had assembled a half hour of film when he got a call to show his movies at nearby Orange Coast College for a $25 fee. Stone-broke, Brown couldn't afford to pass up the opportunity.

"Suddenly I realized that I would have to narrate the damn thing," he says. "I used to panic when I had to make a report in class; now I had to face a whole assembly.

"I wrote out a list of things to say, then forgot about them when I got onstage. I decided to tell the truth: that I had never before appeared in front of an audience, that the movie wasn't finished yet, that nobody had ever seen it—'except maybe my dog.'

"They laughed. I was amazed. I kept on telling the truth about the problems of making the movie and they laughed harder. I ended up laughing more than they did. From then on I followed the same policy: never tell an audience anything that wasn't true."

Brown finally finished editing the film, dubbed it *Slippery When Wet*, and began showing it up and down the Southern California littoral to groups of sun-bronzed surfers. The surfing boom was barely getting started. Audiences were enthusiastic but limited in numbers, and Brown's profits were tiny. But his needs were few, and he was fascinated with the medium of film.

His partner dropped out of the enterprise when he was unable to pay Brown his share of the money that had been collected for showings. The shop owner gave Brown the camera instead. On his own again, Brown produced a new film each year with increasing professionalism: *Surf Crazy, Barefoot Adventure, Surfing Hollow Days, Waterlogged.* Each movie provided barely enough profit to supply the film and transportation costs for the next one.

In June of 1959, when he was 21 and his assets consisted of little more than an aged station wagon with doors that detached when pulled too hard, Brown married Pat Hunter. She is a snub-nosed brunette who shares his love of sea and adventure. With Brown she's had plenty of both.

Their routine became standard. Movie shot and edited, Bruce would borrow some money for the rental of a high-school auditorium. Pat silk-screened posters in their garage. Friends were enlisted to help take tickets and run the projector on the night of the showing. The profits—$200 to $300—were generally enough to allow the Browns to live and surf for a week or two, then they repeated the process.

Business improved with the addition in 1962 of another surfer, R. Paul Allen, as advance man. But even when surfing music and fads became a nationwide craze, it appeared that the appeal of Bruce Brown films would be limited to the amphibious athletes of Southern California.

COMING . . .

A noted scientist
casts an approving
eye at positive tippling

EAT, DRINK AND STAY MERRY

Learn why research
shows the drink-knockers
generally are all wet

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Brown didn't think so. He felt the excitement and pictorial beauty of surfing held enough appeal for a wide audience, provided he could present the sport in a vital way. He continued to hone his technique, striving to develop better style and daring to ride the big ones, camera in hand, to capture on film the exhilaration of surfing.

For his sixth movie, Brown wanted something challenging and different. While talking one winter day to a pair of young surfers, Robert August and Mike Hynson, the trio deplored the seasonal nature of the surfing sport in California.

"But it's summer in South Africa," said Brown. "Why don't we fly down there and look for some waves?"

The idea he'd been looking for emerged. They would embark on a quest for "the perfect wave," searching the southern hemisphere during November, December and January, and add pictures taken at home from June to September, thus realizing an "endless summer." August and Hynson would be the major actors in the movie; Brown, of course, would do all the filming. Brown promised to pay expenses if August and Hynson provided their own fare. (He'd repay them for the jet tickets when and if the film made a profit.)

The only thing that stood between the three men and the ambitious project was money. Brown had long operated on the most tattered of shoestrings. Fortunately he had access to a sympathetic banker, who agreed to put up $5,000 to get the venture started.

And so the trio of surfers set out in late 1963 on a trip that took them to Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti and Hawaii. Once he had taken care of his immediate costs, Brown had only $1,500 to stretch over a round-the-world three-month journey for three healthy, hungry young men. They made it do by scrounging for meals whenever possible and hitchhiking over the foreign roads—a significant accomplishment since anyone who picked them up also had to cart their 10-foot surfboards.

Their biggest challenge was avoiding overweight charges on airlines.

"We stuffed the clothes we were wearing with the heavy camera equipment," recalls Hynson, "and we carried everything else we could in our hand baggage. Then we dawdled around the air terminal until the final call. The announcement would come: 'Will passengers Brown, August and Hynson please report for their flight?'

"That was our signal to go waddling for the gate, trying not to appear too loaded down. The man on the gate was faced with two possibilities: he could let us go through, or he could delay the flight and charge us for excess baggage. We were stopped only twice."

The name of the game for surfers is "finding the waves," and through the years Brown has demonstrated an uncanny knack for doing so. Surfing champion Phil Edwards recalls a trip to the South Pacific for an earlier Brown film. "Bruce would look at a map and note how deep the offshore water was and whether there were shoals. Then he'd find out where the storms generated and what direction the swells traveled. Damned if he didn't come up with good waves every time."

"Another time we were in a little town called Katsura, southeast of Tokyo," adds Del Cannon. "The ocean looked like a lake, but Bruce was convinced there would be surf. We stuck it out for three days, and sure enough, the waves began rising to four and five feet. Then there was a typhoon at sea, and they came in at 10 and 12 feet."

Brown's sixth sense held for *The Endless Summer*. The travelers' luck was phenomenal. They managed to find sunny weather and rideable waves nearly everywhere. Only in Australia did they encounter unfriendly skies and placid surf—and it was almost a welcome break. Brown occupied his camera there with shots of his two stars sparking over-ripe beauties in bikinis, the sole hint of sex in the movie.

And during the trip Brown did indeed find the perfect wave. It was on a lonely, sunswept stretch of beach near Durban,

"A terribly amusing incident occurred out in the kitchen, sir—what would be monsieur's second choice?"

South Africa, that had perhaps never been swum, much less surfed. There Hynson and August rode flawlessly-formed four-foot rollers that continued so long that Brown's camera ran out of film.

Returning to California, Brown began piecing together the footage he had exposed on the journey. A perfectionist, he continued seeking more exciting shots; he made six return trips to Hawaii.

His labors continued for two years. The $5,000 he had borrowed was long gone; now he borrowed some more and sunk in every dollar he earned from showings of his first five movies on the Southern California auditorium circuit. His total investment approached $50,000.

Test showings of *The Endless Summer* indicated he had an attraction far superior to his previous efforts. But Brown realized he could never get his money back in high-school auditoriums, so he tried to interest major film companies in releasing it.

"It's not commercial," a studio boss told him. "It'll never sell outside the beach towns of Southern California. Now if the picture had Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. . . ."

Brown and Paul Allen were convinced that the film *was* commercial. To prove it, they decided to hire their own theater in that most landlocked of cities, Wichita, Kansas. Allen traveled to Wichita in February, 1966, to conduct a publicity campaign; Brown, hedging his bet, flew off to Hawaii to begin shooting his next film.

The Wichita engagement held promise of disaster. Brown and Allen knew that you could count the surfers in Wichita on two hands. What they didn't know was that their movie would open during a strike of theater employees—and a blizzard. The first two days' attendance was sparse, but by the weekend the theater was sold out.

Allen splurged on a phone call to Brown in Hawaii. "We're a sensation," he cried. "We're doing bigger business than *My Fair Lady* and *The Great Race* in their first weeks here."

These facts, complete with adjectives and grosses, were duly reported to the movie bosses. Their retort: "A freak. Just because it did business in Wichita doesn't mean it will make money elsewhere."

"Okay," Brown said to Allen, "we'll hit them where they'll have to say 'uncle.' That means a successful run in New York City."

It also meant expense. It would cost $50,000 to blow up the print from 16mm. to 35mm., plus another $25,000 for publicity, advertising and rental of a theater. Brown borrowed $25,000 from his indulgent banker and deferred payment for 30 days on the lab costs and other expenses. He was in hock up to his neck, yet he remained confident. His morale was bolstered by his wife.

"I think the picture will go over," she assured him. The kids were too little to comment.

Brown could find no available theater in the main entertainment district of Manhattan, and he had to settle for an offbeat house, the Kips Bay.

Two days before the June opening, Allen announced they would have to hire a projection room to screen *The Endless Summer* for the critics.

"But we're almost out of dough," Brown protested. "Let 'em see it at the theater."

"In this town you've got to show the critics a picture at a special screening," Allen insisted. "They demand it."

The New York critics assembled for the preview with an air of vague foreboding. They looked at the amateur moviemaker with suspicion, and their humor wasn't improved when the tanned Californian said bouncily: "This projection room cost me 50 bucks, so you'd better give me good reviews."

The critics left quickly after the screening, and Brown had visions of foreclosure on his Dana Point home.

Now it was Brown's turn to be surprised. The blasé New York critics had been stunned by what they saw. They had come expecting a home-movie production, but they had witnessed a film of rare beauty and ingenuous charm. Brown's restless camera had captured all the zest of a challenging sport, and he had not been afraid to shoot into the sun or to dampen his lens in a crashing wave in order to achieve an effective scene. His two leading players fitted the subject to perfection; they were wholesome and unaffected. The narrative took them from California to exotic foreign beaches, climaxing with waves of near *tsunami* (tidal wave) proportions on Oahu's north coast. The 91-minute movie was tied together by Brown's unsophisticated humor and embellished with a thumping, melodic score.

Brown couldn't believe the reviews.

"Perfect movie . . . great movie"—*The New Yorker*. "A dazzling ode to sun, sand and surf"—*Time*. "Breathtaking! Sweeping and exciting"—*Newsweek*. "Extraordinary entertainment . . . breathtakingly beautiful"—*Daily News*.

The Kips Bay theater did triple its previous best business in the first week. But Brown did no celebrating. He still was faced with his debts to the bank and a mass of unpaid bills. He finally got out of hock by making a deal with Cinema V to distribute the movie nationally.

Obviously *The Endless Summer* has proved to be no mere critics' film. At the end of nine months, it was still drawing crowds to the Kips Bay, becoming the longest-running film in New York. Cinema V gave the film special art-house releases in the major cities of the country, followed by saturation bookings. The returns were so impressive (it promises to gross $3 million in this country alone), that Columbia made a deal to release the film overseas.

It is the code of the surfer to play it cool, and Bruce Brown must be the coolest of them all. He hasn't changed home, friends, clothes or way of living. He's as lean and brown as when he lived on the beach in Hawaii. He abhors big-city cocktail parties and the other yardsticks of urban and suburban prosperity, preferring the untouched outdoors and the conversation of his fellow surfers.

He is a man who smokes too much and drinks little alcohol— "but when I do drink, I make up for it." On one such occasion he and Paul Allen amused themselves by shooting skeet off the ocean cliff behind Brown's house, an activity which the Dana Point police took pains to discourage. Brown is given to other urges, such as a yen he had to travel by motorcycle to the tip of Baja California; he made the 1,200-mile trip over primitive roads in three weeks.

About the only outward evidence of Brown's recent success was the purchase of 200 acres of timberland adjacent to Sierra National Forest in central California. He bought the place unseen, and he takes his family there a few times a

year. They camp out, because there is no habitation.

"I'd like to keep it that way," says Brown. "All I want is a place where I can walk around and say, 'This is my land; these are my trees.' And if my kids want to cut down their own Christmas tree, nobody's going to stop them."

Where does Bruce Brown go after *The Endless Summer*? He is well aware that the movie wise men—the same ones who declared *The Endless Summer* was unsuited for general audiences—are now predicting that his hit was a one-shot affair. Brown is eager to prove them wrong, and he thinks that he might do it with a feature about his new abiding interest in swordfishing. He has just started work on it and is spending many of his days on the ocean now, shooting footage of commercial fishermen. "I expect the film will take a couple of years to make, he says. "It will be sort of an *Old Man and the Sea*, except that it will be about young men—the guys who harpoon broadbill swordfish off Southern California. There's nothing quite like it. You get up in the morning and start to hunt. You spot a fin and you go after it. You have the danger of harpooning—a full-sized swordfish could sink your boat—and you kill him and clean him and you're up to your neck in blood."

"I don't know what the finished picture will be like," Brown adds. I don't even know if it will be worth a damn. But I think there's a movie out there, and I'm going after it."

Once again, he's going after *it* without studio backing—although this time some offers have come his way. He's turned them down because he wants to be sure of doing the film his own way in his own time.

Besides, he detects the same skepticism that preceded the success of *The Endless Summer*. When he first mentioned to producers the possibility of a film about swordfishing, they snorted: "A movie about fishing. Nobody would go to see it!"

"Yeah," comments Bruce Brown, as perverse and independent as ever. "That's just what they told me about surfing. And that's why my next picture will be about swordfishing."

—Bob Thomas

SCOTLAND'S SLEEPY HOLLOW OF HOOCH

[*Continued from page* 43]

heady fumes which permeate the glen, a fragrance composed of tons of barley steeping in tanks, of peat burning in countless drying kilns, of malt grist undergoing mashing. Mixed in are many more aromas. Steeping, drying and mashing are only preliminary stages of Scotch-making. Then come the fermenting of the mash with brewers' yeast in mighty 10,000-gallon bubbling vats, the boiling of this mix in rows of towering pot stills until its alcohol vaporizes into condensers, and the pouring of the finished product into tens of thousands of casks—not to mention collecting the "draff," or residue, which makes animal fodder. The gaseous blend—called "coomb"—resulting from these activities floats out openings in the pagoda-shaped distillery roofs to hang in a low blanket between the surrounding hills: the Convals, Ben Aigan and Clunymore. For a visiting tippler to take a pull of all that coomb is a mistake.

"You've got your smog in America, we've got our own sweet stuff to smell," said Willie McNab with a chuckle, watching me trying to hold breathing to a minimum. "Which would you rather have?"

Any halfway canny man would take Dufftown, the Sleepy Hollow of Hooch, hands down. Once you've adjusted to the peculiarly rich atmosphere, you don't want to leave. This is where everything begins in putting into your hands a bottle of Grand MacNish or Dewar's, Black & White or Buchanan's De Luxe, Haig Pinch or Chivas Regal, Thorne's or Old Rarity or most of the other historic brands. When you pause beside the more than 300-year-old clock tower in Duffy's town square, you're standing amidst 25 million gallons of the finest soft-water, peat-smoked whisky made anywhere, with a value (tax included) of nearly $1 billion. All that drinkable stuff is crammed into more than 100 warehouses of 1,500,000 square-feet capacity each, a complex of buildings dotting the landscape wherever the eye turns. Furthermore, 3,500,000 gallons of new whisky are produced annually, flowing into a vast number of hogsheads, quarter casks, octaves, butts and barrels.

In the town center the ground throbs as 16-wheel lorries, each loaded with $200,000 worth of prime aged liquor, rumble through narrow streets market bound. The sounds of ax, bow saw and adz echo on the cobbles from nearby cooperages, where 1,600 oaken barrels are turned out per week. Near the square, coppersmith Sandy Grant and 40 men are busy forging and riveting the most expensive pot stills built in the Highlands. The heavy-coated men filing up Balvenie Street at dusk are homeward-bound distillerymen, who earn high pay in economically ailing Scotland. Eighty-five percent of Dufftown males "work in the whusky." Overhead looms the gray six-story clock tower—Duffy's only tall building. Once upon a time whisky smugglers were hanged in front of it.

If Scotch is your drink, you reach Dufftown feeling like a pilgrim arriving at Mecca. You'll wallow in *uisge beatha*, or "water of life," the ancient Gaelic term for the spirit the Celts introduced to the bagpipe country five centuries ago. Many of Duffy's dramshops—there are 40 in the vicinity, one for each 380 residents roundabout—display on the wall the philosophy of a pioneer town sage:

"If a body could just find oot the exac' proper proportion and quantity that ought to be drunk every day, and keep to that, I verily vow that he might leeve forever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkyards would go oot of fashion."

At one of the drinkeries, the Commercial Arms Hotel & Pub, I learned from the owner, a lanky, dry-spoken wit named Angus Ould, that the village claims the national record for drunken pigs. "The piggies are swilled on the draff," said Mr. Ould, pouring me a large dram of Thane of Glenlossie, another product of the region. "They're always falling down, tangle-legged. But, ach, what a flavor it gives the pork—there's nothing, I assure you, like a hog on the grog."

With the reputation of being the hardest-drinking glenful of Scots in all the land, Duffy often attracts reformers. Recently a prohibition group from Aberdeen invaded a Duffy pub to find a few dozen distillery workers well along in their cups. "Lads, this is sure death," declared the reform leader. "Our country has one of the two highest coronary thrombosis rates in the world. Why? Whisky! We're also high in liver diseases. Intoxicants again!"

Dr. Jaimie McClennan, one of Duffy's two doctors, was in the pub. "Horse manure," he replied. "In the 30 years I've been here only three men have died of liver cirrhosis. And one of them was an ignorant retired British colonel who drank nothing but gin and bitters." McClennan then ordered a round for the house.

"Your hearts will give out," the reformer warned.

"You bloody fool," said McClennan, "do you know what the average lifespan, male and female, is here? It's 81.5 years and Her Majesty's Royal Infirmary in London has certified it. You could travel the world 'round and probably find nothing much to beat it."

Alec Drummond, a husky warehouseman at Glenfiddich Distillery, summed up what happened to the Aberdeen reformer: "We let the stramyullocher talk a bit more, then we gave him a cool dip." (A stramyullocher is a disturber of the peace. He's as welcome in Duffy as fire in a peat shed.)

The cool dip came when the lads threw the reformer into the River Fiddich. The Fiddich is an icy burn which flows past Dufftown and is famous as a source of soft water for whisky.

A man who becomes drunk in Duffy isn't abused; he gets preferential treatment. Wives and girl friends who shriek, "You're crocked, you beast!" when a man gropes his way through the homestead door wouldn't be tolerated in Dufftown. Item: a Scotsman rules his home. Item: Highlanders discourage their women's consumption of whisky because the stuff is precious and fit only for men. Item: the Yankee-type wife who runs home to mother because her guy shows up slightly crosseyed would be stymied, because mother wouldn't have her. Instead, Duffy wives put their men to bed and straighten them up in the morning so they won't miss the distillery whistle.

Until 15 years ago the village maintained a Town Crier. The Crier was frequently soused and gave out confused news bulletins. During World War II, for instance, he rushed around on horseback shouting, "Hitler's bombers are comin'! It's the Looftwaffy! Take cover!" Dufftown ran for the hills. When noth-

ing happened, it was found that a Nazi bombing attack in Edinburgh had destroyed 1,200,000 gallons of whisky. Although Edinburgh was half the country away, the Crier was complimented for his alertness.

The provost (mayor) of Dufftown, a former whisky-works manager named George Barkes, pointed out to me that tradition is honored above everything. "Your late President Kennedy's grandfather would understand our feeling," Provost Barkes observed. "He was a whisky-cooper in Ireland, well known for his capacity. Since the 1600's, when the settlers first made spirit from malted barley here, we've held that the elements are not only healthful, but essential." (The word "elements" is employed in Dufftown more than "whisky," inasmuch as fire, water, peat earth and the air penetrating the aging casks are basic to Scotch-making.)

Accordingly, Dufftown funerals have surpassed even Irish wakes. "We've had burying which lasted two weeks," said 91-year-old Angus Shand, a spry, retired barley farmer. "The great trouble was with the lifters."

"What are lifters?" I inquired.

Angus Shand shook his head in sad memory. "Ach, they're the men who're supposed to lift up the coffin box and carry it a mile or sae to the grave. But how can they when they're a' stretched on the ground, full of whisky to their ears? At times, the lifters have dropped the body noomerous times while movin' it and fell asleep alongside."

The venerable Scot glowered. "Now a' that's not so bad. But it's serious when we reach the grave hole and the lifters *fall into it* before they've lowered the late departed." The old man drew himself up and snapped, "When tha' hoppens, we take away their daily dram at the 'stillery."

This is the hardest of punishment. Twice a day distillery hands are given one gill of whisky, about one-fifth of a U.S. fifth.

When I left Angus Shand he had a young buck's gleam in his eye. "Never forget," he cautioned me, "that there's two things a Scot likes naked—and one of them is pure malt whisky."

In Dufftown, and in the Highlands generally, nothing is produced but "single" or "straight" whisky—that is, malt whisky distilled in an old-fashioned pot still from a peat-dried mash consisting entirely of malted barley. Blended Scotch is not "straight" or "naked." In 1966 the United States bought, for $160 million, more than half the Scotch exported by Scotland—21,484,000 of the total 41,076,000 proof gallons. A very small fraction of that was Highland malt.

Long ago, Americans went overboard for the less peaty, less heavy, less toxic and aromatic Scotch blends, and "original" malt fell by the wayside (although an increase in sales has been noted lately). The huge Scottish blending syndicate known as Distillers Co., Ltd. and such another giant of exporting as International Distillers, Ltd. miss no bets. They aim to please the all-important American buyer, who demands whiskies which are not too full-bodied, are moderately savory and don't hang on the breath 24 hours after consumption. He gets just that. What he dips his beak into is an intricate marriage of up to 200 whiskies from as many as 115 sources, of which roughly 65 percent is made up of grain whisky—made in the Lowlands—and the balance is composed of the richer, smokier, more flavorful Highland malt.

The grain whisky factories and the blending facilities belong to such big-city firms as Distillers Co., Ltd., which bottles Black & White, Dewar's, White Horse, Johnny Walker and Haig Scotches, among other brands; William Teacher & Sons, Ltd. (Teacher's Highland Cream); Arthur Bell & Sons of Perth (Bell's Royal Vat, Bell's Special); International (J.&B. Rare, among others); and Wm. Sanderson & Co. (Vat 69). Their plants are brisk, mechanical operations, far from the romantic moors and heather. Grain whisky is produced cheaply and massively in a Coffey Patent Still, rather than a pot still, of unmalted barley and corn, oats or rye. Yet the big interests couldn't sell their product without one vital ingredient. Straight malted spirit—"the elementary cratur"—gives Scotch its he-man taste and remains the essential component of every gallon sold.

The villain (as Highlanders see him) who in the 1850's invented the blending of malted Scotch with grain whisky was a chemist named Andrew Usher, of Andrew Usher & Son of Edinburgh (Usher's Green Stripe, Jaimie Stuart). By 1890 the idea had set off warfare.

"Tycoons like Usher, John A. Dewar, Johnnie and Alex Walker and the Haig brothers took malt, the real stuff, off the market in favor o' blends," cackled one Dufftown old-timer to me. "We fought it through all the courts of London and Parliament when they diluted true Scotch. Aye, we lost that fight. But one thing we never could lose. Now or any other time, the Lowlands couldn't sell a shilling's worth of whisky without our malt."

The modern irony is that the horny-handed Banffshire and Morayshire workers who create single Scotch refuse to drink what it ultimately becomes when trucked to the blender, yet prosper from the profits. Nevertheless, the blends are vastly preferred, worldwide. The half-billion dollars earned in total by Scotch annually nearly all dates to Andy Usher's 1853 idea of combining a stout kiss o' Highland dew with Lowland grain.

On my first morning in Dufftown I was pleasantly awakened by bells playing lively Scots tunes. "It's comin' from Tormore Distillery, where they make malt for Long John whisky," my hotel maid explained. "Every hour they ding-dong the songs from a music tower. Makes the lads who work there happy."

Why the lads ever would be unhappy puzzled me; but then I was interrupted by the arrival of Alistair Murray, the burly, full-of-vigor, kilt-wearing manager of William Grant & Sons' Duffy distilleries. The two plants turn out the malt portion of Grant's blended Stand Fast and 100 percent of Grant's Straight Malt. Murray had invited me to tour the town and suburbs. "Out of bed, man!" he cried. "You can't have a mornin' dram flat on your back."

"As long as you're up," I quoted Grant's much-kidded advertising slogan, "pour me a shot."

Murray grinned and poured two drams of 10-year-old Straight Malt before my feet touched the floor. For the next week I saw many sights, mostly through drams. In Duffy you dram when you damned well feel like it.

The weekly Dufftown *News* prints the reminder that "Rome was built on seven hills, but Dufftown's built on seven stills." They are: Mortlach, Convalmore, Glendullan, Parkmore, Pittyvaich, Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich. Owned variously, they supply malt whiskies for a long list of famous blends. Grouse and 100 Pipers and Crawford's Three Star, for example, are among those flavored by Glendullan. Convalmore and Balvenie are taste sources for Grant's, Vat 69,

TRUE

"Gee, I'm awfully sorry, Eloise. How often are the pains coming?"

Haig and The Antiquary, while Pittyvaich delivers to such as Old Parr, Cutty Sark, Bell's and Teacher's. Close by Dufftown are other major stills such as the White Horse, Chivas Brothers, Long John and Johnnie Walker plants. Of 102 distilleries in Scotland, 90 make malt.

Alistair Murray explained that the choicest malt whisky these plants turn out runs eight to fifteen years old. "Eleven years is about perfect," he said. "Right now blenders are staying up nights guessing what the future market will want. They're buying Scotch in our aging sheds for the late 1970's."

He whipped his snappy Wolseley sedan around tight curves and through lush farmlands, over narrow, swift-racing rivers slicing snaky channels. At last, on the bonnie banks of the River Spey, we paused and met a fisherman. "When the streams are a bit low," the knowledgeable rod man complacently remarked, "we've got more whisky in this burgh than we have water flowin' through it."

"That sounds boastful, but it's true," Murray confirmed. "We vat and warehouse 25 to 30 million gallons at all times, which is more than America bought last year." If you include Duffy's neighboring stills, the supply could get everyone from Cape Cod to California plastered for six glorious months.

Periodically agents from Japan, the United States, Spain and the Balkans prowl around the Highlands waving calipers and hydrometers, with the notion that *if* they duplicate the copper pot stills, *if* they import local peat, *if* they duplicate the barley-water-yeast formulas, then they can move into the golden Scotch market. It's a fool's dream. In the steep, blue Conval hills above Duffy can be seen one of many reasons why.

Murray pointed down into a mossy "clough," or ravine, where a natural spring bubbled under a concrete shelter. With reverence, he said, "That's the Robbie Dhub. It's considered by some to be the greatest water for whisky in all of Scotland. Very famous place you're seeing. Back in 1885, William Grant, the founder of Grant's, learned the secret of its location from an old priest. Our competitors have been tryin' to find water to equal it ever since, without luck—for the Dhub starts with clean melted snow and comes up over a very deep red-granite formation through thick, scented peat. It's so soft we pipe it right into our barley soaking vats." Dhub (pronounced "Doo") water, and that of other burns and springs, comprise no less than 80 percent of a bottle of Scotch. I tasted of the Dhub—the water is sweet and tingles in the mouth. And it won't travel in containers worth a damn, as imitators have been desolated to find out.

Nor could anyone elsewhere reproduce Sandy Grant. Short, plump and fiftyish, Sandy is the still-maker of Dufftown, a coppersmith of legendary reputation in whisky circles. Murray took me to his big dank workshop, where we found him directing a dozen men in creating a work of art: a hand-hammered copper wash still of immense proportions—16 feet high, bulbous, weighing two tons and with a capacity of 4,000 gallons of alcohol. On the day it squats like some apothecary's jar over a distillery coal fire it will be worth 5,000 quid (about $14,000) to Sandy Grant. He custom-builds 15 stills per year. And that's why he's a Duffy aristocrat, wears Edinburgh tweeds and drives a Jaguar. "Quite an assembly line you've got," I remarked. "Are all stills built the same?"

Dead silence. Sandy did a slow burn. Stupid Yank, not to know that stills are as widely disparate as female affections. "Ahem!" he said, pulling out blueprints to explain the difference.

An hour later I understood that tradition and superstition run rampant among distillers, each of whom demands a different-shaped cooking vessel constructed to the exact specifications laid down by his ancestors. Stills must not vary 1/20th of an inch in thickness from ancient models. Their shapes range from ball to hourglass, kettle to inverted toadstool. The slightest change would mean disaster. "I've had customers threaten me with murder," said Sandy, "because the swan-neck—that's the narrow part, up above the head—was one tiny degree to the north of where their great-great granddaddy placed it. For, you see, *the design of the still is what makes one whisky differ in taste from another.* Success in selling a brand of Scotch mostly depends on what happens in my shop and shops like it. It's a great, worrisome responsibility."

Sandy turns out two types of stills. Malt whisky needs double distillation—first in a rough wash still, to eliminate yeast and impurities; then in a smaller spirit still, where in a 12-hour delicate operation the raw, low-strength wash alcohol becomes whisky of about 135 proof. During both processes the boiling material is vaporized. The whisky steam passes into a tortuously coiled copper pipe (the "worm") which runs through a cold-water condenser to cool it back to a liquid.

No man understands why, but the contours and the thickness of the two stills (the pots and the worm) powerfully affect the character of the ultimate liquor. "Ken this mystery and you'd own Scotland," goes the saying. Moreover, concealed within a pot still is an antique device—the rummager. A rummager is *said* to be a multiple rotating arm dragging a copper chain mesh around the still's bottom to prevent solid particles from sticking and burning. But you'll get a look at a rummager on the day Loch Lomond dries up.

The meticulous Sandy Grant is an asset Dufftown worries about. His breed is dying out. Still-makers get hurt, and some have been killed. In 1946 Sandy was serving as a British Army technician in Egypt, when suddenly he was discharged and rushed home. Sandy's still-maker father had been repairing an operating still which was not fully emptied of fermented liquid and alcohol fumes, and a welder's torch caused a blast which blew him 40 feet, crippling him for life. British officials saw the accident as a real emergency. Scotch, which is one of England's three biggest export money-makers, brings nearly $300 million into government coffers annually. It was important that the son replace his father at once.

Right now none of his assistants could replace Sandy Grant. It takes half a lifetime to learn the eccentric needs of distillers, gain their trust and be able to build to their hairline requirements.

Sandy informed me that two distilleries, located a stone's throw apart and using identical materials and methods, will produce markedly different whiskies. I checked his statement out at the big, 50-acre stone-and-brick Glenfiddich Distillery. Glenfiddich stands 600 yards from Balvenie-Glenlivet Distillery. They are twin plants. A proof gallon of eight-year-old "tough" malt from either sells for up to a high $5.60 to blenders. Both are owned by William Grant & Sons. They use the same water, peat, barley and stills, and their brewers, mashers and stillmen perform alike. Yet Balvenie's output is lighter, softer, and definitely less punchy than Glenfiddich's. "Don't ask me why," said 60-year-old Hamish Macdonald, head brewer at Glenfiddich, who seemed exasperated. "It's as queer a thing as exists anywhere. It troubles us plenty. But we can't explain it, short of tearing down tha' bricks and rebuildin' alike down to tha' last wee damn bit of mortar."

No one lives with problems more than brewer Hamish Macdonald. One of his most sensitive jobs is to know to the hour when soaked barley spread on a warm, 200-foot-long floor has reached a specific germination point. This early process is where malting occurs. When Macdonald walks stiffly into the malting shed, he's a combined autocrat, biologist, chemist and hunch player.

One morning at Glenfiddich his heavy brows bristled as he watched workmen turning over the moist barley with broad paddles, called "shiels." The grain must be raked and reshuffled three times daily. "What's wrong wi' you?" he asked his crew. "Can't you see you're not keepin' up with the stuff?"

"It looks good to me, Hamish," said a brewer's assistant.

"Bah! She'll creep ahead of you by evenin' at this rate," snorted the old-timer. He walked across the thick, golden-brown carpet of barley, his gray head bent, as if listening. Stooping, he fondled and sniffed, then chewed some grains. "We're runnin' late," he affirmed. "Now swing those shiels, slowpokes!"

It is Macdonald who must decide when the starch in the moist barley has been sufficiently attacked by diastase and other compounds to convert it to sugar-producing maltose. "Then," he explains, "we must quickly reverse nature. We must stop the barley's growth by moving it to the peat kilns to dry out. If I'm just a bit wrong, the plant grows a new head, eats up the starch and the whole thing's a failure." Barley can require six to twelve days to become malted. How does Hamish know when it's reached the critical point? "From my father's father came my nose and instinct."

Tank-room workers have the most fun in the older distilleries. Before well-malted barley reaches the pot stills, its sugar must be converted into alcohol by adding yeast and water and allowing the

mass to froth and bubble like a budding volcano. The 10,000-gallon "washback" tanks rumble on their foundations during fermentation, and husky young tank men, stripped to the waist, yell, "Beat the devil back!" as they swing long birch switches and lay into the mass, breaking down the froth lest it flood the distillery.

In a tank room near Dufftown a brewer blandly invited me to smell the fermenting mash. My head jerked back and my stomach turned over. I was inhaling nauseous carbonic acid gas.

"She's not quite ready yet," said my host, with an evil grin.

To some visitors Dufftown appears an anachronism, surviving only to satisfy a drinking public. But Dufftonians are happy liberty-shouters, and big cities should have their type of freedom. A dog can take a nap in the street while cars circle around him. No-parking signs and traffic lights don't exist in the burgh. A man can dram himself at will, at high noon, on a street corner or on the church steps. Life adjusts to whisky as ingenuously as Idaho has to potatoes.

Still, Dufftown is anything but a Sodom. The Church of Mortlach, built before the year 1,000, is crowded. The per capita income and bank savings are among the highest in northern Scotland. Poverty doesn't exist and land-grabbers are turned away, so that for $3,000 a distillery worker can own a three-bedroom home. Taxation is two-thirds that of Glasgow and Edinburgh; hospitals and medical services are free. Roads are in superior shape, and a $300,000 sewage plant is going up late this year. Major crimes almost never happen. Distillery pensions are generous. And a man has a life long enough to enjoy it to the fullest.

Dufftown has fun. It holds the wackiest of all golf tournaments on its nine-hole course. During holidays, the rules provide that a friend may hold you up while you tee off, and you can play any number of holes and quit. Entrants all have such hangovers that they compete for the "Sair Heid Tassie" (Sore-Head Trophy) —the winner being the one who lasts the longest. "Last New Year," said Willie Duncan McNab, "not a body staggered past the fifth hole."

As befits the capital of Scotch, the local government is run from an exbootlegger's hangout. The burgh chambers of the Town Council are located in the tall clock tower, where, a century ago, free-lance whisky-makers built a secret still. British revenue agents—the hated excisemen—never suspected a Scotch pot hidden under their noses. The bothy—still—never was discovered officially, and although it turned out no great flow of liquor, it kept the spirits of tax-defying Dufftown very high indeed.

Illicit distilling has recently returned to these parts. Her Majesty imposes a 37-shilling tax on a 52-shilling bottle of home Scotch, and some embittered natives have retaliated by going underground. "The excisemen had better stay out o' those glens," the quiet word goes.

But while many upland cities and towns struggle to survive their taxes, Duffy enjoys continuous prosperity. So much so that it can become a worry. Last August, for instance, Alec Ferrier, a Dufftonian who'd grown rich in South Africa, died and left $150,000 to his hometown. "To be spent on improvements," he stipulated. Dufftown scratched its head. What improvements? A meeting hall? Duffy has a fine one. A hospital? Got that, too. More sewage lines? All taken care of. New curling or football grounds? Not needed. Snowplows? Plenty on hand. Aid to agriculture? The crop is barley and peat-turf, and it grows everywhere without help.

"Men, I have it," said a resident. "We'll have a party to end all parties."

"No, Alec might not like that," said another, "even if it does come under the headin' of improvement."

Said a third native, "Then why don't we spend it sensibly? We'll start another distillery."

Yet even here Dufftown was stymied, and to this moment the money remains unspent. As long as everyone has a job in the good-smelling, chime-ringing malt works, as long as there's more whisky in storage than water in the rivers, as long as a rich-and-jittery world-at-large continues to order Scotch, the happy difficulty is that Dufftown just doesn't need another distillery. Or anything. Except maybe another dram. —Al Stump

It's a body rash caused by a fungous infection. One that thrives best in sweaty, chafed body areas.

That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not groin irritation.

Now you can get relief with new Cruex™. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight body rash.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi).

Its medication directly attacks fungi. That's why using Cruex before and after athletics can stop groin irritation before it starts.

Cruex spray cools; gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you because it's strictly hands off.

At your pharmacy.

New Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

LOOK WHAT'S BECOME OF THE PICKUP TRUCK

[*Continued from page* 58]

truck bodies. Then they threw away the engine hoods so that everyone might be blinded by the chromed, zillion cubic-inch engines (which are seldom run for fear of dirtying the chrome).

Some characters run similar trucks on drag strips. They cram in huge engines, install drag slicks (a kind of flat treadless tire) and go smoking down the strips. For example, the "Little Red Wagon," a 90-inch wheelbase compact Dodge pickup, routinely gets up to 125 mph. in a quarter mile drag. This one has a 425 cubic-inch "hemi" stuffed under its hood.

But other people beside speed kids wanted quicker trucks. And they wanted them to be more comfortable and luxurious, too. First the contractors and plumbers and ranchers wanted a machine that would do double duty—a good-looking workhorse plus a civilized machine in which they could go to church and then go out driving on Sunday.

According to George Butts, head of product planning at Dodge Trucks, 15 percent of his customers order muscular 383 cubic-inch engines in their pickups. Mr. Butts also points out that 45.9 percent of Dodge pickup buyers now want automatic transmissions compared to only 18 percent in 1964. An odd sidelight on color was mentioned by George Bilque, merchandising boss of Dodge Trucks. He said that 23.6 percent of Dodge pickups were now ordered painted white. The traditional workhorse red truck has dropped to 19.6 percent.

The next group—and these people had perhaps the most important influence—is the ever-growing segment of the population that is crazy about camping. They either tow a trailer or, as has become increasingly popular, they slide their "campers" into the beds of pickup trucks.

According to a Ford bigwig, 120,000 such camper units were sold in 1966 compared to 50,000 in 1963. Over 300,000 are now on the road.

And since camping is something people do for pleasure, they rightly expect that their truck's driving compartments ought to have the sybaritic amenities they'd enjoy in a first-class car—plus plenty of power for fast travel with a heavy aluminum house (complete *with* kitchen sink *and* flush toilet) on board.

I drove one of these trucks recently—an F-100 Ford Ranger. (An F-250 or F-350 is recommended for bigger camper bodies.) The look of its high-style exterior should have prepared me, but I was bowled over by the plushy interior of the Ranger cab—wall-to-wall nylon carpeting, foam-rubber bucket seats with pleated upholstery, upholstered door panels, and the stuff all matched.

The Ranger I drove had an automatic transmission (you can get a manual four-on-the-floor if you like) and a 352 cubic-inch V-8 engine. And in spite of the aluminum house—the camper—sitting on the truck bed behind me, I had to watch myself to stay at a legal 60. That 208 hp. engine had plenty of moxie for acceleration, too. Nor did the high center of gravity of the camper add much roll on the corners. The ride was easily comparable to that in a family sedan; the power steering and the automatic transmission added to the illusion that I was driving a passenger car. The only real difference was the better visibility. The truck I drove with the Ranger cab, automatic transmission and 352 cubic-inch V-8 engine costs roughly $3,000, depending on what extra confections—like air-conditioning or stereo—you may want.

Chevrolet builds trucks with extra "pizazz" too. The "Custom Sport Truck" (CST) package, which you can get on any size Chevy pickup truck you choose, has vinyl-covered foam-rubber bucket seats and a big folding center armrest which can be used as a seat for a third party. In the interest of a cathedral hush for the inmates, it has extra insulation and undercoating in addition to thick floor carpeting. The package also includes chrome bumpers and a CST badge to show everybody you paid more for your truck. If you want to go all out in the power department, you can order a 327 cubic-inch V-8 which pushes out 220 bhp. If you're a quiet type, you'll most likely order an automatic transmission. But if you want to play racer with your truck, you *can* get a close-ratio four-speed stick shift. A light Chevy pickup truck with the 327 cubic-inch V-8 engine, an automatic transmission and the "Custom Sport Truck" dress-up options will also cost you about $3,000.

I saw a Dodge pickup the other day that makes these snazzied-up Ford and Chevy trucks look downright austere. (If you wanted to, you could of course tart them up to equal the Dodge's splendor.)

Here's what they did to the Dodge (and it's all optioned by the factory). They took a standard D-100 "Sweptline" pickup and installed a 325 hp., 383 cubic-inch engine, a three-speed Loadflite transmission and power brakes. The driving compartment had what Dodge calls their "comfort package," vinyl bucket seats, a console, door-to-door nylon carpeting . . . the works. Then they began to let themselves go with air-conditioning, stereo, yacht-style chrome rails on the truck body, a white tonneau cover, mag wheels, whitewall tires, a vinyl top on the cab (they spray this on!). With all this luxury the price is $3,731.35. Knock off the $495.80 air-conditioning, the $125 stereo and the 50-buck mag wheels and the price comes down to $3,060.55—just about the same as the fancy Ford or Chevy pickups.

No matter how snazzy you get and with the most expensive transmissions and biggest engines, a pickup truck can't cost much over $3,000. Compared to a sedan with such options, a pickup is a bargain, especially if you can make use of its dual personality.

This $3,000 figure is for a ½-ton pickup. A ¾-ton model would cost roughly $200 more; a one-ton, $300 more.

But this business of using a truck instead of a sedan can be overdone. A guy in my town is in the business of transporting fish. For this he uses a giant and odoriferous truck. The other night his 17-year-old daughter arrived in it to pick up my 17-year-old daughter to take her to a school meeting. I think this guy ought to buy his kid a scooter or something. That fish smell just drives our cats crazy.

—Ralph Stein

ATOMIC GARBAGE TURNS TO GOLD

[*Continued from page* 44]

contents of the tank farm are recognized as a modern equivalent of buried treasure. Science is now discovering safe and practical ways to put the radioactive waste products to work. This isn't merely a hopeful bet on what is to come; it's a present-day reality.

Infamous strontium-90, for instance, is being used to operate automatic weather stations and other monitoring devices from the Gulf of Mexico to the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctica. Cesium-137 is in use as a completely safe food preservative. The fission product promethium-147 (appropriately named for Prometheus, the Greek god who gave fire to man) is being considered as a power source in life-support systems for our astronauts' future space explorations. Cerium-144 is being studied as an efficient power source with many uses. Most amazing of all, perhaps, fission products offer hope to long-doomed victims of leukemia—"cancer of the blood." And these are only the highlights.

Until recently, most radioisotopes used in medicine, industry and research have been "artificial," like cobalt-60, produced by "baking" nonradioactive materials in a nuclear reactor. The same results, or better, can now be achieved by using fission products taken directly from reactor waste streams.

Although few laymen have any clear idea of just what radioactivity is all about, the subject isn't too difficult to understand in its basic terms. To begin with, a radioisotope is simply an atom that has more energy in its nucleus than it really needs. Eventually, it usually relieves itself of this internal pressure by squirting out a piece of its own hopped-up insides. Scientists call this "radioactive decay." As the flying particles pass through the material surrounding them, they slow down; and their kinetic energy turns into heat. For example, a single pound of strontium-90 generates as much heat in a year as you'd get by burning half a ton of coal.

Directly or indirectly, some radioisotopes also emit radiation which has the ability to penetrate thick layers of materials, just as X rays do. The rays of this type which come directly from the nucleus are called "gamma rays." In many ways their effects are similar to "thermal radiation"—ordinary heat. Just like heat, gammas can touch off or speed up chemical reactions. They can also destroy bacteria, and they can selectively destroy cancerous cells.

Although the main job at Hanford is

to convert hard-to-split uranium-238 into fissionable plutonium, other atoms also crack apart inside the production reactors and leave fragments—the fission products. Some of these will continue to generate radiation and heat for a long, long time.

Individual atoms are as unpredictable as people. Put a few billion of the same kind together, however, and they follow certain inflexible laws. Start with any appreciable quantity of a given radioisotope, and exactly half of the atoms in it will decay spontaneously within a specific length of time. That's what's meant by "half-life." It may vary between two radioisotopes from a few thousandths of a second to tens of thousands of centuries. The half-life of either strontium-90 and cesium-137, for instance, is about 30 years.

Fission products like those buried at Hanford have long been available in small quantities and at high prices. The new breakthrough has come with the development of suitable techniques for separating strontium-90 and other individual elements from the hot mixture. Simultaneously, new engineering experience has been gained in using such materials safely.

As a result, the AEC, late in 1965, announced that purified Hanford wastes would definitely become available in quantity and promptly slashed unit prices by 50 to 90 percent. The announcement was followed quickly by similar price cuts on "artificial" radioisotopes. Industry spokesmen say that more price drops for both will undoubtedly be followed by more utilization, and that this will encourage even cheaper mass production.

Two industrial giants—Martin Marietta Corporation and UniRoyal—spawned a completely new company to carry out the assignment of separating the useful waste products from the rest of the material and converting them into the right chemical and physical shape for various applications. The firm, called Isochem Incorporated, offered to plunk down between eight and nine million dollars in risk capital to get the full-scale operation underway. Its original plans were to break ground this year for a new four-story building as big as a football field, located right near the plutonium separation "canyons" which the company operates at Hanford under contract with the AEC. (Subsequent disagreement over timing, however, has led the Commission to invite other firms to consider taking over the long-term project.)

In the meantime, modified railroad gondola cars loaded with strontium and cesium shuttle back and forth between the pilot plant operation in Washington State and the isotope processing cells at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. There, on a temporary basis at least, the final chemical conversion and encapsulation is carried out and the radioisotopes can be loaded directly into the shielded equipment which will put them to work.

Compounds of the major fission products now being used are available in almost as wide a variety of shapes as breakfast cereal. So long as you can prove to the AEC you know how to handle them, you can buy the materials in "pencils," pellets, powder, cylinders or little square wafers.

When not in use, some companies store their stainless-steel-jacketed isotopes under water to dissipate the heat and to provide a cheap but effective shield. While in transit, however, the hot materials usually ride in finned shipping casks whose surface area is great enough to guarantee continuous air cooling. One or two may occupy a railroad flatcar all to themselves, but there's no chance of their being tapped by a curious hobo. The containers are constructed more solidly than most safes.

Of all the new uses for radioactive isotopes, the one that may have the most widespread application is the preservation of food. The idea is an old one; one method was patented in France more than 35 years ago. What's new today is the use of atomic wastes to make the process cheaper. Gene O'Sullivan, the globe-trotting vice-president of Isochem, caused a stir before an international technical-commercial audience not long ago by revealing that, even at current prices, cesium would cost only half as much as an artificial radioisotope in meat processing.

The principle behind food processing by radiation is simple. Bacteria in food cause spoilage, and gamma radiation kills bacteria. The food may be precooked and packaged (either in cans or sealed plastic), then passed on a conveyer system through the radiation field.

The men operating the plant need no special protective clothing because the radiation process itself takes place inside a concrete or metal enclosure. The food remains several inches from the sealed radiation slab at all times, being irradiated first on one side and then on the other—the way you'd cook a steak on an open grill. The time food spends in the atomic hopper will vary, depending on the size and placement of the radiation source as well as its own composition; but a typical treatment for meat might take about an hour. The exact minimum and maximum amounts of radiation which different foods are allowed to absorb for commercial marketing are already prescribed by law.

Unlike the atom-splitting impact of radiation inside a nuclear reactor, the rays emitted by isotopes in these circumstances don't have enough energy to make other materials radioactive; they simply eliminate or greatly reduce the bacterial count. And the sealed container itself prevents reinfection.

Irradiated foods aren't on sale at supermarkets yet, but the U.S. Army has carried on substantial feeding experiments for over a dozen years and is completely satisfied with their wholesomeness and safety. Swirt & Co. has done considerable research on irradiation of meats; however the first "commercial" order from the Army was only for 22,000 pounds of bacon and that went to Morrell & Co. Now, however, business is picking up. The Department of Defense has pledged to order a minimum of almost a million pounds of irradiated meat over the next three years, and some members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy are urging that procurement be stepped up even faster.

Like frozen foods, radiation-sterilized groceries are expected to make a big hit quickly because of their superior taste. It's still too early to say whether they will eventually cost more or less than frozen foods, but the difference will probably be no more than a few pennies a pound. The big advantage of the new product is convenience.

Dr. Edward Josephson, associate director of the U.S. Army's Natick Laboratories at Natick, Massachusetts, hopes that approval will come shortly for the first commercial order of irradiation-sterilized ham. This and other food items won't be introduced into combat rations until each one gets a separate okay from the Food and Drug Administration and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Approval on irradiated fresh pork will also be sought this year, and 1968 should see petitions for others: beef, chicken, shrimp, hamburger, corned beef,

he can't tell you he has worms

BETTER USE SURE-SHOT®

Hookworms and large roundworms can take the spirit out of your dog. They make him weak and lower his resistance.

You can handle the problem at home simply with Sergeant's Sure-Shot Worm Capsules.

And Puppy Capsules for smaller dogs.

Just 88¢ at drug stores and pet counters. Full instructions in the box.

Don't let your dog mope around.

SERGEANT'S SENTRY® COLLAR. Kills fleas all over your dog. For three full months or money back. Just buckle it on and fleas are gone.

Sergeant's® Worming Products

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

pork sausage and codfish cakes. If all goes well, the menu by the end of '69 could also include turkey, frankfurters and barbecued meats. The following year should see FDA review of luncheon meats, salmon cakes, lamb, baked fish and duck.

Taste is far from the most important reason for improving methods of food preservation. More than 25 percent of all the food produced today spoils before anyone can eat it. Avoiding such waste by radiation is the equivalent of raising that much more food.

In addition to killing bacteria, there's another way in which radiation can help solve the world's food problems. Millions of dollars worth of surplus wheat shipped from this country to Asia each year has been ruined by pests like the khapra beetle. It takes only a relatively mild gamma treatment to disinfect such products, and the process sidesteps the problem often posed by chemical fumigation.

One barrier to progress in the development of uses for radiation is the public's vague fear of "radioactivity." In spite of such queasiness, plans are moving ahead for scores of specific commercial uses. German, French and U.S. firms are considering fission-product radiation as a means of sterilizing sutures, syringes, surgical instruments and even pharmaceuticals, right in their shipping containers. Inasmuch as radiation can penetrate glass bottles, plastic bags or sealed wooden crates to destroy bacteria, the sterilization is performed just before shipment.

Johnson & Johnson's Ethicon Division started using radiosterilization on a commercial scale in 1957. Now the price reductions on fission products such as cesium-137 may encourage its application to "volume" materials as well. Cotton swabs, gauze, disposable diapers and a whole host of other antiseptically clean products can be treated in the same way.

Like food treatment, the most modern medical uses of radiation are old in theory but only newly practical. Long before World War II, techniques were devised to irradiate human blood and then return it to a patient's body; but about the only radioactive material available then was scarce and costly radium. Today pellets of cesium-137 in a single one of the irradiators developed for leukemia patients at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, Long Island, New York, pack more than three times the radiation strength of all the radium ever produced. Yet, at the latest bulk prices, this much cesium costs only $500. Furthermore, the long half-life of the material insures that by the end of the 20th century these same pellets will still be almost half as potent as they are today.

Cobalt-60—or even X-ray equipment—can also be used for leukemia treatment, but either one requires more shielding. Cesium-137 irradiators are inherently more compact; and this advantage has persuaded Picker X-Ray Corporation to use the fission product in its latest teletherapy apparatus as well. Such machines send radiation *through* the skin to curb deep-seated tumors.

The setup for leukemia treatment at Brookhaven is almost startlingly simple. Some patients visit the hospital only once or twice a week for the irradiation sessions. There is no discomfort—or even sensation—as the patient's whole blood volume is circulated from plastic tubes inserted in the arm through a lead cask the size of an oil drum and then back into his body. Except for the radiation symbol decal on the side of the dull metal cask there is nothing to suggest anything more exotic than an ordinary transfusion. An average treatment lasts four hours.

"We hesitate to predict miracles," says Dr. Lewis M. Schiffer of Brookhaven, "but our results with a few-dozen patients are quite encouraging for certain types of leukemia.

"It's ironic. We know that individuals exposed to high doses of radiation show a higher incidence of leukemia than the average. Yet we're now using a gamma-ray source to fight the same disease."

The number of white cells in a leukemia victim's bloodstream may multiply to 10, 20 or even 100 times the normal, and there is currently no prospect for a complete cure. Radiation simply holds down the white count by means of repeated treatments, thereby prolonging the patient's life.

Radiation is also being used in research on skin grafts. White cells seem to assist the production of antibodies which reject foreign substances introduced into the body. Preliminary studies with calves show that reducing the white cell count may double or triple the length of time foreign skin grafts are accepted by the body. Conceivably similar irradiation could boost the chances of success in transplanting kidneys and other "spare parts."

Despite a couple of decades of research, scientists have barely begun to catalog the effects of nuclear radiation on various nonliving materials. But what they have learned indicates fabulous possibilities. As a tool in producing unusual new materials and simplifying the mass production of old ones, large-scale radiation looms as one of man's greatest scientific breakthroughs.

Like heat, the radiation from Hanford's reactor waste materials is capable of breaking molecules into fragments which will react more readily than the original substances. This makes possible such things as cotton goods which are permanently waterproof, synthetic fabrics which are easy to dye, paper products which keep their strength even when wet.

Research has also shown that isotope irradiation can speed up the manufacture of products ranging from Orlon to chewing gum. It can "crack" petroleum at temperatures a couple of hundred degrees below normal, and it boosts the production yield of insecticides and biodegradable detergents. Missile experts believe that it may also help to tie high-energy "zip" additives into solid rocket fuels.

Perhaps the fastest comer in the commercial field is the irradiated combinations of wood and plastic which are already on the market under various trade names, but generally called "superwoods." These are actually a new substance—harder, more abrasion resistant, yet retaining all the natural-grain beauty of wood. It needs neither varnish nor lacquer nor shellac to protect its smooth finish. Even paint is unnecessary; the use of colored plastics can infuse any desired color throughout the entire piece.

The list of AEC-documented uses for radiation throughout industry is long and varied. It ranges from eliminating metal-destroying bacteria in jet fuel to speeding up the sedimentation of sewage. But even this doesn't exhaust the bright new possibilities of putting the hot glop from Hanford to work. The largest single application of fission products so far has been one that ignores radiation and instead taps the very characteristic which has made radioactive wastes so difficult to store—their long-term capacity to produce heat.

Heat itself is a precious commodity, because it can be converted into ever-useful electricity. Normally, however, it takes bulky fuel or complicated equipment to produce heat in significant quantities. Not so with radioisotopes. They give it off for years on end.

Thermoelectric generators "fueled" with strontium-90 have already successfully operated automatic unmanned weather stations within a few hundred miles of both the North and South Poles. With no moving parts, they face no limitations from friction wear or stress fatigue, and their long-term maintenance-free operation makes them perfect for such out-of-the-way assignments. Another unit is implanted at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, 750 miles east of Jacksonville, Florida. There, almost 16,000 feet below the surface, it powers a sonic beacon for underwater navigation. Two larger generators are being used in the Gulf of Mexico: one is a commercial unit which powers a foghorn and blinking light to warn ships away from an offshore oil rig, and the other is an automatic weather barge which has ridden out two full-fledged hurricanes without mishap. The latter is the forerunner of a network of such stations planned by the U.S. Navy.

Costs of the first generators were quite high because of the development work involved and the high price of radioisotopes, but standardized components and the substitution of ordinary cast iron for more expensive shielding have now combined with cheaper fission products

COMING . . .

The facts at last about the unlikely agent who caused more damage to Germany than a "dozen atom bombs."

A MAN CALLED LUCY

Startled historians call it the most amazing spy story of World War II. A condensation of the new book

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

to make the units compatible with industrial pocketbooks for specialized uses. A strontium-90 generator like the one installed this summer in a Bering Sea oceanographic station off the coast of Alaska costs only $58,000. The stubby little 25-watt device is roughly the size and shape of a baby pig, but it weighs a ton and a half.

Radioisotope-fueled thermoelectric generators (RTG's for short) are being designed and built now in all sizes, from the dimensions of a pocket flashlight on up. Their power outputs vary from fractions of a watt to several hundred watts —which is more than enough to operate a substantial amount of transistorized electronic equipment.

Obviously the most useful fission products for fueling RTG's are those whose half-life is long enough to avoid the need for frequent refueling, yet short enough so that a substantial amount of decay heat is constantly being produced. This is another reason why most of the initial production efforts at Hanford will be devoted to four key isotopes: strontium-90 (half-life 27¾ years), cesium-137 (30 years), cerium-144 (284 days) and promethium-147 (2⅔ years).

Cerium packs a prodigious amount of heat generating ability into a small amount of space—roughly 30 times as much as strontium. AEC says cerium could even produce enough steam in a boiler to propel small submarines; the Dutch are now interested in developing such an "isotope engine." In space cerium could provide another kind of thrust by heating liquid hydrogen and expelling the gas through a rocket nozzle, and the potential efficiency of isotope thrusters is twice as great as the best chemical rockets known.

Promethium has the advantage of requiring very little shielding, and it seems a natural for lightweight devices. As a heat source, it is being considered for double duty in future manned space flights. Besides controlling cabin temperatures, it could operate equipment to regenerate human waste materials on flights which are too long to permit the astronauts to carry along water and oxygen.

The development of a worldwide market for fission products comes as a great relief to the AEC's storage problem at Hanford. When most of the long-lived fission products are ultimately removed, the remaining atomic waste will cool in only a few years instead of taking centuries to do so.

Today, on what is still only pilot-plant status, Hanford is annually turning out fission products equivalent in radiative power to tons of radium. When full-scale operations begin, it will take several years at full capacity to process the 100 million gallons of sludge which now fill the subterranean tanks. After that, the wastes will be taken for use as soon as they are generated.

Thus, in the future, lives will be saved and lives will be changed for the better by atomic wastes. Introduced by devastation, stored for decades in fear, the radioactive by-products of nuclear fission have finally gained respectability.

—Joseph M. Dukert

A Real Jewel Among Swiss-made Watches

WORLD WAR II FROGMEN'S

Deep-Sea Skin Diver's Calendar Watch—$12.95

SCUBA-TESTED IN EXTREME UNDERSEA DEPTHS

- Guaranteed waterproof, luminous dial and hands glow eerily in 175 feet of water
- Automatic day calendar
- Rotating 60-minute countdown timer instantly shows elapsed time
- Stainless steel Frogman "bracelet" band or rubberized underwater strap
- A rugged, precise timepiece for Land or Sea wear

SKIN-DIVING • BOATING • SWIMMING • RACE CAR DRIVING
FLYING • FISHING • HUNTING • TIMING ATHLETIC CONTESTS

This is a gem, rarely seen before World War II, but then made famous by the teams of Frogmen that needed a rugged and reliable instrument that would not only give the date and tell time, accurately, in 150 feet of water, but would also be an elapsed time computer to tell them how long they'd actually been under. This is it. All parts are machine-calibrated in Switzerland where the complete works are neatly turned out under rigid inspection in two different factories, then assembled and tested, under pressure, in a third. It is guaranteed waterproof at 175 feet, is shock-resistant, antimagnetic, has an unbreakable mainspring, automatic 24-hour calendar, big sweep second hand, luminous dial and hands, gleaming stainless steel rustproof case, Frogman's steel wrist band or rubberized underwater strap. No matter how you use it, on land or sea, that's a big hunk of watch for only $12.95 plus 65¢ postage & handling. Guaranteed for 1 year! In every way, a solid buy!

USE MONEY-BACK COUPON TODAY!

HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. 68T-8, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Rush me.....Deep-Sea Skin Diver's Watches @ $12.95 for rubberized band and @ $13.95 for steel Frogman's band plus 65¢ postage and handling each. (Underline choice and specify for man or woman.) I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return them for a full refund! Enclosed is check or m.o. for $.....

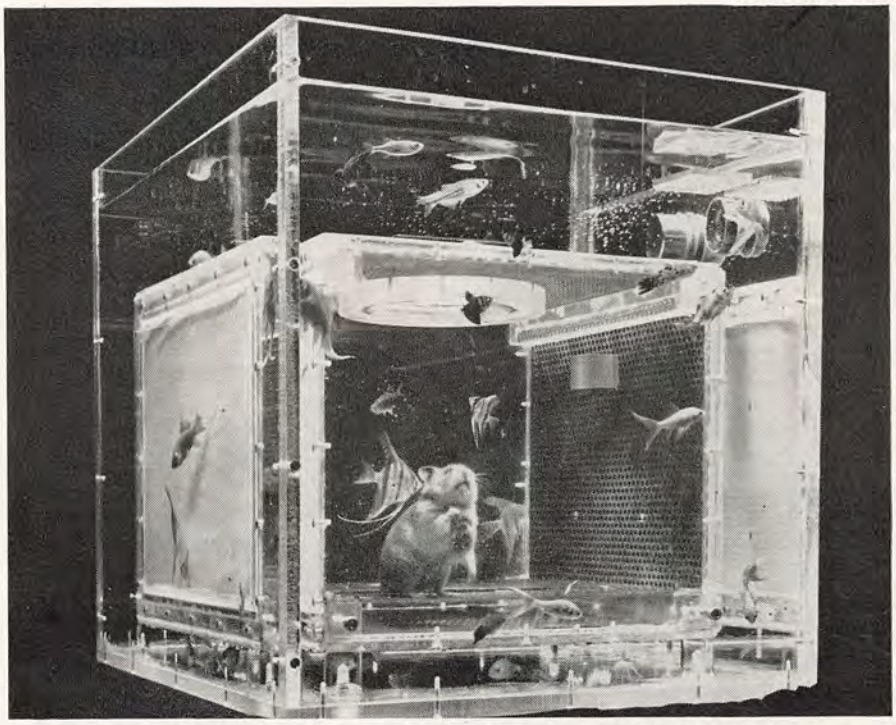
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

General Electric Corp.



Prelude to underwater living: Hamster is inside, fish outside, "breathing membrane."

Scuba has opened up the underwater world to man, but, according to Jacques Yves-Cousteau, scuba's co-inventor, it's only a start toward unlimited use of the sea. He pictures *Homo aquaticus*, a human being equipped with some kind of gills that will permit him to work—even live—underwater, getting his oxygen from the water.

Great, says Gary Hendershaw, of San Diego, a scuba diver himself; is science actually doing anything about this far-out possibility?

Science definitely is. Artificial gills of silicone or other plastic materials are already in existence. Dr. Walter Robb, at GE's Research and Development Center, is the inventor of a "breathing membrane" made of plastic only 1/1000th of an inch thick. When Doctor Robb places an animal (he's used rabbits, mice, hamsters—even parakeets) in a box covered with plastic and then immerses the box in water, the animal inside continues to breathe.

How come? Well, a basic law about the partial pressure of gases states that molecules of a gas will move to an adjacent area where there is less of the gas. Since the air in the box is essentially saturated with water vapor, there is no partial pressure difference between the inside of the box and the outside water; thus, no transfer of water through the membrane.

Waldemar Ayres, a New Jersey inventor working independently, was the first human to get his oxygen from water. He developed long envelopes made of plastic membrane. Oxygen from the water passes into the envelopes and is breathed by the diver through ordinary scuba apparatus, minus the usual compressed air tanks. Carbon dioxide exhaled by the diver flows out through the membranes back into the water.

A more spectacular approach is being taken by various researchers in projects sponsored by the Office of Naval Research and the National Institutes of Health. They're working to see if the human lung can actually take in water and use the oxygen in it, without suffering damage. Sound incredible? Not to the leading researcher, Dr. Johannes Kylstra of Duke University. One of his dogs has comfortably spent 18 hours under water—with no housing of any kind, as in the Robb experiments. To be sure, the dog wasn't breathing seawater, but a specially oxygenated and pressurized saline mixture pumped into the water. Still, the experiments prove Kylstra's point that the lung of a mammal *can* serve as a gill.

Other ONR researchers report that cats, mice and rats survive prolonged sessions immersed in liquid—experiments that are leading up to liquid breathing for humans.

A number of scientists are at work on the problems of circulating enough water through the lungs. Some sort of a pump, maybe one surgically implanted like an artificial heart, is a possibility. Whatever means of enabling men to breathe water is devised, Jon Lindbergh and Robert Stenuit, two notable scuba men, have volunteered to be the first to try it. *Homo aquaticus* may not be so far away.

Q: On a recent television program mention was made of Americana, Brazil, a place settled by former Confederate soldiers after the U.S. Civil War. Where and how large a city is it? *Paul E. Jones, Washington, D.C.*

A: A prosperous industrial and commercial center of more than 30,000 inhabitants, Americana is located in the state of Sao Paulo in the southeast section of Brazil. The city's history began in 1866 when Colonel William Hutchinson Norris, a victim of the Confederate defeat, went to Brazil and purchased a large farm called "Frazenda Machadinho." Within a year, at Colonel Norris' invitation, a colony of 26 southern families had settled in the area. There are still several old American schools and churches there, as well as a large number of pecan trees which the settlers planted.

Q: Who was the shortest President of the United States? *Tom Nordiski, Norwich, Conn.*

A: James Madison. He was five-feet-four-inches tall, and while in office weighed only 100 pounds.

Q: Is there a breed of dog known as a truffle hound? *Royal W. Purdy, Braintree, Mass.*

A: It is not an officially recognized breed, but it does exist. It is a dog that could be described as halfway between a poodle and a working terrier. It stands about 15 inches at the shoulders, weighs 20 to 25 pounds, is rough-coated and tan or white in color with black or dark-tan markings. The dog is used to locate and dig up truffles, edible black fungus that grows four to eight inches beneath chalky soil and is considered a gourmet's delight. For centuries, teams of poodles and dachshunds were frequently used. The poodles would locate the truffles and the dachshunds would dig them up.

Q: Is it just another fish story or is it true that some clams weigh up to 500 pounds? *David G. Robinson, Queens, N.Y.*

A: Some do. Giant clams, found in the waters off eastern India, frequently have shells longer than three feet and which weigh well over 500 pounds. An average clam of this type produces about 20 pounds of meat, highly relished by the people of India. The shells are often used as baptismal fonts, holy water receptacles and as bathtubs for babies.

Q: When did farming begin? *Peter Link, Ottawa, Ont., Canada*

A: Archeological evidence has shown that farming began almost simultaneously on opposite sides of the world, the Middle East and what is now Mexico, about 7000 B.C.

Wide World

Q: How much do major league umpires get paid? *Bob Thompson, Bettendorf, Iowa.*

A: Anywhere from $9,500 to more than $20,000 a year.

Q: I need this for a term paper—were there any Chinese coolies at the Alamo when it was attacked by the Mexican general, Santa Anna? *Louise Moody, Wilson's Mills, Me.*

A: No. In addition to some 200 fighting men, there were about 30 noncombatants at the Alamo when it was attacked. These included the wives and children of some friendly Mexicans; the wife and infant daughter of Lieut. Almeron Dickerson, and a Negro slave. All noncombatants who survived the siege were spared and released.

Q: Isn't the Gutenberg Bible the first known example of machine movable type printing? *Daniel Reynolds, Denver, Colo.*

A: No. The oldest known example of movable type is a Korean text printed in 1397, over a half-century before Gutenberg Bibles were produced in Europe. The oldest known hand-printed text was also found in this area, at a temple at Kyongju, South Korea. It is a 20-foot-long Buddist prayer scroll printed from 12 wooden blocks. It is believed to have been printed between 704 and 751 A.D.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

1102171 647 98 0664
JOHN DOE
5936 23rd PARKWAY
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20031

Please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay extra postage. Mail address changes, including your zip code number, to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

attach address label here

name

street

city state zip

TRUE Sub. Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Q: While visiting a copper mine in Nevada, I saw a six-inch-long bug which the miners called a "child of the earth." What type of bug is this and is it usually that big? *John Worthington, Onaga, Kans.*

A: A "child of the earth" is a local western term for a Jerusalem cricket, an insect which is seldom more than two and a half inches long. Very few insects in the U.S. are as long as six inches—some just look that big when one comes upon them suddenly.

Q: Who was Charles Ausburne for whom two U.S. Navy ships were named? *Charles A. Parker, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: He was a Radio Electrician First Class in the Navy who, on October 17, 1917, remained at his station aboard the torpedoed, sinking Army transport *Antilles* in order to signal for help for his stricken shipmates. He was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross. The first *Charles Ausburne* (DD 294) was launched on December 18, 1919, and decommissioned on May 1, 1930. The second (DD 570) was launched in 1942 and placed in reserve in 1946.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-8, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

THE GLORY
THE VALOR
THE VIOLENCE
AND THE INFAMY

...this is the thundering spirit of the old West, as it was forged into law and order by men whose only authority was a tin star on their chests and pure iron in their guts...

d1821
50¢

A Fawcett Gold Medal Book

Buy this Fawcett Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...

is nothing compared to the evil one desperate woman can do when she has experienced every thrill life can offer—except one....

An utterly chilling novel by one of the great masters of suspense...

d1814
50c

A Fawcett Gold Medal Book

Buy this Fawcett Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

[*Continued from page* 51]

their own to see what they'd do. Also instead of trusting to either the traditionalists or the zoologists, I decided to talk to trappers, predator-control men and masters of foxhounds who had had personal experiences with foxes.

Getting a couple of the right sort of fox pups wasn't as easy as I'd supposed. If you take the pups too young, they'll probably die; if you take them too old, they're untamable. Also, as with all wild animals, there's a lot of difference between individual foxes. Some are naturally amenable while others are inherently intractable. All the pups I ran into were in the latter category. I was about ready to give up when James L. Smith, who makes the famous Smith's Game Calls, phoned me to say that Mr. and Mrs. Dean Schrecengost, owners of the Sher Dea Lin Game Farm near DuBois, Pensylvania, had a really tame vixen.

"They let her run loose around the place and she'll come when called like a dog," Jim Smith assured me. "I've been working with foxes for years and never saw anything like it."

It was the middle of winter and a blizzard was raging but I drove to DuBois in record time. Not that I had any real hopes. I'd seen "tame" foxes before: the word meant only that you could get in the same cage with them without losing an arm. But this little vixen was really tame. She loved Mrs. Schrecengost and even came when called . . . at least some of the time.

After a leave-taking between the vixen and the Schrecengosts that looked like the renunciation scene in *Camille,* I drove back that same evening to Malvern with Mrs. Tod in the front seat beside me. I named her after the fox in Beatrix Potter's children's story, which shows the sort of zoological textbooks I use as reference. Aside from eating most of the upholstery en route, Mrs. Tod made no trouble during the trip and I thought she would make an excellent house pet.

That was my first, but by no means my last, mistake with Mrs. Tod. Although she was six months old, Mrs. Tod behaved as though she still were teething, for she chewed up everything in sight. She preferred cashmere sweaters and Joshaghan rugs. But in a pinch she could make do with Beauvais tapestries and Boehm porcelain. In her search for eatables, she sampled everything in the house, including a hunk out of the cleaning woman's left ankle which, fortunately, Mrs. Tod didn't like. She spit it out later.

Contrary to popular opinion, foxes aren't entirely carnivorous and they surely do not live exclusively on farmers' chickens. They are omnivorous. Mrs. Tod ate lettuce (she preferred it in a Caesar salad), consommé, ice cream, popcorn, grapes (Aesop was quite right), and nearly uprooted our hearth trying to find a cricket that was singing in one corner. She was especially fond of leather shoelaces as long as they were in your shoes. If you took them out and handed them to her, she wasn't interested.

Mrs. Tod definitely missed the Schrecengosts and what finally reconciled her to life with the Mannixes was Toto, our little Cairn terrier. Our old Cairn had died and Toto was lonely. It had no one to play with except eagles, ferrets, tarantulas, pythons and skunks, none of which make particularly good companions for a lively puppy. Toto instantly recognized Mrs. Tod as another dog—which was biologically correct as foxes are really little wild dogs—and leaped upon her.

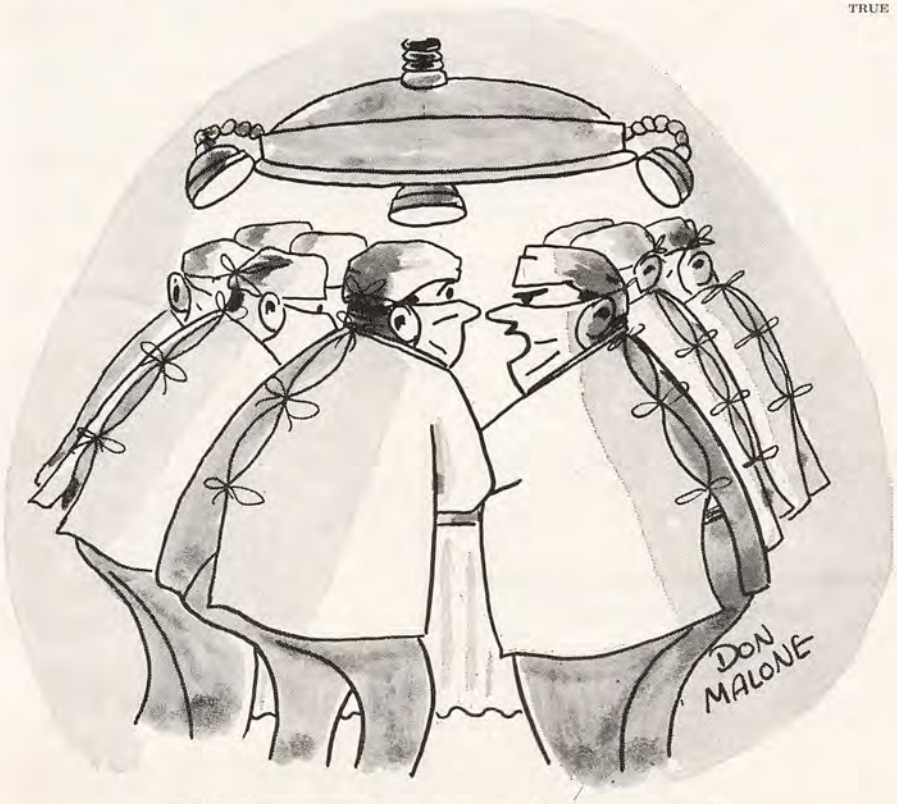
At first, Mrs. Tod was rather alarmed by this furry monster. Turning sideways, she used her brush—tail, that is—as a guard, hitting Toto across the face with it and then fetching Toto a crack with her rump that rolled the little dog over. Toto was delighted with this novel technique and rushed in wild circles around the room before coming in again. By now Mrs. Tod realized Toto was only playing, but her reaction was alarming. Easily avoiding the dog's rush, she sidestepped and seized Toto across the loins with her long, scissorlike jaws. This is the grip a fox uses to break a rabbit's back and we thought it was all over with Toto, but Mrs. Tod never clamped down. When Toto fought free, Mrs. Tod got her by the back of the neck and shook the terrier like a dog worrying a rat but without hurting her.

It took me a little time to realize that Mrs. Tod was now playing with Toto; though when she used her tail and rump she'd been fighting. When foxes fight, they use their brushes as a foil and try to knock over their opponent with a swinging blow of the flank. In a real fight, the two antagonists are so equally matched neither can get a neck or loin hold on the other. Play, however, is a mimicry of hunting. They use the same techniques they would employ to kill quarry, but neither fox is seriously trying to hurt the other.

Even though I was the one who fed Mrs. Tod and she would leap into my lap to have her head scratched, she always regarded Toto as her real friend. She and Toto spoke the same language. When they ran toward each other with ears laid back and the wrinkled skin on their foreheads pulled smooth from their grinning jaws, both recognized the signs of friendship as a human would an outstretched hand. They wagged their tails at each other, played tag up and down stairs, and wrestled on the beds together. If Toto happened to unearth a bone the fox had buried under the sofa cushions, Mrs. Tod would emit a banshee-like scream that Toto instantly understood, for he promptly dropped the bone. On the other hand, when Toto wanted to be left alone, he growled at the fox and Mrs. Tod promptly got the idea. No orders I gave her meant anything; Mrs. Tod knew darned well I wasn't a member of the clan.

Not that Mrs. Tod couldn't understand me. One afternoon I was walking with Toto and Mrs. Tod, the animals running ahead of me looking for rabbits. I saw a rabbit jump in the high grass and go racing along a fence toward a distant road. Toto hit the rabbit's line and with an excited yip went tearing along after it. Mrs. Tod knew what that yip meant and sped along beside the dog. Although foxes are supposed to have a remarkable sense of smell, I never saw Mrs. Tod follow a trail; she always depended on Toto. Being taller than the animals, I could see the rabbit headed for a heavily traveled highway. I shouted to Toto to stop, knowing that the fox wouldn't follow the line alone, but Toto, hot on the

TRUE



"That happens to be *my* arm you're operating on!"

fresh scent, paid no attention to me. I saw them both headed for the road where they'd almost surely be flattened.

I shouted again but as far as Toto was concerned I might as well have been singing, and Mrs. Tod never paid any attention to me anyhow unless she felt like it. The prospect of losing both animals was such that I flipped my wig. I screamed, "Come back here!" Toto kept right on but to my astonishment Mrs. Tod stopped, stared at me a moment, and then ran to my feet and lay there whimpering with her head thrown back to expose the jugular vein—a fox's typical attitude of utter submission. She could tell by the tone of my voice that I was really upset even though the domestic dog couldn't. Luckily the rabbit turned just at the fence and, believe me, Toto spent the next week with a choke collar and lunge line, learning to stop on command.

I soon found that Mrs. Tod had very acute hearing and could interpret sounds much better than a dog. She quickly learned the sound of the refrigerator door opening and would race to the kitchen in hopes of getting any tidbits. She also learned that when the dishwasher was turned on in the evening, it was time for her to go to bed. We locked her up in a spare room at night to keep her from chewing up the house, and she did not like this at all. As soon as the dishwasher began to rotate, Mrs. Tod would rise quietly wherever she was and disappear.

At first she hid in the upstairs hallway but she soon found that Jule, my wife, and I could block both ends of the hall and trap her. Then she tried the downstairs hallway with similar results. Next, she tried each room in succession but we closed the door and bottled her up. Finally she kept on the move, running up and downstairs and going from room to room. As Mrs. Tod could outrun a rabbit and jump catlike over tables and chairs, there was no way of catching her then, so she stuck with this system. She couldn't reason things out; instead, she tried one trick after another and if one worked, never forgot it. By the same token, she never made the same mistake twice.

Far from being activated only by sex and hunger, Mrs. Tod was activated mainly by a desire to drive me out of my pea-pickin' mind. She liked to grab objects such as slippers and run with them, hoping I'd chase her. If I didn't, she'd drop the object and try something else. She discovered early in the game that if she could get hold of letters, she was sure to be chased and from then on we had more trouble with the mail than the postmaster general. She'd even sneak up behind you and snatch letters out of your hand.

Mrs. Tod also liked to play hide-and-seek, sticking her head out from under a bed to see if you were coming and then ducking back again and making herself small at the far end where she knew you couldn't get her. If by any chance she escaped notice and got shut up in a room, she would never bark to be let out. Instead, she'd bang on the door with her stiff forelegs. Whenever anything went wrong, it seemed to be her nature never to use her vocal chords. This is probably because, unlike dogs, foxes don't run in packs and so don't signal other members of the group in time of trouble.

We'd had Mrs. Tod about six months when I got a remarkably lucky break. A local fox-hunting group called to know if I wanted a tame male fox. "We bought a litter of fox cubs from a farmer and raised them by hand," the master explained. "Then we turned them out so they'd get to know the country and be on their own before hunting season. When we let this fox out of the car, he took one look at the hounds and jumped back in. Since then, he's made friends with all the hounds and is ruining the morale of the pack. Can I talk you into taking him for a pet?"

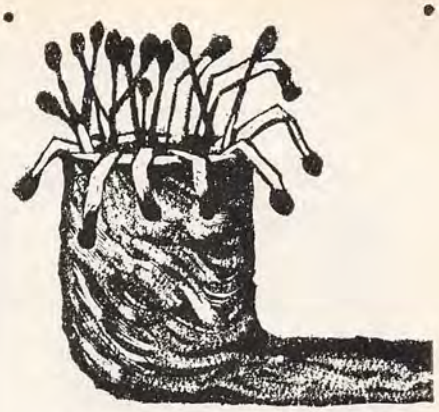
The hunt master was still hanging up the receiver when I arrived at the kennels. Mr. Tod, as I called him, was really very tame except that he didn't like to be picked up. When I got home and introduced him to Mrs. Tod, she seemed to go crazy. Crawling on her belly, she let out a series of hysterical wails, rolled over to present her throat and, having dug up her most prized possession—a long-dead squirrel now mostly mummified—she placed it at his feet. Mr. Tod paid no attention to her, whereupon she bit him in the snaffle. Mr. Tod paid attention to her then; he beat the daylights out of her.

A fox fight is quite a spectacle. After feinting with their brushes and trying to sideswipe each other with flank blows, they reared up on their hind feet, striking with their stiff forelegs, and then rolled on the ground grabbing for the throat hold. When in the interests of world peace, I interfered, they both turned on me and in seconds I was running blood. I felt like the United Nations in Cyprus.

Mr. Tod especially had long canines that hung down over his lower jaw and he slashed with them while Mrs. Tod preferred to get a good hold and then tear out pieces of flesh. I left them to settle the argument while I went into the house for bandages and iodine. My wife helped by screaming at me, "Don't bleed over the rugs, I've just had them cleaned!"

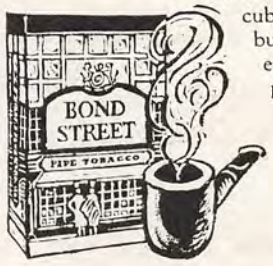
When I went out again, Mr. Tod was chewing on the squirrel while Mrs. Tod, one ear in tatters and blood staining her yellow-orange fur, was busily engaged in digging up a few more snacks for him. About once a month after that, Mrs. Tod would deliberately step out of line and Mr. Tod, who knew the score by now, would promptly mop up the pasture with her. After the massacre, Mrs. Tod was content again and would run her feet off to the ankles bringing food while Mr. Tod lay under a sugar maple and barked at her if she wasn't quick enough. What I mean is, those foxes are practically human.

We have a flock of sheep and the first time the foxes saw them, they stopped in paralyzed astonishment and then started herding them. I don't mean they chased them; I mean they herded like border collies. Moving quietly, they would sneak up on the flock, lying down



Do you burn more matches than tobacco?

Try Bond Street—the great-tasting pipe tobacco that stays lit. When pipe tobacco tastes as good as Bond Street, you like to spend your time enjoying it. Not relighting it. So Bond Street has an Old English cut—a combination of flakes for even burning and cubes for slower burning. You'll enjoy a whole pipeful of pleasure, on one match.



A product of Philip Morris Inc.

WHOLESALE PRICES!

- Guns • Ammunition
- Shooting Supplies
- Fishing Equipment
- Camping Equipment

Your chance to buy major brands at dealer prices from Western Gun's new 300-page catalog. **Order yours today.** Only $3—completely refunded with first order.

WESTERN Gun and Supply Co.

Dept. T-8 3730 No. 56th St.
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA 68504

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law. 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 180-C, Chicago, Illinois 60601**

"Thank you! Good-by!"

when the sheep grew restless, and then running forward with quick steps while weaving to and fro to keep the flock going in one direction. I couldn't imagine what they thought they were doing but a few weeks later, I found out.

Our apple orchard, backed by a windbreak of pines, makes excellent pheasant cover. In autumn, the birds feed in the pasture grass during the late afternoon and then head for the pines after sunset. I took the Tods walking in the orchard one fall day and while running around, they scented the pheasants.

Instantly they began to stalk the covey. Being much smaller than a bird dog—even Mr. Tod didn't weigh more than 12 pounds—they could glide through the grass like snakes and were absolutely noiseless. Watching, I saw that Mrs. Tod was herding the pheasants toward her mate. I could not see Mr. Tod but from the way Mrs. Tod was behaving I knew he must be lying up in a honeysuckle tangle by the edge of the pines. Mrs. Tod herded the pheasants exactly as she had done the sheep: making short runs, dropping when they seemed alarmed, and then crawling forward on her belly inching the birds along. The pheasants were concentrating on Mrs. Tod and they paid no attention to the honeysuckle tangle as they moved along.

I didn't see Mr. Tod's charge although I was watching for it. I suddenly heard a cock giving a staccato alarm cry, but before the bird could get off the ground, Mr. Tod had it by the shoulder. The cock put up a terrific fight, thrashing with its wings and hurling itself back and forth so hard it would have broken loose if Mrs. Tod hadn't rushed in and grabbed the pheasant by the neck. She snapped the neck and then jumped clear of the beating wings while Mr. Tod hung on and got a severe beating. Mrs. Tod had killed several chickens during her strolls around our farm and knew how to handle birds while this was Mr. Tod's first kill. They tried this dual play many times and I noticed that Mr. Tod always sprang for the bird's neck after this first experience.

The foxes' herding technique impressed me and I realized that they automatically herded anything they could drive, even sheep although the sheep were too big for them to kill. I wondered if a fox wouldn't make a good bird dog. As long as the foxes were together they worked as a team and ignored me, so I took them out one at a time while I followed with a shotgun. Sure enough, either fox would herd pheasants to me just as they did for each other. In this respect they were better than any bird dog except they didn't range out as a good bird dog will and made no attempt to hold a point.

The big trouble, however, was that when a bird dropped, neither fox would bring it to me. As far as they were concerned, they hadn't worn their brushes to a frazzle herding pheasant for my benefit and there was no way of talking them out of this point of view. I tried appealing to their better nature but I discovered that when a fox has a freshly killed pheasant in his mouth, he plain doesn't have a better nature.

Fox hunting with hounds is a great Philadelphia Main Line sport, and the East Whiteland Hunt comes through our farm on occasion. When I hear the melodious call of the horn, I move the Tods inside to avoid misunderstandings. On one such morning, from the safety of the living room, the Tods and I watched the hounds pour through the lower pasture. I saw the hunted fox come into our upper pasture and make a few "spy hops," as the Tods do when they are trying to see over high grass. The fox located the sheep and running over, dropped on its belly and crept quietly in among them. When the hounds reached the pasture, the heavy sheep foil killed the scent trail and they were at a loss. The huntsman made a long cast but as the fox was still lying doggo among the sheep, he naturally didn't find anything.

Later I spoke to the huntsman and he told me foxes often pull this trick. "What's worse, they do it with cattle," he added. "The fox moves so quietly the cattle don't notice him but a bull will attack the hounds and sometimes kill them. A fox's deadliest trick is to take the pack in front of a train. You can lose half your hounds that way."

"How does the fox know the train is coming?" I asked with a sly wink. "I suppose he carries a timetable in his hip pocket?"

"He doesn't need to. He runs along a rail and if there's a train coming, he can feel the reverberations through his pads. He'll run for half a mile or so and then if no train comes, he jumps off and tries something else. Also, these country trains sound a whistle when they come to a crossing and the foxes get to know the sound. I've seen a fox with the hounds after him suddenly turn off at right angles when he hears a train whistle and run straight to the tracks. It's gotten so bad in some areas we've stopped hunting."

From my experience with the Tods, I think I know what happens. A fox will amuse itself playing with sheep or cattle. It knows how the animals mill about and it has brains enough to realize that this will confuse hounds. To the fox a train is simply a bull on tracks; it knows how to avoid the charge of a bull and it discovers how to avoid an oncoming train. If there's no bull handy, the fox takes the pack in front of a train, confident

that it can get out of the way in time while knowing that the hounds, concentrating on the scent, can't avoid the danger.

Except for a raccoon, I don't know of any North American animal that can use its hands as skillfully as a fox. We have a pair of Canada geese that nest by our pond every spring and Mr. Tod went after the goose while it was sitting on its eggs. The goose honked for help and the gander came boiling out of the pond. It attacked Mr. Tod with thrashing, cup-shaped wings and stabbing beak, rushing him into a corner of the fence and for a few seconds I thought Tod was a gone fox. So did Tod, for he had all he could do to break away. He avoided the geese after that and I couldn't see him carrying a goose off slung over his shoulder, especially as he always carried game in his mouth like a dog, and a goose was heavier than he was. Still, the defeat rankled in Mr. Tod's mind for he used to lie out on a little mound every evening watching the geese and plotting revenge.

A few evenings later, just at dark, I saw him stealing up on the drowsy goose. He took advantage of every little depression and bit of cover but even so he had to cross the last 15 feet in plain sight. He wormed himself along on his belly and went so slowly I couldn't see him move, yet the distance between him and the goose constantly decreased. When he reached the edge of the nest, he inserted a delicate paw under the sleeping bird and dexterously nudged out an egg, lying on his side and moving the egg out with soft pats. When the egg was clear, he grabbed it and ran. The goose never knew what was happening. He did the same next evening and would have cleaned the poor bird out if I hadn't interfered.

Later I went out with Paul Vieth, a highly successful fox trapper, and a professional predator-control agent. Paul was complaining that sometimes a "digger" fox will follow his trapline digging up the traps and springing them for fun. "I've tried setting traps upside down and setting one trap on top of the other but the beggar still springs them," Paul complained. "Once I even watched him do it. He lies on his side and brushes the dirt off with one paw until the trap's laid bare and he can see how it's set. He does it so neatly he can expose the pan without springing it."

"That's a common fox trick," the control man told Paul. "Try soldering a fishhook to the pan. When his paw hits the hook, it will catch in his fur and spring the trap."

Why do foxes spring traps? They do it for fun, just as Grip, my raven, will spend an hour figuring out how to get into a cloth bag full of clothespins so he can throw the pins around. You can call that anthropomorphism, but it's true. No animal, let alone a fox, is a machine controlled purely by instinct.

My foxes' dominant trait is curiosity. Often they won't come back for food, but if I throw out a mechanical toy, both foxes will rush to it and spend half an hour trying to find out how it works. As hunters know, foxes can be called into shotgun range by ringing a bell. The foxes hear the noise and run over to find out what's going on. On the other hand, foxes can't reason in the human sense. The easiest way for a fox to spring a trap would be to pick up a stick in its mouth and hit it or roll a stone onto the pan. No fox would ever do that because in nature it never has to hit things with sticks or roll stones on them. But to say that they can't adapt a natural skill to some other purpose is nonsense.

I must admit I never saw my foxes disguise themselves with water lillies and then swim out to catch a duck, but I've seen them catch ducks in a pond. The process goes like this:

The first time Mrs. Tod saw ducks—a small flock of mallards—on our pond she was delighted. She had never seen ducks before and ran down to the shore to examine them more closely. The ducks, being of a suspicious nature, kept well away from her. Mrs. Tod tried to make them play with her. She bounded up and down in long sensuous arcs, rolled over and patted her brush, and rubbed her shoulders in the ground. These were exactly the same motions she made when she wanted me or Toto to play and she had tried them on the sheep, only to find that sheep don't play.

The ducks were fascinated. They swam closer and closer, watching her. When Mrs. Tod ran along the bank hoping they'd chase her, the ducks nearly fell over each other to keep up with her. I don't know what was going on in the ducks' minds but it seemed to be plain curiosity. They'd forgotten she was a fox for she seemed merely to be a curious creature behaving in an extraordinary way.

By now they were so close that Mrs. Tod could scent them. They must have smelled good for I could see she was beginning to drool. Now her whole attitude changed; she regarded the ducks not as playmates but as meat on the table. She crouched for a spring. Instantly the ducks took alarm and started to swim away—all except a drake that was scratching its head with one foot and had its eyes closed. Mrs. Tod made a bound and got the duck by the wing. It started to drag her into the water and might have gotten away if Mr. Tod hadn't rushed in and finished the business.

I've read about foxes "tolling in" water fowl this way and the accounts always speak of a "wise, old fox" which spent years learning this trick. Mrs. Tod wasn't a wise, old fox but after that first success she always tried the same trick with ducks.

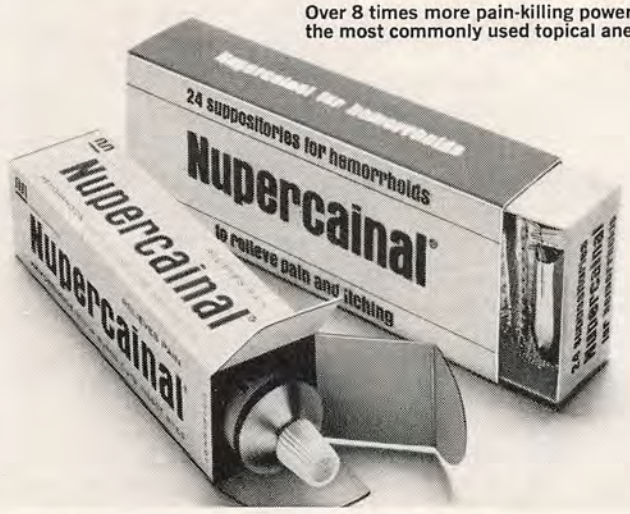
I tried to think of some device for testing my foxes' mental powers other than by observation, but I never hit on a method. The big trouble with foxes is that they don't want to have their mental powers tested. No matter how tame they are they're still suspicious and have no desire—like a dog—to cooperate. Unless they're interested in a project, they won't play. They're interested in toys and traps but not in puzzle boxes. They just don't give a damn how a puzzle box works.

—Daniel P. Mannix

The Painkiller. For hemorrhoids that hurt.

You have probably heard of Nupercainal® Suppositories and Ointment by now. Nupercainal is the most effective and longest lasting painkiller of the leading products available without prescription. It is over eight times stronger than the most commonly used topical anesthetic preparation. Doctors have been recommending Nupercainal for over 33 years for hemorrhoids that hurt.

Over 8 times more pain-killing power than the most commonly used topical anesthetic.



ANGELS WITH WHIRLY WINGS

[*Continued from page* 34]

location on his plastic-covered map.

"We'll be there as soon as we unload these patients," he reported. "Should be about 20 minutes."

The copilot eased the helicopter down to the huge Tan San Nhut air base and the hospital nearby. Four medics were waiting to rush the wounded litter patient directly to the operating room. The two ambulatory cases limped along behind. Then two of the medics appeared again and lifted the litter bearing the dead platoon sergeant from the ship. They took the lifeless body to the graves registration section next to the hospital. After less than two minutes on the ground, Dustoff 104 roared off on another mission.

To the pilots who fly Army medical evacuation missions, Bob Brower's pickup in a Delta rice field was not an unusual assignment. The evacuation of wounded soldiers has been developed into an efficient, life-saving science by these members of the 44th Medical Brigade.

The brigade has headquarters in Saigon and commands almost all Army medical units in Viet Nam, including the two Medical Companies (Air Ambulance) whose sole job it is to evacuate the wounded by helicopter. Each of these companies has separate units stationed throughout Viet Nam so that a Dustoff ship is never more than 20 minutes flying time from any combat zone in the country.

Using the fast and highly maneuverable Huey (produced by the Bell Corp. in Texas), which can stay aloft for over two hours and can fly up to 160 mph., Medical Companies send missions out day or night, in all kinds of weather. A Dustoff crew, composed of two pilots, a medic and a crew chief, sometimes fly nine or 10 missions a day. In fact the 49 helicopters under the 44th Medical Brigade's command have averaged over 3,000 pickups a month in the past year and have air evacuated approximately 7,000 patients a month during that period.

A hazardous occupation, in which almost one out of every four missions is made under combat conditions, the loss rate among the pilots and crew members attests to the kind of dangerous assignments they accept.

Already this year, five pilots and six crew members have been killed in three separate crashes. Since July of last year, 52 aircraft have been hit by enemy fire and, in many cases, one helicopter has taken over 15 rounds while getting out safely with wounded GI's. Last year, the loss of only five pilots was considered remarkable by brigade headquarters.

So successful are the Dustoff crews at getting men to a hospital quickly that less than one percent of the wounded GI's in Viet Nam lose their lives. In World War II, under standard ground-evacuation procedures, four percent of the wounded died; in Korea, more than two percent failed to survive their wounds. The fact that Dustoff pilots can sometimes airlift a wounded soldier to an operating table 20 minutes after he is hit is largely responsible for this high survival rate.

To Lt. Col. John Hammet, 40, Aviation Officer of the Medical Brigade, the pilots under his command have earned their sterling reputation among the American troops in Viet Nam. "I don't know of any unit in Viet Nam which comes under such consistent enemy fire as the guys who fly Dustoff," he says.

Hammet, a solidly built, slightly balding man from Shreveport, Louisiana, smiled as he explained why the helicopter evacuations are called Dustoff. "The GI's started that word. After being immersed in dust created by the prop blast of a hovering helicopter, they figured they were being dusted off."

The name stuck and today the first question a wounded soldier in the field is likely to ask is, "How long will it take for a Dustoff?"

"They're on their way now," is usually the answer.

This quick rescue work starts when the radio operator of a beleaguered unit calls the Dustoff control frequency. As the operator gives his position and describes the situation, an alarm bell rings summoning the "first up" crew to a waiting helicopter.

While the crew members and copilot race to the ship and start the engine, the aircraft commander gets the coordinates in the operations room. By the time he runs to the ship and swings into his seat, the helicopter blades are spinning at full power. The pilot applies full pitch and the ship is airborne in less than three minutes after the distress signal is received.

Although medical evacuation teams are often remembered for the number of enemy bullets they stop, the flying skills of the pilots have astounded even the helicopter manufacturers. In fact when a Dustoff ship is coming in for what is called a "hot landing," it is difficult to tell if the pilot is about to crash or land safely.

"We don't really fly the way other pilots do," Brower says.

Since there are no guns on the ship and and the red cross painted on the doors means nothing to the enemy, skillful flying is the only defensive weapon the Dustoff crews have.

"I like to come in low and fast, with the skids almost touching the treetops," says this veteran pilot. "About 100 feet from the landing zone, I reduce the airspeed and drop almost straight to the ground."

Before actually touching down, most pilots usually turn the rear of the helicopter toward the enemy fire. One pilot, who flies in Brower's unit, credits this maneuver with saving his crew in a mission in which his ship took 18 hits.

When the wounded are being loaded, there is little for the pilot to do but wait —a nerve-searing experience that can sometimes last four or five minutes. However, most pilots find the toughest part of a mission can be getting out of an area under fire.

"These GI's think that once they're in the ship, they've got it made. They forget that while we're picking up airspeed, Charlie has a nice slow target to fire at," Brower points out.

Proof of his statement was tragically demonstrated recently on a clear, warm night in a dense jungle area just north of Saigon. Two pilots who bunked in the "hootch" next to Brower were on a midnight pickup. Their helicopter found the landing zone by flashlight signals from the ground troops. After loading two wounded GI's, the helicopter rose and leveled out across the tall, 175-foot trees.

Suddenly Viet Cong gunners unleashed a devastating barrage of machine-gun fire at the escaping ship. Bullets struck the transmission, causing the helicopter to plummet through the heavy trees and crash in a roar of flames, killing the crew

TRUE

members, the two pilots and the two wounded soldiers who had just been picked up.

When tragedy strikes, it is often the pilots who are mentioned first. Yet in many cases, the crew members determine the final success of a mission.

Usually it is the medic who is responsible for the loading and treating of the patients. The crew chief assists him although his primary job is to see that the helicopter is fueled and ready to fly at all times.

Sp. 5 Jonathan Williams of Baltimore, Maryland, a small, stocky 21-year-old Negro, is one medic who still wonders how he survived a recent evacuation near Tuy Hoa in the rugged central coast area of Viet Nam.

A unit of the 101st Airborne Brigade had come under heavy enemy fire and the radio operator called the Qui Nhon Dustoff control. Within minutes Williams and his crewmates were circling the jungle area where the soldiers were pinned down by VC gunners.

As the helicopter touched the ground, Williams ripped off his helmet, jumped to the ground and raced 75 feet to a tree line where two wounded GI's and the unit's medic were waiting for help. Automatic weapons' fire began pouring from the enemy position, forcing the pilot to take off before Williams could return with the wounded men.

Williams kneeled over the most seriously wounded soldier, using a bandage on a bad stomach wound. Then, with Viet Cong bullets zinging around the small clump of trees, the medic picked up the GI's M-16 and started to return the enemy fire.

"I just wanted to scare them off," Williams said later.

At that point, a pair of heavily armed helicopters swooped across the treetops and sprayed the enemy position with rockets and machine-gun fire. Following closely behind, Williams' helicopter roared into the landing zone and signaled the stranded medic to climb aboard.

Williams, however, secured the assistance of the unit's medic and carried the stretcher-bound patient to the helicopter. With the litter case loaded, he raced back and helped the other wounded GI struggle to the helicopter. As the limping soldier hobbled toward the ship, Williams deliberately exposed himself to enemy fire in order to detract the VC gunners from the slow-moving patient. Finally, when the two wounded were safely aboard, Williams dashed safely for his ship. For his heroism, he has been recommended for a Silver Star by members of the Airborne Brigade who witnessed his actions.

The medals which many Dustoff crew members receive are one thing, but having the pajama-clad Viet Cong peppering a defenseless helicopter with automatic weapons is another. And for this reason many crew members would like to shoot back.

Pfc. Walker, who flew the Delta pickup with Captain Brower, thinks their helicopters should be armed with M-60 machine guns. "If we had guns on that ship, ole Charlie would have to keep his head down," Walker maintains.

There is a big debate among medical evacuation pilots and crews: whether to mount machine guns on the helicopter or leave space for an extra patient.

The First Cavalry, operating in the flat, seacoast region of central Viet Nam fly their own medical evacuation missions with guns on each side of the ship. They often roar into a hot landing zone with the crew chief and medic blazing savagely at a Viet Cong position with M-60's. The Marines also use armed helicopters for their medical evacuations. Many Dustoff crew members, who are armed only with M-16's, would like the same protection.

The pilots, however, seem content without armament. They agree that the added weight of heavy machine guns limits their maneuverability and speed.

Brower says the extra space should be saved for a patient. "We're not an assault helicopter. Our job is to get wounded GI's to a hospital as quickly as possible."

Getting the wounded GI's from the field is an essential part of a Dustoff mission, but it is often only half the story. An American soldier lying in a rice field with half his leg blown off needs more than just a ride out of the battle zone. This is where the medical training of a Dustoff crew can and does save hundreds of lives.

Lt. Col. John Hammet has high praise for the medical knowledge of both the medics and pilots. "There is nothing a doctor could do in that ship which one of our medics can't do."

Hammet points out that the medic on each crew has been well trained while the pilots have received an intensive three weeks of essential medicine. This background enables the crew to make quick decisions about what to do with a seriously wounded soldier.

Although immediate first aid may be the first requirement, the pilot must decide where to take the patient. Viet Nam's 16 Army hospitals have been located strategically so that specialists for each kind of serious wound are always within flying distance of every battle zone.

"We might have a neurosurgical team at one hospital and an orthopedic team at another. This means the pilot must decide immediately after leaving the pick-up site where the patient should go," Hammet says.

Before deciding on the destination, the pilot confers with the medic. If it is necessary to have a doctor waiting at the landing site, the pilot can radio this message ahead.

There are times, however, when a wounded soldier cannot last the 15 or 20 minutes it takes to get him to the proper hospital. In this case, the medic's attention is required. If the patient has trouble breathing, the medic starts mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, a frequently administered form of treatment. Although some helicopters are equipped with small oxygen tanks, crew members are distrustful of this potentially dangerous piece of equipment. "If a bullet hits the top of one of those tanks, it would turn into a rocket," one medic points out.

At other times, the medic must deal with heavy bleeding from an open wound. After pressing a thick Army-issue gauze against the site, the medic transfuses blood from a small bottle attached inside the helicopter. "I can't do all this alone," one veteran medic said. So he works with his crew chief.

Since both men know the necessity for cooperation under fire, they develop a high-speed routine for every job. It is not unusual for them to load two litter patients and be airborne in 30 seconds.

WIN $500.00 CASH PRIZES • Anyone can win • Nothing to Buy • Easy-To-Win details listed below

For Ad-Rates Write Classified, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 60611

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS: Earn $750 to $1,000 monthly in your own full time business. No selling. No previous experience necessary. We train you in your spare time. Write for Free booklet. No obligation. Universal Schools, CA-8, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205.

I MADE $40,000.00 Year by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00—Free Proof! Torrey, Box 318-MT, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

$1,000.00 PROFIT in 60 days possible. Take easy orders Dwarf Fruit Trees, roses, ornamentals. Price earned $7,118.90. Outfit FREE. Stark, Desk 30888, Louisiana, Missouri 63353.

SECOND INCOME for man over 40 who has 3 to 5 hours day. Up to $600 in a month. H. K. Dickerson, Pres., Southwestern Petroleum Corp., 534 N. Main St., Ft. Worth, Texas 76101.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs. Information Free. Barrett, Dept. C-324-V, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

$100 WEEK POSSIBLE Assembling Our Products! Everything Furnished. United, Box 55392-BS, Indianapolis, Indiana.

REAL ESTATE

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free Information. Land Corporation, 3768-T Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

HOBBIES

TREASURE! Find Gold, Silver, Relics with powerful metal locators. Free Information. Write Detectron, Dept. 8-TM, P.O. Box 243, San Gabriel, California 91778.

LOANS BY MAIL

WE'LL AIRMAIL YOU Up To $1,350.00. No interviews or endorsers. The person who cashes your check won't know it's a loan. Trans-Con Finance Corporation, Dept. BIG-8-7, Box 2393, Fort Worth, Texas.

NEED MONEY? Borrow $100-$1000 by mail. Confidential. Repay in 36 months. Free loan application. World Finance Co., Dept. LW-210A, 620 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colorado 80202.

BORROW $1,205 AIRMAIL! Repay $47 for 36 months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 74-N, 200 Keeline Building, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.

STAMP COLLECTING

UNITED STATES STAMPS. Historical. Challenging. Send 10c for 65 different, when requesting approvals. (Buy what you want, return the rest). Engle, Box 8, Lowell, Mich. 49331.

COINS

68 PAGE CURRENT listings Coin Bargains only 25c. Rarcoa, 31-H Clark, Chicago, 60602.

MAKE MONEY with coins. Send $1.00 for book. Don Freeman Company, 402 Plaza, West Helena, Arkansas 72390.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

BARNEY'S CANNONS, INC. is America's largest manufacturer of muzzleloading cannon replicas. Miniatures through full scale; ideal for decorative or ceremonial use. $1.00 for catalog. 61650 Oak Road, South Bend, Indiana.

12 PLAYBOY Bunny Decals $1.00. Bunnies, Box 1225C, Newark, N. J. 07101.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED immediately for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corp., C-928, Fremont, Ohio.

INVENTIONS WANTED; Patented, Unpatented. Global Marketing, 2420-M 77th, Oakland, Calif. 94605.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

FLORIDA KEYS. Family Vacation Brochure. Matecumbe Motel, Islamorada, Fla. 33036.

POLICE RADIO. Hear all police calls, fire departments, Sheriffs, taxis, ambulances, Highway Patrol. New 5 band portable radio and direction finder. Free booklet. NovaTech, Dept. 207, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90278.

35,000 Jokes. Samples $5. Catalog free. Orben Books, 3536 Daniel, Baldwin, N. Y. 11510.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, California.

WIN $500 CASH PRIZES

Rules: (1) Read all ads here (2) Name ad of greatest interest, then (3) Send 25 words telling why you read Classified (4) No purchase required (5) Entries close August 31, 1967 (6) 1st Prize, $250.00 cash—2nd Prize, $100.00 cash—plus 15 prizes of $10.00 each. Void where prohibited. All Winners notified by mail. Classified, Inc., Dept. CT-8, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 60611.

"We hardly consider London, Rome or Paris as undeveloped areas!"

Particularly on the difficult and dangerous hoist missions, the crew members learn to work together like skilled trapeze artists. When a unit takes casualties in a dense jungle area, the Dustoff ship must drop a cable equipped with a 19-pound, aluminum "forest penetrator" which is shaped like a torpedo. This device is lowered, with its nose pointing down, through the 150- to 175-foot trees. While the helicopter hovers above the thick green foliage, the wounded are hauled up, one at a time, by means of an electric hoist.

This means that the medic must get outside the hovering ship, stand on the skids and direct the wounded safely into the helicopter. In this case, the crew chief works closely with the medic in both lowering and raising the penetrator. Since both men must work either outside or close to the open door, they wear a special vest equipped with straps which prevent their falling more than a few feet from the ship.

Once the penetrator reaches the ground, three sides of the device are pulled down to form seats. The wounded GI is placed on one of these, strapped to the hoist line and then pulled up into the helicopter. If insufficient help is available on the ground, the medic goes down on the hoist to help secure the patients to the hoist apparatus. If a soldier is suffering from a bad back wound and can't be placed in a sitting position, a litter must be lowered.

Sometimes a hoist mission will take several hours when four or five wounded are waiting for evacuation.

"We're a sitting duck on a mission like that. Charlie can just sit down there and bang away," explains one pilot.

To the foot soldier, slugging his way through a rice field or climbing over the tangled vines of Viet Nam, the real meaning of a Dustoff operation never really hits home until the moment he feels a jagged piece of steel rip through his body.

Sp. 4 Larry Braun, 20, a heavyset, dark-haired tank driver from Wells, Minnesota, will never forget the night his unit was attacked in a small jungle clearing 30 miles north of Saigon. Braun had just fallen asleep in his poncho liner when suddenly the whole jungle seemed to erupt in a mass of blinding mortar explosions and brilliant streaks of automatic weapons' fire.

The surprised soldier and his crew scrambled into their tank and began moving toward the enemy's position.

"We turned on the spotlight to look for the source of fire," Braun said.

Suddenly a Viet Cong gunner scored a bull's eye on the spotlight with a recoilless rifle. The high-powered shell blasted a shower of burning shrapnel through the heavy steel tank. Piercing steel tore through Braun's legs.

"I thought both my feet were torn off," he recalled later.

Minutes after the explosion, other members of the unit pulled the wounded crew from the twisted wreckage of the tank. Braun could hear the radio operator calling for help.

"Dustoff control—urgent request for immediate evacuation! We are still under fire. Will signal by flashlight."

The sharp, staccato cracks of machine-gun fire were still crashing through the warm night air, then the radio operator was talking again, this time to a Dustoff pilot who was circling above the area.

"Yes, sir. Two are badly wounded. Four others can walk."

Braun leaned back and clenched his teeth to ease the throbbing pain in his legs. He saw the ship coming into the small clearing as a circle of soldiers waved their flashlights to guide the pilot.

As the prop blast blew across his face, Braun could feel himself being lifted into a stretcher and then into the helicopter.

"I've sure got to hand it to those guys. The VC were firing all over the place and they came in anyway," Braun said a few days later as he lay between the cool, white sheets of a hospital bed.

The Dustoff pilots also evacuate Korean and Vietnamese troops who are wounded in battle. In fact, they even supply airlifts for many Viet Cong soldiers who have been wounded and captured.

The frightened look of a Viet Cong prisoner as he is loaded into a helicopter is often a sad sight. Not really sure if he is going to be treated for his wounds or tossed out the open doors while in flight, the small, bloodstained "Charlie" usually gets gentle treatment from the GI's.

In fact the enemy prisoners are taken back to the American hospitals and are given the same treatment and attention the GI's get. It often happens that a Viet Cong will end up recuperating in a bed next to a soldier whom he might have tried to kill only a few hours earlier.

During the long, hot days when the fighting slacks off, the Dustoff crews lounge around the barracks, writing letters, updating flight logbooks and talking about their work.

They are a friendly group of men yet they tend to stick together. Like any soldier in Viet Nam, they count the days until they will rotate back to the States.

Although the Dustoff crews tend toward modesty, they are proud of their work.

"If I were the pilot of an assault helicopter [gun ship] I'd try to do that job as best I could," Brower says. "But I enjoy this work much more. I haven't fired a shot at anybody and I don't intend to unless I'm shot down or have to defend myself."

Danckwerth, the medic, says he knows that GI's in other units think he's crazy to be flying Dustoff missions. "I'm not saying I like to get shot at, but this is an interesting job. It makes you feel good to know that many guys are alive today because we went in there and pulled them out of a hot area." **—Karl H. Purnell**

THE RIVER THAT MAKES FISHING WIDOWS

[*Continued from page* 47]

fraud. Both arguments are right, since Vossa salmon average 30-odd pounds and are extremely unpredictable—even for a species known for moodiness—and the Vossa is a fickle river of giant salmon.

Thirty-pound salmon are three times as large as the Canadian average, and I had dreamed about the Vossa many years before Bruno Jensen introduced me to the river in 1961. We were staying at the Liland Hotel in Bulken, where generations of salmon fishermen have lived. There is a huge portrait of Jensen in the hotel, holding a brace of 40-pounders killed in one morning on the Tokjelda beat. A salmon river is divided into sections, or beats, and a catch like Jensen's can make a particular beat famous.

Sigurd Liland joined us that first morning while we breakfasted on the hotel balcony. Liland is another expert. His family has owned the hotel and fished the Vossa for generations. Our breakfast was typically Norwegian with its hot cereal and blueberries, boiled eggs, sweet goat cheese on fresh rolls, brislings in dill sauce, butter and milk from the herd that grazed in the hotel meadows above the lake, and pots of strong English tea.

"Sigurd looks worried," laughed Bruno. "The weather is too good for salmon fishing."

"Rain is better," said Sigurd.

"Norwegians are so serious about fishing that they won't wish each other luck," said Bruno puckishly. "They wish each other bad fishing or worse!"

Sigurd shook his head in gloomy agreement. "Danes are never serious about anything."

Both men laughed as if an old ritual between them had been completed. Presently we were heading for the river.

The road looped downstream through Bulken and climbed into the timbered mountains. Woodcutters were already working and the farmers were readying their hay wagons. Bruno stopped high above the river and pointed to a pool where the river tumbled over a series of granite ledges.

"It's called Flagefossen," he explained. "Our river record was caught there 50 years ago," Sigurd added. "The fight lasted six hours and the fish was a hookbill that weighed 70 pounds."

Five under the world record! I thought.

Johannes Horveid was waiting with his boat when we arrived at the sod-roofed farmstead above the lake. Horveid is a farmer who is the best fly-fishing gillie on the river, and we shook hands warmly. The water was calm and wind riffled down the narrow fjordlike Evangervatn, and we passed hundreds of bag nets on its steep shoreline.

"Are they legal in fresh water?" I asked.

Bruno nodded unhappily and explained that too many farmers exploited the salmon, thinking that their spawning runs were inexhaustible. Sigurd talked about the drift-netting and ocean fishing for salmon off Greenland. Most salmon fishermen are worried about the future.

"Norwegian rivers are the best in spite of all the netting and trapping," Bruno continued. "Think how good they'd be if the Norwegians took better care of them."

Johannes maneuvered expertly where the river flowed from the lake, and moored the boat against the moss-covered wall of the landing. Johann Bolstad and his nephew Kjell were waiting. Both men removed their caps, observing the ritual between fishermen and their gillies, and we shook hands. Bruno questioned them and decided our strategy.

"Sigurd will fish with Johann and I'll fish the Mehrholen with young Kjell." Bruno turned to me and pointed, "You'll fish Kjeilo with Johannes here—he thinks it's your best chance for your first morning on the Vossa."

Johannes started down through the meadow toward the storied Kjeilo Pool. Sigurd was already laying out long casts where the river gathered its currents over the ledges of the Osen Pool. Bruno and Kjell walked farther downstream along the road to the Mehrholen beat.

"Bad fishing!" shouted Bruno happily.

Johannes held our boat parallel with the current and let us drop slowly downstream while I punched out casts into the wind. Salmon fishing is mostly disciplined casting and patience. Each successive cast is placed two feet farther downstream, working the fly across the current until a pool has been covered with a series of concentric current swings. Expert boatmen are priceless, and adjust their rowing to the fishing rhythms of each angler, bringing the boat parallel to the current as each cast is readied, and swinging it smoothly to extend the current swing as the fly comes around. Johannes rowed tirelessly, with a stamina that belied his 70-odd years.

Sometimes the mind drifts in salmon fishing, lulled in the river sounds and creaking oarlock rhythms and the patient repetition of each cast. The sun was bright and the river seemed fishless. Our casts had covered most of the pool and the excitement of an unknown river began to wane.

Johannes grunted approval when a long cast reached out toward the shallows. *"Beste plass!"* Johannes pointed downstream and ended my lethargy.

COMING . . .

They bring troops
guns and goods as
close to hell
as cargo planes
have ever been

THE EDUCATION OF AN AIR COMMANDO

A special Viet Nam
report about rugged
flying and rugged
fliers—told by
one of them

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Feet Hurt?
USE TRIM TOENAIL CLIPPER
for proper toenail care.
Look for the full line of TRIM implements at your favorite store.
The W. E. Bassett Co., Derby, Conn.
$1.00

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.
CARLTON PRESS Dept. TUT
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Hettrick Tents Defy The Elements
Watkins Glen Tent with patented Windspill Design keeps you camping in comfort season after season with no worry about the weather.
Write for FREE Tent Selector
HETTRICK TENTS • Statesville, N. C. 28677

Be a LOCKSMITH!
EARN WHILE YOU LEARN
Send for FREE BOOK
Big opportunities. Big profits. Earn quickly. Full or part time. Learn at home, it's easy. Do real jobs: All Tools—Materials Supplied. Accredited member NHSC, Lic. State of NJ—VETERAN APPROVED. Send name, address & Zip for FREE book.
Locksmithing Institute, Dept. 1128-087, Little Falls, N. J. 07424

YOU
MAY NOW BE AWARDED
VALUABLE OIL & GAS LEASES
You have the opportunity of being awarded valuable oil leases directly from the U.S. Dept. of Interior. Thousands of acres are being awarded each month on lands with immediate market for sale and high potential for monthly income from oil and gas production. These leases are not sold by the Dept. of the Interior but are awarded by application only.
CENTRAL SOUTHWEST OIL CORP.
P. O. BOX 2092, ROSWELL, N. M. 88201
Please send me - FREE information about U. S. oil and gas leases
PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Bruno had pointed out the same place and explained that the best salmon-lie in the pool was off a giant pine that leaned over the river. Johannes was working harder now where the gathering currents sucked at the boat. My casts finally reached the last of the holding water when the current exploded and the rod dipped savagely.

"*Salmon!*" I shouted.

The reel protested as the salmon bored deep across the current. Johannes fought the boat upstream into quieter water while I grudgingly surrendered line. The fish fought deep along the bottom, and we were unable to work below it or follow a strong run downstream without risking currents that could force us into the Mehrholen rapids.

Soon the salmon started upstream, gathering speed until the line vibrated in the heavy current like a plucked guitar string. Finally it stopped 60 yards above the boat, fighting both the river and the rod pressure. Our position was better now, but optimism ended when the reel screamed again and the fish cartwheeled down the pool in a run that melted backing from the reel and threatened to reach the rapids.

I worked grimly to regain control.

Johannes rowed downstream, holding us in the quieter currents along the bank, while I anxiously recovered line. Fifteen minutes passed while the salmon held stubbornly.

Suddenly the fish exploded again, rasping line off the reel until it wallowed just above the rapids. Johannes groaned and fought the current. The gathering tail shallows pulled us inexorably downstream until he was soaked with sweat.

Slowly the salmon came upstream. "*Bedre!*" grunted Johannes as the boat responded. "*Bedre!*"

The fight had changed character. The salmon moved grudgingly into deeper water and I forced it gently toward the boat. Bruno arrived as the salmon made a halfhearted run that failed to reach the main current.

"Look at your gallery!" shouted Bruno.

The hillside was filled with a surprising audience of women and children and farmers that had left the hayfields. Bruno pointed across the river to the railroad handcar that had stopped to watch the fight. "They travel to check for landslides," he yelled. "They're our Norwegian jungle telegraph and everyone at Bulken will know about your salmon."

"He's not mine yet!"

But finally the salmon wallowed in the shallows and Johannes gaffed it cleanly and carried it ashore. Our gallery applauded and came down to inspect the fish. Bruno produced a bottle of aquavit and passed it among the farmers, celebrating my first salmon on the Vossa.

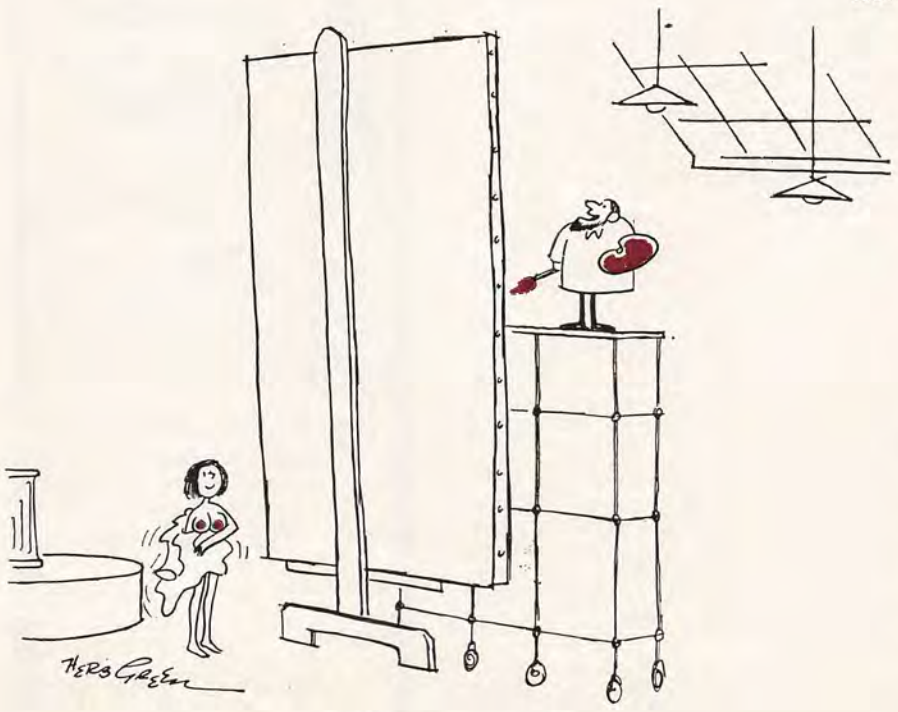
"Thirty pounds!" Bruno read the scale.

The fishing began again in late afternoon, when we finished our lunch of smoked salmon and hard-boiled eggs and cheese, washed down with beer chilled in the Kjeilo rapids. Shadows were lengthening when I killed a second 30-pounder in the Mehrholen beat. The others went fishless all day, but we traveled happily up the Evangervatn lake in the moonlight with my brace of salmon wedged crosswise between the gunwales of the boat.

"Vossa is an old friend," Bruno remarked. "We've fished it all our lives and we don't expect salmon every time, but we keep fishing for days like yours."

The history of the river tells us that such fickleness has always been the hallmark of the Vossa. Many anglers have gone fishless in the past two centuries, but its generous moods have justly earned it a place among the great salmon rivers of the world.

TRUE



"Well, so far, so good."

Its reputation for giant salmon was already well established when a famous London club—with membership requirements that included a Scottish stag, a successful tiger *shikar* in Bengal and a 40-pound Atlantic salmon—regularly advised probationary members to lease expensive Vossa beats for the trophy salmon they needed.

The river surrendered so many fish over 40 pounds that a syndicate of British anglers leased several miles of water and built the Skorvelienhus fishing house high above the beats at Evanger. Its slate-roof porches and red clapboard walls have sheltered a parade of famous, wealthy and titled anglers.

Such history still lives in the memories of boatmen, riverkeepers and gillies who lived and fished the river in these halcyon years after the turn of the century. Mathias Bolstad is postmaster in Bolstadoyri and a riverkeeper whose memory reaches 70 or so years into the past. Mathias remembers the English anchoring their yachts in the fjord and fishing beautifully in their tweed coats and plus-fours and hats, laying out effortlessly long casts from the boats. Johannes Horveid has similar memories. His weathered face and oar-roughened hands are typical of veteran gillies, and we often sprawled in the river meadows when the salmon were sulking, talking about the past.

"We have only three months of fishing," his voice has the authority of 60-odd years gillying on the Vossa. "The rest of the year we cut timber and work our farms and ship out with the trawlers and packet boats on the fjords—but our hearts are really in the river."

Such men are the real historians of salmon-fishing, since their families have served as streamside equerries to anglers of royalty and riches for generations. They remember the record salmon of 70 pounds killed by Johann Grimstad in the Flagefossen Pool, and the 59-pounder that Arthur Hutton caught to hold the Vossa fly-record. Johannes Horveid remembers a British fisherman who took six salmon between 40 and 57 pounds in a fortnight—a record unequaled anywhere in the salmon angler's world, even on such storied rivers as the Aroy and Alta.

The river still holds trophy salmon. During the solar eclipse of 1954, when a strange twilight shrouded the valley through the midday hours, the pools below Bulken produced three salmon over 50 pounds. Georg Stromme of Voss was fishing that morning and caught two incredible fish on successive casts—brutes of 54 and 63 pounds.

These past three seasons have seen the Vossa surrender eight salmon better than 50 pounds, six of them in the three miles of river between the Evangervatn lake and Bolstadoyri alone, including a 61 pounder in the famous Rongenholen Pool. . . .

The watershed of the Vossa is touched by most of the bus tours and cruise ships that traverse the Sognefjord region in summer. Its countryside is famous for its scenery and picturesque stave churches and mountain farms—and first-rate hotels like Ulvik and Balestrand and the simple

Fretheim—as well as its famous salmon rivers.

Vossa fishing is varied. The river holds salmon in 30-some miles of water between Bolstadoyri and the Storfossen falls above Voss. Heavy commercial fishing in the lakes downstream causes the fishing above Voss to be relatively poor. Voss lies 200 miles northwest of Oslo and about 60 miles northeast of Bergen, and is a tile-roofed village famous for its 12th-century church and the summer visits of Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg. There is no salmon fishing available in the six-mile lake below the village, although trout fishing is good there.

Bulken lies around its outlet, and the Liland Hotel arranges fishing between the Vossevangen and Seimsvatn lake downstream. Occasional beats between Seimsvatn and Skorvelienhus are also available, and daily "rod" prices per fisherman range between $5 and $15.

The better pools between Skorvelienhus and Evangervatn lake are still held and fished by the British families that have made regular pilgrimages to the Vossa since the late 19th century. Such beats are seldom free during the peak salmon run and range between $15 and $50.

COMING . . .

In all of history, nothing raised the heated passions of men more—except women

GOLD

Some surprising new facts about the most dazzling, sought-after metal on earth

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Vossa fishing is best below the Evangervatn lake, before the salmon run the obstacle course of commercial fishing in the three lakes—Vossevangen and Seimsvatn and the mountain-walled Evangervatn—and there are nine first-rate pools in the three miles above the fjord. Included in these pools are the famous Langholen and Mehrholen and the spectacular Rongenholen. Such beats are expensive and are available to outsiders for the first time in the history of the river. The weekly single-rod price of $475 includes all fishing costs and fees, lodging and meals in Bolstadoyri, gillie services, boats and boatmen, and all local transportation.

The river is strong and deep. Sinking lines and large flies are needed, and this often makes the light tackle fashionable on American and Canadian rivers impractical. Most fishermen use European two-handed rods between 10 and 13 feet long, although I have fished the Vossa successfully with a powerful 9½-foot parabolic rod. Greased-line tactics are suitable in several pools after mid-July, and floating lines sometimes prove useful. Reels should be sturdy, have a strong drag, and hold 200 yards of 30-pound Dacron backing. Leaders should measure 12 feet, with tippets testing between 12 and 30 pounds, depending on fly sizes. Flies should vary between sizes 5/0 and 4, with darker patterns like the Black Dose, Blue Charm, Brown Fairy, Orange Charm, Jock Scott and Black Doctor most useful. Some brighter flies should also be carried like the Silver Gray and Dusty Miller—which killed me a record salmon in the Langholen Pool.

Such record salmon are usually caught when least expected, and mine was no exception. The week that followed my pair of 30-pounders passed without my hooking another. The fickle reputation of the Vossa cemented itself in later seasons, although each trip of mine was rather late in the summer, and I had about decided that fishing the river was a waste of time.

But recently Odd Haraldsen changed my mind over dinner in New York. Haraldsen had just leased the Bolstadoyri pools, and convinced me that we should fish them on my next trip to Oslo. "You should know better," he remarked at my mixed feelings about the Vossa. "Salmon rivers are like women—difficult when you're interested and interested as hell when you're not!"

"You're probably right," I agreed.

Six months later the porter loaded my baggage aboard the train in Voss, and the shrill stationmaster's whistle signaled our departure for Bolstadoyri. Haraldsen was waiting on the platform when I arrived. "Where've you been?" We shook hands. "We've been expecting you all afternoon."

"How's fishing?" I asked.

"Two 30-pounders before lunch!"

"Story of my life!" I groaned unhappily.

"We've still got two hours of fishing," he said. "Hurry."

Nils Bolstad is the son of riverkeeper Mathias Bolstad, and a well-known gillie in his own right. Nils was waiting with his boat when we came down the road to Langholen Pool. Salmon are scattered down its entire 400 yards from the tumbling rapids at its head to its spreading tail shadows. Nils pushed off and rowed upstream while I knotted an Orange Charm to the leader. Fifty-odd casts were unproductive, and I was mentally punishing myself for arriving late and missing a good morning on the Vossa. Downstream we paused while I changed to a larger fly—a 2/0 Dusty Miller with a silver body to catch the diminishing light.

The line dropped the fly tight against a granite outcropping where the current flowed smooth and deep. The third cast bellied around and finished its current swing and hung deep below our boat, and the rod snapped down sharply.

"Salmon!" I turned and Nils grinned.

But this fish shook itself sullenly. Salmon anglers feel helpless with a stubborn, head-shaking fish, because snubbing it firmly will tear out even a well-hooked salmon and slacking off is equally dangerous. This fish simply writhed deep under the boat, telegraphing its angry convulsions back into the rod until it was gone.

Nils groaned unhappily and maneuvered opposite a towering ledge where

[*Continued on page* 88]

Reduce locker-room risk of athlete's foot with Dr. Scholl's Solvex.®

Ideal after-shower protection. Solvex helps prevent athlete's foot infection. If it's too late for prevention, Solvex kills fungi on contact, brings quick relief from itching, helps promote healing. In spray, powder, liquid, ointment.

Dr Scholl's EVERYTHING FOR FOOT CARE

Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

. . . except in unusually severe or persistent cases

Science has found a substance with the ability, in most cases—to relieve pain, itching and shrink hemorrhoids without surgery except in unusually severe or persistent cases. In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction took place. The secret is *Preparation H®*—the *only* hemorrhoid formula that contains *Bio-Dyne®*. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Suppositories.

ARCHERS
FISHERMAN
OUTDOORSMAN
RELOADERS
SHOOTERS

....HERTER'S HAVE IT!

The world's largest stock and greatest assortment of fly tying, plug making, archery, reloading, hunting, camping, boating and snow ski supplies. Over 10,000 items, including thousands not available elsewhere. Buy direct from the world's largest and original source of supply at LOW prices. Send 50¢ today for huge 550 page catalog. Address Dept. 7-T-1

HERTER'S Inc. SINCE 1893 WASECA, MINNESOTA

LOOSENS RUSTED NUTS, BOLTS, PARTS IN SECONDS

LIQUID WRENCH

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Time payment plan available. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 45th YEAR! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING
Dept. T-92, Toledo, Ohio 43604

NOW IN PAPERBACK
The New Bestseller by Harry Kemelman, author of "Friday The Rabbi Slept Late"

SATURDAY THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY

Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold only 60¢

TRUE

WORLD'S *RAREST* STAMP!

4 THRILLING OFFERS IN 1 — ONLY 25¢

1. **World's rarest stamp,** value $100,000, reproduced on scarce new postage stamp of Guyana — unique in history!
2. **Gold and Silver Stamps:** valuable collection of 25 incredible stamps, color-crafted in gold or silver! Includes Burundi (cannibal); Fujeira (Queen Nefertiti); Antigua (Winston Churchill); Cape Verde (Golden Towers); Uruguay (John F. Kennedy); Qatar (Precious Round Coin Stamp), etc.
3. **Fabulous "Stamps on Stamps"** — Qiwain (famous Penny Black — world's first stamp) . . . other remarkable issues!
4. **Complete U. S. Catalog** — 786 illustrations. Also, other thrilling stamps from our approval service, which you may return without purchases (and cancel service any time) — but **all four offers are yours to keep!**

Send name, address, zip and 25¢ — **TODAY**

H. E. HARRIS & CO., DEPT. R-121, BOSTON, MASS. 02117

Automark®

DIAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE keeps your tires in safe shape with guaranteed accuracy. World's best-selling tire gauge—helps improve steering, cornering, braking, tire life, gas mileage. Only $2.19, including handy case. Buy it where you buy car accessories, or send check or M.O. to:

Automark® AUTOMARK DIVISION
JAY INTERNATIONAL CORP.
Dept. T, 615 W. Colfax St.
Palatine, Illinois 60067

$18.95 DARLING PET MONKEY

FREE cage, FREE leather collar and leash, FREE toy and instructions included with each monkey. Loads of fun and amusement.

This Squirrel Monkey makes an adorable pet and companion. Almost human with its warm eyes, your family will love it. These YOUNG monkeys grow about 12 inches high. Eats same food as you, even likes lollipops; simple to care for and train. Live delivery guaranteed. Only $18.95 express collect. Mail check or money order for $18.95 to:

ANIMAL FARM
Dept. TR-5, Box 1042
Miami Beach 39, Fla.

FLYING SAUCERS

U F O s

For our new book, we are soliciting your unpublished photographs and testimonials of first hand U.F.O. sightings. Should we accept your material for publication, we agree to send you a copy of the book.

Your submission of material acknowledges our right to publish. All material becomes our property.

Send to: EFCO, P.O. BOX 1409
COVINA, CALIF. 91722

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.

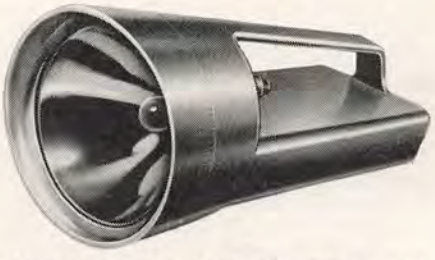
ACCORDIONS AT A DISCOUNT. Save up to ½ on more than 40 famous-make standard and electric models. Save on amplifiers at discount prices, too. Five-day home trial period. Easy terms. Write for free color catalog and new discount price list. Accordion Corp. of America, Dept. T-67F, 5535 W. Belmont, Chicago, Ill., 60641.

COLORFUL DINOSAURS are featured in this collection of 208 different stamps. In addition, you get a variety of other stamps to examine free. Buy those you want, return others within 10 days. Cancel service at any time. Send 10¢ to Zenith Stamp Company, Dept. T-8, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

'I, JAN CREMER' has been described as a "shocker in Europe." The underground sensation from Sweden, it is an autobiography of the author's love affairs with women all over the world. Hardcover edition, includes a paperback of "The Ginger Man." $4.95 + 50¢ pp. Novel Press, Dept. T-8, 31 Second Ave., New York 3, N.Y.

BUILD YOUR RECORD LIBRARY. Here's a special membership plan that permits you to buy pop, jazz, country, show tunes or classical records at discount prices. Choose from more than 30,000 LP's. For details write to Citadel Record Club, Dept. T-8, 545 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

PORTABLE SAUNA steam bath relieves aching muscles, tension, stimulates circulation. Automatic shut-off valve, reinforced zippered vinyl cover, complete with steam maker and instructions. 38″ hi x 28″ deep x 23″ wide. $16.95. Also available is a see-through facial sauna hood, perforated for easy-breathing. $2.95. Crescent House, Dept. T-8, 135 Central Park Rd., Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 11803.



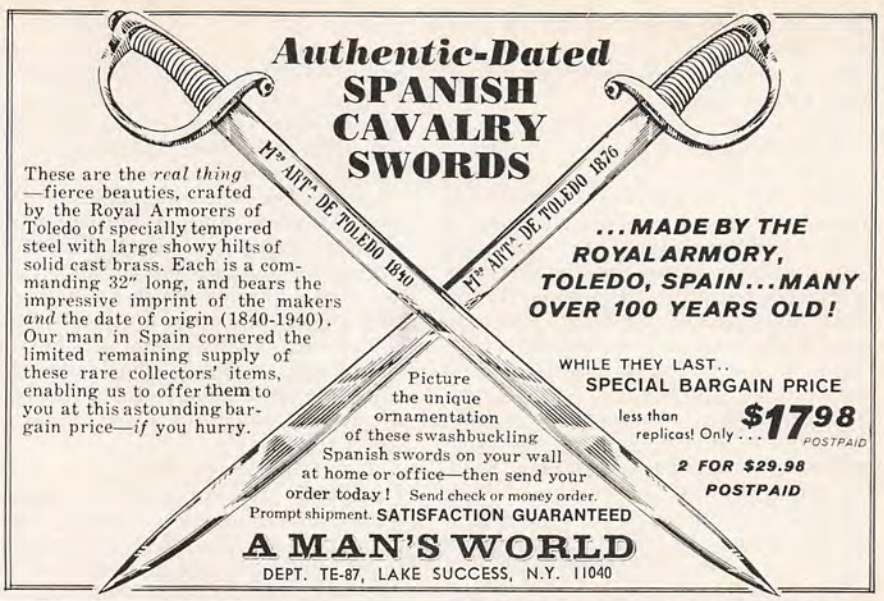
EXPLORE MURKY DEPTHS with underwater beam encased in polypropylene. Water-tight light has switch-controlled blinker, curved lens, highly-polished reflector. Includes batteries. $8.43. If you order 6, you get them for $5.95 ea. Freeman Electric Co., Dept. T-8, Freeman, Mo. 64746.

goes shopping

LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR in just 7 days under this 66-page system which teaches you to play a song the very first day, any song by ear or note in 7 days. Includes words and music to 110 songs, chord finder, and Special Guitarist's Book of Knowledge. Send $2.98 to Ed Sale, Dept. T-8, Avon by the Sea, N.J. 07717.

HAIRPIECE is undetectable. Called "New Youth," it acts, combs, looks and feels like your own hair. Secure in wind and water; can be fit to any degree of baldness. Custom color-matched to your hair. You'll look years younger. To order, send a sample of your hair and $19.95, or write for free information. New Youth, Dept. T-8, Box 484, East Orange, N. J.

MYSTIFY ONLOOKERS with your fantastic ability to field shoestring catches. Brightly colored mitt of sturdy vinyl features strong rubber suction cups. Once caught, the yellow vinyl ball cannot drop from mitt. Great for youngsters, and fun for oldsters. $1. Gracious Living, Berkeley, R.I. 02864.


Authentic-Dated
SPANISH CAVALRY SWORDS
These are the *real thing*—fierce beauties, crafted by the Royal Armorers of Toledo of specially tempered steel with large showy hilts of solid cast brass. Each is a commanding 32" long, and bears the impressive imprint of the makers *and* the date of origin (1840-1940). Our man in Spain cornered the limited remaining supply of these rare collectors' items, enabling us to offer them to you at this astounding bargain price—*if* you hurry.
...MADE BY THE ROYAL ARMORY, TOLEDO, SPAIN...MANY OVER 100 YEARS OLD!
WHILE THEY LAST..
SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE
less than replicas! Only... $17.98 POSTPAID
2 FOR $29.98 POSTPAID
Picture the unique ornamentation of these swashbuckling Spanish swords on your wall at home or office—then send your order today! Send check or money order.
Prompt shipment. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
A MAN'S WORLD
DEPT. TE-87, LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y. 11040

'LETTER OPENER' CALENDAR WATCH. As practical as it is attractive. Golden second hand sweeps the silver-white dial. Raised golden numerals and hands. Date changes every 24 hours. Choose golden case and strap or white case with black strap. $10.95. Norfolk-Hill, 35-T Ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.

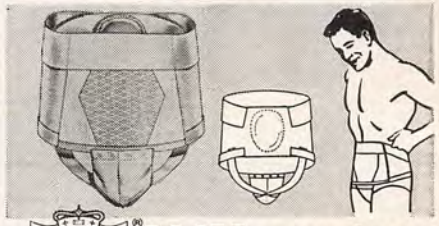
WIDE WIDTH CONTINENTAL CASUAL of soft, easy-breathing suede finished cowhide. This leather keeps feet dry and cool. Soles are genuine plantation crepe rubber with bounce and elasticity. EEEEwide, sizes 5-13. $18.75. Free catalog widths EE-5/E. Hitchcock Shoes, Dept. E-8, Hingham, Mass. 02043.

KEEP COOL, anytime, anywhere with this portable cooler. Small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, it's perfect for the office, workshop, kitchen or bedroom. The adjustable air shield allows you to direct the air flow. $10.95. Send to P&G Research, Dept. T-8, 310 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo. 64105.

BARGAIN PRICE
NEW CATALOG
for Handymen, Home Craftsmen, Woodworkers

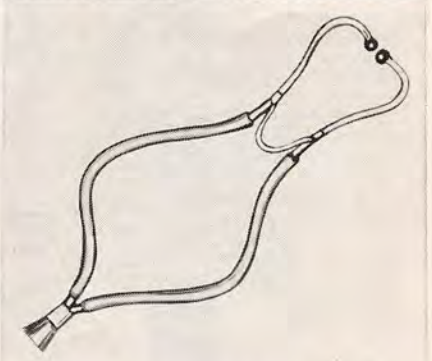
Just like having a warehouse in your living room! Today's most complete catalog for the Home Craftsman, Handyman, Sportsman and Woodworker. Imported Woods, Veneers, Tools, Hardware, Lamp Parts, Legs, Top Quality Kiln Dried Woods, Kits and hundreds of other hard-to-find items. ALL at BARGAIN PRICES. Only 35¢ postpaid.

K-K M
KAY-KRAFT MILLS
602 North 1st St. Dept. TM-3
Vincennes, Indiana 47591



PIPER® SLIM-master
for that slim youthful look

Takes years off your figure in seconds! Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber back pad supports back, eases minor aches & pains of back-strain. Unique patented design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. An amazing value at $5.95. Send waist size. Guaranteed to slim your appearance or money back if returned postpaid within 30 days. Add 25c postage. PIPER BRACE, Department T-87A, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105.



USMC STETHOSCOPE is used by doctors, nurses, students, and is perfect for teaching children the rudiments of the respiratory system. You can also use it to detect motor trouble in your car. $2.95. Order from Gerard, Dept. TR-8, 333 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

[*Continued from page* 85]
the river eddied deep over unseen boulders. His optimism about the place was obvious and it helped me forget the salmon we had lost.

"Beste plass," Nils whispered.

"How deep are the fish?" I asked.

"Atte meters."

Twenty-five feet is deep for fly-fishing a river. It means breaking the rules of salmon fishing, with long quartering casts upstream, letting the line sink back on the current until it was about 15 feet down and opposite the boat. Lowering the rod downstream, I waited while each cast bellied deep across the current and the fly began working.

Suddenly the fly stopped swimming, the line tightened with weight that spelled salmon, and I struck firmly. Nothing happened for five minutes. There was only a ponderous sense of power as the fish ignored the tackle. Nils worked the boat below the salmon while I stripped off line, forcing the fish off balance with downstream pressure. The salmon moved slowly upstream with a strength unlike any fish in my experience.

Suddenly it bolted 50 yards upstream, stripping off great rasping jerks of line. Twenty minutes passed and we played it cautiously, losing and gaining and losing line again. Nils was worried about gaffing it from the usual beach near the bottom of the pool, since even a spent salmon can force a fight into the rapids when its bulk is caught in the current. The rocky beach 50 yards above the boat looked better, but it meant working the fish from the main current and coaxing it upstream. Salmon can sometimes be led upstream with a steady pressure, but I had never tried it with one over 20 pounds.

Thirty-five minutes had passed. Nils maneuvered toward the upper beach and I forced the salmon carefully into the quieter water below the boat. He rowed smoothly and slowly upstream while I braked the reel and held an even rod pressure. The oars thudded once and broke rhythm, and my heart stopped when the salmon bolted 40 yards. Slowly I recovered the line and continued until my fingers slipped on the reel, and its click triggered another head-jerking run.

The boat finally grated on the rocks and I waded clumsily ashore. *I'm really tired,* I realized suddenly, surprised at the aching muscles in my shoulders and wrists and arms.

The fish seemed spent, but it still floundered powerfully in the counterclockwise currents off the beach. Several times we tried to work it within gaffing range, and each time it bulled off into its merry-go-round again. Nils said nothing and waited stolidly with the gaff.

He's coming! I thought happily.

The salmon rolled weakly just under the surface as the currents carried it back toward the beach. Nils stared hard into the black water as I worked the fish into the shallows, reached cautiously with the gaff and struck.

There was an enormous splash that showered us both. Nils yelled and almost went down in the river, wrestling the huge salmon ashore. Its size was awesome in the gathering darkness as Nils delivered the *coup de grace.* Nils guessed 22 kilos and my 50-pound scale shuddered and hit bottom.

Fifty-one pounds! I thought wildly.

Contests and records are usually bad for the sport—angling should never become competitive—but of all the fishing records in the world, I would rather hold the fly record for Atlantic salmon on a single-hand trout rod.

Friends looked at the photographs and measurement tracings and shook their heads. "Those tracings are obvious forgeries," said one waggishly, "and that photograph looks like a 30-pounder with two midgets!"

Others were like the scholarly friend who has fished salmon for more than 60 years without bettering 30 pounds. "Killing a fish like that at your age is terrible," he observed philosophically. "It's like stumbling over the Holy Grail on your first assignment out of Camelot."

There are long odds against a larger salmon in my lifetime, but all salmon fishermen are dreamers, and even the legendary Nicolas Denissoff—who holds the European fly-tackle record with a monster of almost 69 pounds—was still fishing hard his last summer on the Aroy and hoping for a bigger salmon on his 82nd birthday. **—Ernest Schwiebert**

ATTENTION FISHERMEN!

Best Time

July and August are the good months.

Clothing

Be prepared for temperature range of 55° to 70°. Most fishing is from boats on larger rivers like the Vossa so only knee-high rubber boots are needed, though there is wading on smaller waters.

Fishing Tackle

What locals use reflects British influence: long two-handed rods, strong leaders are common. U.S. anglers will prefer single-grip, powerful rods from 8½ to 9½ feet, capable of handling flies as large as 5/0 and sinking lines of GBF and heavier (bring slow-sinking and regular sinking lines). Leaders should taper to 25-pound-test for biggest flies, to 15 pounds for others. Reel should have sturdy drag, hold at least 200 yards 30-pound-test backing.

Flies should range in size from 6 to 5/0. Most popular fly patterns: Black Doctor, Silver Gray, Dusty Miller, Thunder & Lightning, Jock Scott.

Fishing Rights

Costs vary between $150 and $3,500 a week per rod and must be booked fairly well in advance. For Vossa, Jolstra and Vefsna contact: Odd Haraldsen, Kronprinsesse Marthas Plass/1, Oslo. For Laerdal, Flam, Driva, Namsen, Lakselv, Reisa, Suldalslagen, Malangsfossen and Alta, write: Oddvar Kjelsrud, Nedre Vollgatan 20, Oslo.

Travel

Passport but no visa needed for Norway. You may bring duty-free 400 cigarets, 50 grams cigars, bottle of wine and of liquor. Latter is impossible to purchase outside large cities, but travelers can stock up at state-owned Vinmonopolet in Bergen, Oslo. English is spoken throughout Norway, since it is compulsory second language in schools.

"Are you interested in something for a loved one—or is it for your wife?"

[*Continued from page* 25]

Virginia Hill was there in a stunning Howard Greer dinner gown, and because the New York columnists had often identified her as "the Alabama heiress," she was hemmed in by the schemers and the one-night lovers and the hunters ready for the challenge.

A young woman, being introduced to her for the first time, looked at her in obvious surprise.

"Virginia Hill?" she said. "Well . . . I must say you're covering up pretty well. I guess the show must go on."

"What do you mean?" Virginia snapped.

The woman looked at her, suddenly embarrassed. "I'm sorry. . ." she said. "I thought surely you had heard . . . well . . . I'm not going to be the one to tell. You better get a newspaper. . . ."

In Rome, on a summer day when the hot sun bathed the seven dusty hills and the Tiber was merely a brown and sluggish stream, the Countess Dorothy Taylor di Frasso was summoned to the telephone for an overseas call.

". . . the *Journal-American* in New York. We'd like to ask you about Bugsy Siegel . . . we understand he was once your . . . well, your sweetheart."

"Ridiculous! I was very fond of him but—now see here—what's going on?"

She listened stiffly for an instant, and then, as the words jumped over the humming wire, it hit her. Like a punch in the stomach. She swayed, and almost dropped the phone, and her mind ran backward to a day nine long years before when Ben Siegel came to the Eternal City with her, as lovers had come there together before, and would again.

She whispered into the phone: "Oh, no . . . no . . . no."

"Are you all right, Countess?" New York asked. "Hello . . . hello. . . ."

On North Maple Drive in Beverly Hills, Louella Parsons had a fleeting thought about Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, remembering how he had come to her box at the Santa Anita racetrack. "Hello, Louella," he had said, "here are some tickets for you on the next race. Have a winner—with my compliments." "No, thanks, Ben," she said. "I prefer to pick my own losers."

In another home not far away, comedian Joe E. Lewis fiddled with the tuning knob on his radio set. Two hours before, Swifty Morgan had phoned and said: "Joe, Art Cohn and I are going over to Ben Siegel's place and he wants you to come along." And Joe had said he couldn't make it, not tonight of all nights, because he wanted to listen to his favorite radio program, *Gangbusters*. So Joe stayed home and listened to *Gangbusters*, and he didn't go to Ben Siegel's place on North Linden Drive, and that was lucky for him.

And later, when Swifty woke him in the middle of the night and told him, Joe said wryly: "What do you know. Just like they say on *Gangbusters* . . . crime doesn't pay . . . well, not like it used to."

In the Lou Costello Youth Foundation office the plump little movie comic was riffling through the batch of mail that came to the charity organization he and his partner, Bud Abbott, had founded to keep youngsters out of trouble.

"Hey!" Costello cried joyfully in his squeaky little voice. "Here's a twenty-five-hundred-dollar check from Ben Siegel. What a sweet guy. I'll get him on the phone right now and thank him."

"I guess you haven't been listening to the radio, Lou," an office worker said. "Ben Siegel isn't talking to anybody."

Mickey Cohen, sound asleep in his Moreno Avenue home, jumped like a scared chicken when the doorbell rang. He fumbled for his gun, but it wasn't within reach. He ran aimlessly from room to room, peering out the windows, and the scar on his face was drained of blood. And then it suddenly occurred to him—as he knew from experience—that killers rarely ring doorbells. They simply walk up to you, or catch you in a car and they blast. He switched on the floodlights that bathed the front entrance, and through a one-way mirror peephole he saw the uniforms. He opened the door, snarling.

"Take it easy, Mick," one policeman said. "They want to see you downtown."

"What's the phony rap this time?"

"A murder, Mick. They just want to know where you were tonight."

The frown suddenly left his face, and he smiled at them, catlike, and the tenseness flowed away from his jutting chin. "Oh . . . only a murder? Hell, that's a breeze. I'll be right with you."

June 20, 1947, 10:20 p.m. Charles "Chick" Hill, 19 years old and girl crazy, was in an upstairs bedroom at 810 North Linden Drive in Beverly Hills, waiting for his lady friend to take off her clothes.

It seemed to him, as he said in retrospect long afterward, that he spent endless evening hours watching girls undress, or helping them with his fumbling hands when they were shy about it. He remembered how his sister Virginia helped him find a chorus girl when he was only 12 years old, and her motherly advice: *If you want to sleep with them, fine, Chick, but don't go marrying anybody.*

And so he slept with them—in Chicago and Mexico City and Hollywood and even back home in Alabama—and Virginia got girls for him when he couldn't find one himself. But occasionally, when one of these fleeting loves became serious and he mentioned marriage, Virginia would tongue-lash him in her

fury. She would suddenly move to another house and the girl of the moment was automatically removed from the scene, and Virginia would find a new face and body for him.

But now—though they were in Virginia's house—she was away in France, and this girl was out of her reach.

He was going to marry her, and the hell with Virginia. They were alone in the bedroom on this evening, and Ben Siegel was downstairs with his pal, Al Smiley. Chick touched her, and she drew away, saying softly: "Chick—Ben might come up here any minute."

"Honey—he won't be coming to our room. He's got his own room."

"Well . . . I . . . Chick!—What was *that?*"

He had heard it at that instant, too. A muffled burst of sound, like distant gunfire. And suddenly he thought of Virginia's jewels—a hundred-grand worth—hidden in a wall safe in her bedroom down the hall. The guns were there, too . . . his and Ben's.

He made the hallway in one jump. "Ben!" he called. "Ben!"

And then came the cry of terror.

"Chick—for Christ's sake!"

That was Smiley's voice.

"Chick—douse the lights, Jesus!"

Chick reached for the wall switch at the head of the stairs. He found it, and then the living room and the stairs were blacked out. But he had already seen the blood, and now there was no sound anywhere in the house.

THE SUN WAS AFLAME in the June sky, and the air moved in trembling waves over the hot pavement; at the Groman Mortuary on West Washington Boulevard, it was the day of interment for Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, king of the underworld.

Plainclothes cops were there, eyeing every passing car.

The hoods from the Siegel mob would surely be there, saying so long to the Bug. The wanted man himself might show.

Inside the mortuary there were only five mourners—the family.

None of the courtiers came. Not Mickey Cohen, Siegel's hired muscle. Not Smiley the Russian, and Chick Hill, who saw him die. Not Virginia Hill, whose body he had when he wanted it. Not lawyer Jerry Giesler, who had once saved him from the noose, nor his ever-lovin' pal George Raft, nor Meyer Lansky, who crawled up from the gutter with him. And not one man from the Flamingo, his castle in the Nevada sand.

Rabbi Kert began: "The Lord is my shepherd, and I shall not want. . . ."

When I was with Ben he bought me everything I wanted.

VIRGINIA HILL

"He maketh me lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. . . .

The circumstances surrounding Bugsy Siegel's career in crime tell the story better than words. Here was an individual whose life was a constant challenge to common decency. Yet he and his criminal scum were lionized and their favors sought after in so-called respectable social circles.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

"He leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. . . ."

Siegel was a brainy guy who might have made it big on the right side of the law.

WALTER WINCHELL

"Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. For thou art with me. . . ."

He told me he had personally killed 12 men, but then he must have noticed my face, because he laughed, "There's no chance that you'll get killed," he said. "We only kill each other."

DEL WEBB

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies. . . ."

Sure, Ben always carried a rod. So did I when I come close to killing him once. But just because he wanted to have dinner with me that last night and I didn't go they figured I must have done it.

MICKEY COHEN

"Thou anointed my head with oil. . . ."

Bugsy Siegel was officially an aristocrat of the new underworld . . . he had become one of the most formidable criminals of our time.

WESTBROOK PEGLER

"My cup runneth over. . . ."

Maybe he did kill people. Maybe he had to. But he was like a father to me, and the best friend I ever had.

CHICK HILL

"All the days of my life. . . ."

Countess Dorothy di Frasso naively believed Bugsy was an innocent overgrown boy, but he had a weird assortment of grifters, cutthroats, and confederates.

ELSA MAXWELL

"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The mourners filed out into the sunlight, blinking, and climbed into a limousine, and the cops shrugged and walked away.

THE BRASS TABLE LAMP in the Beverly Hills apartment was not designed to soften the worn planes of his face—like the studio lights when he was a star—and George Raft looked old and tired.

The once glossy black hair was gray and stringy, like a worn rug, and no makeup hid the knife wound behind his left ear, or the thin tracks of time on his skin.

The telephone in the living room was silent now and the neighborhood postman no longer dumped sacks of fan mail at the door. Not that that mattered. George never learned to read very well, and he could barely write his own name. The studio answered the mail and the mash notes, and handled the assembly-line business of sending out shiny prints of the famous face with the scrawled signature, "Sincerely yours, George Raft." It took him months of laborious practice to learn that simple bit with the pen. But at least the letters came.

We were working together on his life story, and it was like digging in a tomb.

One of his memories, more vivid than most, was of Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. His friend.

"Of course, you know I never called him 'Bugsy,'" he said. "He hated it, and nobody in his right mind ever called him that to his face."

"But he got the name from the mob."

"Oh, sure, back in the old days in New York. They called him 'Bugs' because he was hotheaded, and it stuck."

George fished in a pile of faded newspaper clippings and brought up a tear sheet from the Los Angeles *Examiner*. It showed George with his arm around Siegel, and they were smiling at some secret joke. They looked sharp in their $175 suits.

"He don't look like a hoodlum there, does he?" George grinned.

"No," I said.

"Why, you know every time I saw him at the racetrack or around town he was always with the big names. Georgie Jessel, Cary Grant, Mark Hellinger, Jimmie Durante, guys like that. I always figured that if he was good enough for them, he was good enough for me. I never knew anybody who didn't like him."

"Except J. Edgar Hoover."

"Well . . . of course he's a nice guy, too. I see him at the races now and then. But you can't expect Hoover to—well, what I mean is, I don't think he ever met Ben Siegel face to face, and he didn't really know him."

"And you?"

George was thoughtful for a moment, idly fingering the clipping. "Yes," he said. "Like my right hand, I knew him when he was a tough kid on the lower East Side in New York. He was gutty and he was ambitious.

"He came out here because he wanted to be somebody. Damn few people knew what made him tick, but I did. I thought he was a great guy. I was crazy about a lot of these guys they called gangsters—Joey Adonis, Willie Moretti, Frank Costello. Maybe that's why I was such a good screen gangster. I used to copy their little mannerisms in pictures.

"I remembered the way Ben used to comb his hair, and so I did it the same way when I was playing a gangster. He got a kick out of it. Funny thing, he was losing his hair even before he was 40, and it bugged him. He tried all kinds of lotions and treatments but his hair kept falling out anyway. One Christmas just for a gag I gave him a toupee. Cost me two and a half bills."

"Did he ever wear it?"

"Hell, no. He was too vain for that. He used to go to bed at night with a chin strap to keep his profile looking good, and he wore those shades over his eyes."

"You don't mind talking about Ben?"

"No, because nobody ever bothered with the truth about the guy. There's been a lot of phony stuff printed. I can tell you plenty, but I won't knock him. But listen—Hollywood is full of people who knew him. Why don't you talk to them?"

"Who are they, George?"

"The cream of the town," he said. "Like Jack Warner. See Rowland Brown, he's the director who discovered me. Find out about Wendy Barrie and Marie McDonald. Too bad the Countess di Frasso's dead . . . she could give you an earful. And Virginia Hill. I hear she's on the lam somewhere in Europe. There isn't anybody from coast to coast who didn't know Ben Siegel."

"That's quite a cast, George."

"I almost forgot Mickey Cohen. He damn near killed Siegel one time. Oh . . . it's quite a story, believe me. And it's all there."

CHAPTER 2

Benjamin Siegel was born February 28, 1906, in the Williamsburg district of Brooklyn, a labyrinth of crowded tenements, dirty delicatessens, pushcart peddlers and struggling synagogues.

He was a tough kid. He left home without finishing grammar school, and prowled the East Side in a band of tough, ruthless teen-age boys. He rolled drunks, burglarized lofts, stuck up a loan company and learned to be fast with the gun and knife.

Occasionally they invaded rival territories, and it was on one of those forays to the Hell's Kitchen district that Siegel met a handsome, swarthy older boy named George Ranft. George, who had been born and raised in a sleazy cold-water flat on West 41st Street near Tenth Avenue, was already showing the footwork that later took him to Hollywood and dancing stardom under his new name of Raft.

Young George was especially fast when it came to eluding the cops.

The fear-flight mechanism he shared with Ben Siegel was so much a part of the family crises that many years later, when four policemen gave him an honor escort into a New York theater for his newest picture, his aging mother did what came naturally. "Run, Georgie, run!" she screamed. "Don't let the cops get you."

Like his friend George, Siegel always had weapons around. If they couldn't get blackjacks, a roll of nickels in the fist or a stolen gas-pipe coupling would do the job. They stole anything that could be carried away.

There are few men living who know exactly when and how Ben Siegel made the transition from a punk heister to a swaggering gangster, and for his crazy temper, earned his nickname, the Bug, or Bugsy.

During the early days of Prohibition—the bloody decade euphemistically known as the "gay twenties"—two ruthless mobs controlled the lower East Side in New York. One was composed of the homicidal Italians—they were responsible for most of the 1,000 gang killings of the time—and the roster included such dreaded men as Lucky Luciano, Joey Adonis, Vito Genovese and Albert Anastasia. The other gang was an all-Jewish group, first headed by Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, known as "the Gold Dust Twins." Meyer Lansky and Ben Siegel were in the original lineup, but soon formed their own outfit. It was known as the Bug-Meyer Mob and in the history of crime it is an infamous name.

The lesser goons, who sometimes lived only as long as they were useful, included Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, a slugger and stink-bomb expert; Allie Tannenbaum, who was paid up to $75 a week for strong-arm work; Phil "Farvel" Cohen; Sholem Bernstein, who would kill for a round-trip ticket to anywhere and a $500 fee; and Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, a monkey-faced moron who liked to murder just for the hell of it.

There was one other diminutive monster who was destined to survive innumerable purges and die a rich man. His name was Morris Sedwitz, alias Sedway, known to the mob and cops alike as "Little Moe." A skilled burglar in his youth, he worshipped Ben Siegel, ran errands and did the dirty work for his hero. In turn, he was scorned by Siegel and, as the years passed, was finally hated by the man who pulled him out of the ratholes of New York and brought him to the promised land of Las Vegas.

When Siegel was still in his 20's, he had a suite in the Waldorf-Astoria, where Lucky Luciano was already living in luxury two floors above him. He married Esta Krakower, and bought her a country home in the fashionable suburb of Scarsdale.

Siegel, a flashy dresser, wore snap-brim hats—a style made popular by his friend, Broadway columnist Mark Hellinger.

Politicians, criminals, columnists, and stars of the entertainment world all moved in the same social set. They gathered in the same restaurants and nightclubs, often used the same barbers and masseurs, retained the same lawyers. They dressed alike, talked alike and almost thought alike. Collectively they could fix almost anything but murder.

It was the time of the great abortion—Prohibition.

The liquor flowed, the mobs were incredibly rich and violent, the law was sick and dying, and no one cared.

George Raft, who began his long association with the mob under the sponsorship of the late killer Owney Madden, and who was shipped off to Hollywood with Madden's money, was hanging around poolrooms and sleeping in the subways when Prohibition began.

He graduated to thievery—he once told me he was a lousy pickpocket but a slick stealer in stores—and he was a "stand-in" shooter at the floating crap games in the Club Durante. That is, when the players were tipped off about an impending raid, Raft and other unemployed characters took over the dice from the big name gamblers like Arnold Rothstein. They would submit to arrest, pay a small fine and get a five dollar bill for their services. Shortly afterward the game would resume.

"When I became a movie star and was asked about the tough guys I knew," Raft told me, "I said: 'I think they're the greatest guys in the world.' These fellows [Siegel, Costello, Adonis, Luciano, and Madden] were gods to me. They all had Duesenbergs and 16-cylinder Cadillacs and, like somebody said, when there was money around you might step on some of it. Wherever they went there were police captains and politicians bowing to them, and I thought these fellows can't really be doing anything wrong. Why shouldn't I be like them, and I wanted to follow them."

Most of Siegel's money came from bootleg liquor.

The Bug-Meyer gang not only hauled the stuff and supplied armed convoys for other groups trucking the booze between Philadelphia and New York, but they also had a wholesale liquor business of their own. They operated warehouses, illicit stills, a smuggling network in Canada, and boats running offshore along the Atlantic coast.

Siegel's private torpedo—handpicked by Anastasia—was the sinister Abe Reles, an undersized animal with cold eyes and long hairy arms. Reles was tough, cool and quick with the cannon, and his mere shadow in Siegel's presence was enough to discourage a rival killer's gun.

Nevertheless there were some who tried. Once a phone call suckered Siegel onto the street in his bulletproof car—and a machine gunner in a passing car established that Siegel's car wasn't as bulletproof as he'd thought. One of his bodyguards took a slug, as he moaned, "right in the ass." In November, 1932, Siegel called a meeting of his torpedoes and someone lowered a bomb down his chimney—and a flying brick sent him to the hospital. There is a story, never fully documented, that Siegel slipped out of the hospital, participated in the execution by gunfire of one of his opponents and returned to the hospital, alibi intact.

When Prohibition came to an end, there was a temporary panic in the underworld.

Bootlegging was one of the few crimes in history condoned by the people, unenforced by the law and guaranteed to yield fabulous profit with a minimum of grief. It made millionaires out of illiterate punks, heroes out of homicidal Robin Hoods, and corrupt public figures out of honest men.

Now it was over, and the golden vein had petered out.

The national crime syndicate, which had evolved from the original gangs of the period, was acutely aware of the staggering drop in revenue. It naturally considered expansion in what were then minor channels—prostitution, gambling, narcotics, extortion in industry and labor, and wholesale murder for appropriate fees. The mob was also considering untapped lodes—Florida, California, Texas, Louisiana. Siegel, independently, was thinking of moving to California.

It was during his preliminary explorations in Beverly Hills that Longy Zwillman, a longtime associate, took him to meet Jean Harlow, her mother and Marino Bello, her stepfather. Jean liked Siegel and was one of his sponsors when he started captivating the Hollywood snobs. Even after Jean died in 1937, there were affectionately autographed pictures of her in Siegel's daughters' rooms. Marino Bello and Siegel had an instant rapport. Both had piracy in their soul, both understood the gulli-

bility of the average man and they had a common admiration for the big shots of the underworld.

If Ben Siegel was not sent westward on an official decision by the Syndicate board of directors—and there is naturally no record of such action—why did he give up the security of his own juice-fed jungle in New York for a distant outpost where he was a total stranger?

Unquestionably Siegel's mind was being prodded by a nameless emotional turbulence. He cringed from the sordid compound in which he was raised, and he was repelled by the illiterate creatures who executed his commands. He killed because he had to kill. But he also knew that in the power struggle of the underworld he would be a target himself, sooner or later. He hated the name Bugsy because it put him in the same low class of Kid Twist and Three-Fingered Brown and Little Ziggy and Kid Dropper Kaplan.

In California he could slam the cover on the dirty sewer from which he crawled.

The transmutation of Bugsy Siegel, hoodlum, into Benjamin Siegel, Esq., Californian, sportsman and *bon vivant*, was done with the usual expensive props.

The chic address of the rented mansion on McCarthy Drive. The new membership in the Hillcrest Country Club. A fashionable girls' school for his two daughters. The casual shoulder rubbing with George Raft, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Bruce Cabot and other reigning stars. A rubdown or a steam bath in director Eddie Sutherland's private health club on Rexford Drive. A checking account at the staunch Union Bank & Trust Company.

Siegel's deposits in this account were never less than $10,000 a month and in some 30-day periods they exceeded $80,000. About half these deposits were cash, although Siegel had no business or visible source of income.

And then there was the Countess Dorothy Dendice Taylor di Frasso.

A dark-haired, buxom woman with frosty blue eyes, she had a multimillion dollar fortune and was the daughter of Bertrand L. Taylor, who had made millions manufacturing leather goods.

Dorothy had had an unhappy marriage with an adventurous British pilot and on the rebound married Count Carlo di Frasso, a distinguished but relatively penniless Roman nobleman. She went to Italy with him and bought the Villa Madama, an ancient palace whose thick walls were covered with priceless frescoes by Raphael. "I'm telling you," Ben Siegel once said reminiscently, "this joint was bigger than Grand Central Station, and half the guys she had hanging around were counts or dukes or kings out of a job."

The countess often traveled to Beverly Hills, usually without her husband. She bought a house and the celebrants who came were the great names of the screen. At her first major party, she "entertained" her guests with three bloody boxing bouts. The onlookers for this curious form of amusement included Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Fred Astaire, Dolores del Rio, Fredric March and Clark Gable.

The countess was in her box at the Santa Anita racetrack one day when Siegel passed and a friend introduced them. It appeared completely casual—but shortly afterward, newspaperwoman Florabel Muir went to an evening ball and was dumbfounded to see the young New York gangster in the receiving line alongside the Countess di Frasso.

"Hello, Benny," she said.

He bowed to her with a self-conscious grin. Bugsy Siegel, the semiliterate mob man from the lower East Side, had made it big. He was not only in the receiving line with the stars and the doyenne of the glittering international set. He was in her bedroom, too.

ONE STILL EVENING in Beverly Hills, George Raft drove his black Cadillac convertible to Romanoff's Restaurant and made a slow and studied entrance through the gilded doors.

He was a marquee name then, earning more than $5,000 a week and the casual walk into the crowded restaurant—as though the camera was turning—was *de rigueur* for stars of the highest galaxies.

Raft moved sinuously across the crowded room, like a sleek black reptile threading a path around a series of obstacles. *Some of my friends used to call me Black Snake,* he told me once. *I guess it was the way I walked.* The walk-on had to be done with care, because every head would turn, and Louella might be there. Or Louis B. Mayer or Jack Warner. He sat down, lit a cigaret and his eyes traveled around the room. And George Raft saw a man in another booth. Unrecognized by most of the diners, was Mr. Joseph Doto of New York, better known to the cops as Joe Adonis, or Joey A. if you really knew your mob. There was a girl with him, a new face in town, and Raft examined her as a connoisseur examines a work of art. He walked to the booth.

"Hello, Joey," he said.

"Why, hello, Snake," Adonis smiled. He looked at the girl. "George—meet Virginia Hill."

They talked and Raft said good-bye, studying this chick once more. She was a doll, he thought. She had it, whatever it was, and there weren't too many in town. He would be seeing her again. Oh, yes.

CHAPTER 3

It took Ben Siegel only a few months to find the places where he could plant the juice in Los Angeles.

For a token payment of $500 he bought a one-quarter interest in a company called Redondo Beach Properties and it immediately began yielding enough so he could afford a new girl now and then. The company neither owned buildings nor sold lots, but did have the gambling concession in sleazy beach-front bars and restaurants.

He also had a 15 percent piece of a dog-racing track in Culver City, the once graft-rotten community which was the home of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. In Brooklyn, as a sort of sentimental remaining root, he operated an insurance business which one hoodlum's macabre sense of humor described as "insurance against getting bumped off."

As for his home, the moment Ben Siegel saw the lush vacant lot on Delfern Avenue, he knew he had to have it. It was in Holmby Hills, and was on the same street with the homes of Sonja Henie, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, and director Norman Taurog. "Nice classy neighbors," Siegel once said. The feeling was not mutual.

The plans for Siegel's house called for a total cost, excluding furniture and decorating, of $150,000. The house, which was to crown a wooded knoll with an enchanting view, was built of snow-white brick. It had an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a bathroom was walled with red marble, three trapdoors for hasty escapes, a secret compartment for a safe which contained his Smith & Wesson .38 revolver and Colt .38 automatic and, for entertainment, a battery of slot machines. In later years, when the experts conducted postmortems on the flaws and errors that destroyed Bugsy Siegel, it was generally agreed that an inordinate vanity, neutralizing his natural caution, was a large contributing factor.

He was a fanatic on the subject of health and virility, and any ordinary man using his physical fitness program would have beaten the actuarial tables. He smoked an occasional cigar and he liked a snifter of brandy, but he drank very little of that. He was a skilled boxer, and was constantly coaxing his pals Champ Segal, George Raft and a gas-station operator named Joe Moll to go a few rounds.

He swam in his own pool or in the Raft pool almost every day, and he kept many business appointments at the Hollywood Y.M.C.A. because he was there every afternoon, either in the steam room or working out in the big gym. At bedtime Siegel rubbed skin cream over his handsome face and put on that chin strap. He went to bed early, struggling with the "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power" section in the *Reader's Digest* or reading other self-help articles, and at 10 p.m. he turned off the lights and covered his eyes with a sleep shade.

And then his luck turned down. It began with his pretty bedmate, the Countess Dorothy di Frasso, who always was a sucker for a deal. In a sawdust bar, she had found an old character with a map said to detail the whereabouts of $90 million worth of gold and jewelry. She leased a three-masted schooner, enlisted Siegel and a band of cutthroats and set sail for a tiny island 300 miles off the coast of Costa Rica. In fact, however, they were just the last of a long line of people who had been gulled by a legend as enduring as the Loch Ness Monster or the Abominable Snowman. The island turned into a tropical hell of heat, insects and backbreaking labor. After 10 days and a great deal of money gone, they chucked it and flew home.

In the city room of the Los Angeles *Examiner,* Jim Richardson, the gangling, scowling city editor, swore every time he saw a society item coupling the Countess Dorothy di Frasso with Mr. Benjamin Siegel. Not long before Jim Richardson died, we talked about Bugsy Siegel. He remembered the day the phone rang on the city desk and a guttural voice said: "Why don't you investigate this Mr. Benjamin Siegel you're writin' about all the time?"

"Why should I?"

"Because he's a killer. That's why." Click.

He also remembered a Los Angeles cop who had been kidded by New York police. "This guy is one of the worst killers in the country and he's living right in your backyard."

So Jim Richardson went fishing. "I decided to blast this bum," Richardson said. And presently the Los Angeles *Examiner* came out with a blunt story in which Benjamin Siegel, wealthy sportsman, was unmasked as Bugsy Siegel, gangster.

In Beverly Hills, pacing the wall-to-wall carpet, Ben Siegel burned. Among other things, the big stink had been wafted into the clubhouse of the Hillcrest Country Club and, as those without sin held their noses, Siegel was compelled to resign.

He didn't understand it. Not at all.

There was no osmosis by which the hard, cold facts could be filtered through his thick skin. Then and later, Siegel felt that if he had laid his guns aside, and could get a Dun and Bradstreet rating, and could socialize with George Raft and the Countess di Frasso, that it didn't matter whether he had killed one or a dozen men.

One day Richardson had a surprise visit from Mark Hellinger, the former Broadway columnist who had been lured away from his New York beat to make pictures for Jack Warner. Richardson had long admired Hellinger's work, and they had a warm, mutual friend in Damon Runyon. But to Richardson's bitter disappointment, Hellinger had not come to reminisce or even bring a greeting from Runyon. It was obvious that he was there for one purpose—to find out what new indignities, if any, the *Examiner* was planning for Bugsy Siegel.

It grieved Richardson to find a man of Hellinger's stature stooping to this kind of subterfuge, but he had no way of knowing that Hellinger and Siegel had been friends for years.

"At the time I thought that Mark should have been on my side," Richardson said. "But my God, there he was, fronting for this bum. I never talked to Mark again about it, and he's gone now, but I always hoped he realized he was wrong."

As it happens, Richardson did have something in mind.

He wanted Bugsy Siegel in jail.

Richardson wanted to put a man in Siegel's house to gather evidence and one day a young reporter named Bill Huie offered to do it. In an almost comic routine, Huie wangled a job with Siegel. Nothing came of the attempt and today, William Bradford Huie, author of numerous novels and journalistic books, doesn't talk about it.

On the other side of the ledger, Mickey Cohen, a fearsome, simian creature with a broken nose and a twitching scar under his left eye, came to Los Angeles in 1939 out of years of warfare in the jungles of the eastern cities. He was a heist guy, and, as a cop put it, "nothing but a gun-toting punk, but he had guts and he was tougher than a hungry tiger."

As his first serious move, Cohen knocked over a bookie joint on Franklin Avenue. As he was lifting the money at pistol point, one of Siegel's boys wandered in by chance with $22,000 of Siegel's money in his pocket. Cohen added that to the pile—and naturally, Siegel burned. But when he called the frothing little punk in, Cohen surprised him by refusing to knuckle under. Referring to Siegel, Cohen snarled, "If the sonofabitch makes one move, I'll kill him right now." Siegel was intrigued, perhaps even amused. It was the beginning of a long relationship.

At about this time, Ben Siegel toured Europe with the Countess di Frasso. Unquestionably she was in love with him. She once said she saw him "a kind of a knight. If he had been living in the time of King Arthur, he would have been a member of the Round Table." King Arthur would have been stunned, but the countess blithely set about making Bugsy Siegel at least an imitation of royalty.

In England the abbreviation for baronet is bart. Impulsively she decided to rename Bugsy. In Europe he would be Bart Siegel. And if anyone thought Bart really meant baronet, she would not deny it.

And that's how Bugsy Siegel, late of the lower East Side, traveled through the rarified atmosphere of the spas in Italy and France—but not in England, of course. Benito Mussolini, exiled King Umberto II, Count Ciano, and other distinguished Italians all thought that Siegel was a baronet who came from an old English family, and all the available information indicates that Siegel wore his new mantle with unshakeable aplomb.

Long after World War II, when Elsa Maxwell told the story to King Umberto, the former monarch burst out laughing when he realized how the Countess di Frasso had conned them all.

They came to roost in the villa of the countess' titled but broke husband, but Mussolini seized it and they had to move into the stables. The main house was occupied by guests of the Italian State—Joseph Paul Goebbels, Hitler's minister of propaganda, and Gen. Hermann Goering, leader of the German air force. Siegel, himself a Jew, hated them both.

"Look, Dottie," he said to his love one evening. "I saw you talking to that fat bastard Goering. Why do you let him come to our building?"

"Oh, I've known him for quite a while. I can't really tell him to stay away if he wants to come down here on a social call."

"I'm gonna kill him, and that dirty Goebbels, too!" Siegel growled. "It's an easy setup the way they're walking around here."

The countess dissuaded him, a pity, perhaps, in view of what happened later. Siegel always regretted his missed opportunity.

CHAPTER 4

One key to underworld wealth and power—as Ben Siegel and others had known for some time—was in the race wire service. No bookie anywhere—and there were thousands tucked away in the back rooms of cigar stores, bars, and small stores—could function without getting entries, odds, results and other parimutuel payoffs.

The Number One race news service when Siegel moved west was the Continental Press Service, owned and operated by James Ragen, Sr., in Chicago. With bookies from Chicago to Los Angeles paying from $100 to $1,200 a week for the service, there was a golden river flowing into Ragen's headquarters, and the mob watched it with envy.

They couldn't knock it off. But they could set up a rival wire.

Thus was born the Trans-America Service, with Siegel and Jack Dragna, who long had represented the Syndicate on the West Coast, directing western operations, and gnomish little Moe Sedway as chief salesman.

A single incident is a clue to Siegel's eventual success. Continental's Los Angeles manager was Russell Leonard Brophy, a tough character who had refused to deal with Siegel.

One morning when the wires were throbbing in Brophy's downtown headquarters, Mickey Cohen and Joe Sica shoved a receptionist out of the way, and marched into the telegraph room. They coolly ripped out one wire after another, and when Brophy rushed out of his private office to halt the carnage, Mickey struck him with a pistol butt. Mickey and Sica clubbed Brophy until he was a bloody, semiconscious heap on the floor, and then they walked out.

After that, Cohen was Siegel's man. He was judged too lippy, however, to handle the case of "Big Greenie" Greenberg, a minor mob member who under deportation pressure from the Immigration Service, was threatening to tell everything he knew unless his old mob chiefs anted up heavy money. The decision was made to take him, and when he turned up in Los Angeles, it fell to Siegel to handle it. A punk named Allie Tannenbaum was sent to the coast with two guns bought in the east.

Tannenbaum was met at the Burbank airport by Frankie Carbo, a young gangster who was already beginning to show the ruthless qualities that would later make him a power in the crooked fight racket. Carbo drove Tannenbaum to his apartment in the Villa d'Italia, and presently Siegel appeared there.

"You got the pistols, Allie?" he asked.

"Yeah. When do I take him, Ben?"

"I don't know," Siegel replied. "I might handle it myself."

At 10 p.m., November 22, 1939, Siegel and Carbo were parked on the south side of Vista Del Mar in a stolen Mercury. Allie Tannenbaum was just ahead of them in a new Buick. Presently there appeared an old Ford convertible coupe with yellow wire wheels. Greenberg was at the wheel, and he pulled the car up parallel to the curb.

At that instant, the door of the parked Mercury was flung open, and the night sky was punctured by sound and light. Big Greenie had no time to cry out, nor even raise an arm against death. The slugs hit him almost all at once, and he fell over the wheel. Ben Siegel and Frankie Carbo catapulted back into the Mercury and the car leaped into the center of the street. It was a block away before the headlights were switched on. Allie Tannenbaum followed.

It has never been explained to anyone's satisfaction why Ben Siegel took a personal role in the sidewalk execution. He had asked for an eastern gunman, and Tannenbaum had been handpicked for the job. Big Greenie was a small-bore sinner who didn't merit that kind of attention from the headman. Perhaps Siegel, who had not been involved in a syndicate disciplinary action for several years, felt that he needed a personal killing to emphasize his continuing authority. If so, this was a grave mistake. For there was nothing but trouble ahead.

CHAPTER 5

Virginia Hill was 17 when she hit Chicago that summer of 1933, and she was a heart stopper—five foot four, 110 pounds. Gray eyes. Well, not really gray. Green and gray and catlike. Hair not quite auburn; there was much more red than brown.

She was beautiful.

It was a beauty tempered by a barely concealed wariness, like some wild creature willing to be tamed only on her own terms. It was the kind of undeveloped beauty not yet clotted by urban standards. She was then the sort of girl who could use four-letter words and make you believe she didn't really know what they meant.

Considering the coarse crucible from which she came, it is remarkable that she had any poise at all.

She was born on August 26, 1916, in Lipscomb, Alabama, daughter of a sometimes horse trader and constant drunk who drove her mother away, leaving Virginia to serve as mother to the family which was considerable—she had nine brothers and sisters. She was scrawny, flat chested and slightly unkempt. She looked somewhat like a mussed-up kitten, and the feline scratchiness was so patent that she was nicknamed Tabby Cat. Her brothers and sisters and intimate friends called her "Tab." When she neared 17, she took off for Chicago.

There have been reports that her Chicago career began as a stripteaser; in fact, it probably began with an individual strip. She met a homely, myopic accountant named Joe Epstein who was associated with a commission betting house that laid off for bookies all over the nation. Joe might not be much for looks, but he had access to unlimited funds which he lavished on Virginia in one of the most remarkable long-term displays of financial continuity in the history of love. Once he started handing money to Virginia, he never stopped. And of course, there were other men—lots of other men.

Virginia Hill went back to Alabama in triumph. She appeared at the family warren in a factory-fresh La Salle convertible, with her beautiful legs in shimmering silk, a fur neckpiece touching the new sheen of her hair, and more gems than a Reno pawnshop. She stayed just long enough to check on the welfare of the family, and to help her brother Chick get packed. The redhaired, laughing young boy was more like son than brother; she had scolded, praised and guided him through the early school years, and she had determined he would not become a village idler like their father. "You're going with me, Chick," she said. "Where I go, you go. And you're going to school and learn something if it kills you. Okay?"

"Okay, Tab," he said. He did learn: the blistering argot of the gutter, the corrosion of the bribe, the bloody power of gun and knife, and shabby tissue of felonious money, the treachery of the fast-buck crowd.

Back in Chicago, and the pattern did not change for Virginia.

Stay awake until dawn. Listen to canned music and mob talk. Drink the stingers until they sting no more. Fall into bed with a man. Stumble into daylight and cover your eyes from the cruel sun. Buy a new dress. Bed down with another man. Bless the shadows of evening and the soft lights of the bar. Green eyes looking at green crème de menthe. Belt them by the dozen.

And oh my God—the money.

Joe gave it to her in damp bunches. Like lettuce. The bookie joint grew it in clusters, and there was a new crop every day. But nothing could hold her long. She was a roamer. Powered by Epstein's money, she and Chick toured the U.S. and Mexico and found their way to California.

Soon she was commuting between California and Mexico. She had numerous affairs and even one brief marriage to a hometown boy (and another to one of her Mexican lovers) but none of this bothered Epstein and the money kept coming, as much as $10,000 at a time, often in currency packed in shoe boxes.

CHAPTER 6

In January, 1940—about two months after the Big Greenie murder—the Syndicate was shaken with the arrest of Abe "Kid Twist" Reles in New York. He was picked up on a routine vagrancy rap, and he quickly bailed himself out with $1,000 in currency, peeled from a thick roll in his pocket.

But some nine days later, when the word got out that he would be drawn into the killing of Red Alpert, a minor burglar who had offended leaders in the gang, Reles inexplicably broke all the rules of gangdom. He surrendered himself to the police, and was lodged in the Manhattan jail so aptly called the Tombs.

Toward the end of March the diminutive professional killer, perhaps prodded by his wife, chose to sing. No underworld canary in history ever warbled louder or longer, and Kid Twist's arias turned into burial chants for a dozen killers whose names and deeds might otherwise have remained unknown.

He filled 25 stenographer notebooks, and either solved outright or gave clues to no less than 1,000 murders during a 10-year period. Reles himself had committed a dozen of these killings, and with total recall he recited names, dates and places.

Among these crimes—with an assist from a seemingly repentant Allie Tannenbaum, who had taken immunity—was the murder of Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg in Hollywood. Reles and Tannenbaum were flown to Los Angeles during the summer of 1940, and they gave the grand jury a step-by-step account of Big Greenie's fate. The jury indicted Emmanuel "Mendy" Weiss and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter as the Murder Inc. leaders who ordered the killing, and Ben Siegel and Frankie Carbo as participants in the actual homicide.

As a result, the cops turned up at Siegel's mansion one day and found him hiding in the attic in a silk dressing gown. They kidded him and he snapped, "How did I know you were cops?" News photographers were waiting at the jail.

"Hey, just a minute," he protested to his police guards, "give me a comb and a necktie."

One policeman fished a comb from his hip pocket, and a detective took off his own tie. Siegel went into a washroom, washed his hands and combed his hair in front of a mirror as though he was preparing to go on stage. Perhaps he was. He smiled as the flashbulbs popped. "Thanks, fellows," he said.

ABOUT THIS TIME, Virginia Hill was toying with the idea of being a movie actress and when she met the late columnist Lee Mortimer in New York, he told her that she could make the screen if she was seen in the right places and had a publicity buildup. Years afterward, Mortimer said: "She blazed into New York like a prairie fire. She was a wonderful actress even then, and had all of Broadway bamboozled."

She also bamboozled Lee Mortimer and the day would come when in her quaint gangster moll idiom, she was to say: "Goddammit, the next time I see that sonofabitch Mortimer I'll kill him."

Much later, when Virginia did encounter Mortimer in an alley outside a Chicago nightclub, she leaped on him with long nails clawing.

During this flamboyant seasoning period, Virginia entertained constantly, back in Hollywood, including an opening party for which she rented all of Ciro's nightclub on the theory that there is nothing like a splashy start to break in right.

Occasionally, to relax, Virginia and Chick went to Mexico City. It was never a true rest for either one, for Virginia could soak up staggering quantities of liquor, and she was seen in the gambling joints so often, with her red hair framing a flushed face, that the Mexican casino men gave her a nickname. They called her "The Flamingo" and it was a name that would stick.

When Virginia wanted to satisfy her sexual needs—which were almost insatiable—she didn't fool around.

Not in Mexico or Chicago or Hollywood or anywhere else. If you were the man she wanted, you suddenly found yourself in her bedroom, and in an instant her clothes dropped to the floor and she would be on you, or under you, and she would do things that would make you cry aloud. "Tab had one hell of a beautiful body," Chick says, "and she knew what to do with it."

"I was just doing what comes naturally," she said once. "Sure, I went to bed with a lot of men. What woman doesn't? And what's wrong with it?"

Chick Hill was often exposed to these boudoir acrobatics. Not that he was an eyewitness, like Doctor Masters and his colleagues in the recent scientific study "Human Sexual Response," but Chick saw Virginia's lovers arrive and depart at all hours, and he was familiar with the various sound effects.

Chick was just there, *en scene,* so to speak, and it eventually occurred to Virginia that it would be more intelligent to have her little brother get a genuine indoctrination than to have him satisfy his curiosity with some little jail bait in a barn or the back seat of a car.

Chick was 12 years old when Virginia first brought him a young chorus cutie from one of the Hollywood clubs. And thereafter, when Chick spotted an attractive young girl in some of the night spots, it was Virginia who arranged the rendezvous and paid for services rendered.

COUNTY JAIL IN THAT FALL of 1940 was not being hard on Bugsy Siegel. He had the run of the jail, the use of the phone, the right to bring in the best food. It is remarkable what money will do. He even had the right to get out of jail whenever he liked.

One day Jim Richardson took a call at the *Examiner* from a voice that said, "I seen Bugsy Siegel on the Strip last night." Richardson planted a reporter outside the jail who soon learned that indeed, Siegel got out whenever he liked. Richardson wanted a picture of that and he put his men to work.

They were following, therefore, one day soon thereafter when Siegel, dressed beautifully, left the jail with a deputy and went to a popular restaurant named Lindy's. By chance, perhaps, a young actress named Wendy Barrie—who had a violent crush on Siegel despite the pointed warnings George Raft had given her—was sitting in the bar. She joined Siegel and the deputy and after lunch when they emerged, the flashbulbs popped. It made page one and Siegel's easy time at the jail was over.

Soon, however, he was out. William O'Dwyer, district attorney of Kings County, New York, even then was aiming at the mayor's office. Conviction of the Murder Inc. bunch was essential to that ambition and the testimony of Reles and Tannenbaum was essential to the conviction. He refused to let them go again to California to testify against Siegel on the grounds that the risk to them was too great. Thus the case against Siegel collapsed.

One Sunday morning, a day or two after he was released, Ben Siegel stuck a loaded .45 Colt automatic under his coat and headed for Raft's house. He pulled the gun from his pocket and went into Raft's bedroom.

"You snitching sonofabitch," Siegel said. "I'm gonna kill you."

Raft, still in bed, saw something in Siegel's face he had never seen before and, as he said long afterward, *"My heart damn near stopped."*

"What's eating you?" he said.

"You told Wendy to stay away from me!"

"Yeah . . . I told her that."

"That's a double cross and there's a lot of guys pushing up daisies for that kind of crap."

Raft said, "Okay, Ben. You can shoot me if you want, but it'll be the finish for both of us. Now look, Baby Blue Eyes, why don't you put the rod away and talk to me like a pal."

Ben Siegel *was* handsome. His eyes were light blue beneath long, dark lashes, his hair dark and wavy, the mouth and chin soft, like a baby's. "For Christ's sake," Mickey Cohen had thought the first time he saw Siegel, "he's almost pretty."

Now, Raft's use of the nickname reached Siegel's quixotic temperament; and in an instant—as Raft hoped—he changed from killer to cherub. The self-conscious smile was there, dimples showing, and he slid the gun back into its leather sheath.

After that day, whenever Ben Siegel was in a rage and a violent quarrel seemed imminent, Raft called him "Baby Blue Eyes." It was like a master key to the gangster's mind, and it always locked off his anger. It was the only nickname Ben Siegel ever had, except the hated word "Bugsy," and only George Raft used the phrase and knew what it could do.

The searing publicity given to Siegel's jail episode inflicted no permanent damage and it gave him an even more glamorous cloak in the movie colony. He was a prized social catch and, as Beverly Hills Police Chief Clinton Anderson later observed' "He was always most charming around the ladies." The stars invited him to their homes as sort of an exciting exhibit "A" and he was seen with them at the races, at the glittering premieres and in the exclusive restaurants of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Friends in the police department even drove him home from the racetrack, often with the siren wide open. No gangster in criminal history ever had such unquestioned entree with the big names of the town, and Siegel was determined to keep it that way.

He kept in shape at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, spent large sums to keep himself groomed at Drucker's barbershop, made sure his shirts, handkerchiefs and silk robes were monogrammed in the accepted fashion, and spent many evening hours reading books and magazines to improve his vocabulary. He carefully avoided being seen in public with lowbrow thugs like Mickey Cohen.

In September, 1941, almost 10 months after his cocky exit from the unsocial County Jail, Ben Siegel was in trouble again. Inexplicably, District Attorney O'Dwyer in New York permitted Allie Tannenbaum to fly west under guard and testify once more about the killing of Big Greenie. The grand jury re-indicted Siegel.

In his summation to the grand jury, Deputy District Attorney Arthur Veitch gave Ben Siegel a new label.

"In gangster parlance," he said, "Siegel is what is known as a 'cowboy'—a man who is not satisfied to frame a murder, but actually has to be in on the kill in person."

Back in New York, securely held on the sixth floor of the Half Moon Hotel at Coney Island and watched around the clock by 18 policemen in shifts, was Abe Reles. Boyhood friend of both Siegel and George Raft, Reles was now the traitor ready to pin the Greenie murder on the Bug.

Shortly after 7 o'clock on the morning of November 12, 1941, Reles was found dead on a roof extension six floors below his room.

What really happened to Reles is still argued—but the effect of his death was a gift to Siegel. For the California Penal Code clearly states that corroboration of the testimony of the accomplice in a crime is a prerequisite to conviction. In other words, the story of Allie Tannenbaum, the confessed accomplice in the Greenie killing, was not enough to convict Siegel now that Reles was dead. The indictment was dismissed and Siegel was free.

CHAPTER 7

Chick Hill, who was always around as a sort of friendly Peeping Tom during the early war years in Hollywood, does not remember exactly when Ben Siegel first experienced the formidable carnal talents of his sister Virginia.

Virginia never suffered from any false modesty. In her home she was half-naked much of the time, adorning her 120 pounds with the best lingerie money could buy. When Ben Siegel came, she bathed her body with Chanel Number 5. At first she kept the bedroom door locked, and Siegel, to get rid of Chick, would bribe him with a hundred-dollar bill.

But as time went on, and Siegel discovered that Chick was neither blabbermouth nor indignant about his almost daily trips to Virginia's boudoir, he permitted the boy to stick around. Eventually Chick was recruited for morning room service, bringing coffee or cigarets or anything else the lovers wanted. Chick's pockets were soon swollen with currency, and when he became old enough to drive, the Bug gave him a new Cadillac convertible.

Virginia, of course, was quite a spender, herself. The late Hedda Hopper once told me: "What I remember about this girl is that she had the swingingest parties in town, and had a purse so full of new hundred-dollar bills that at least one Wilshire Boulevard store thought they were counterfeit. Imagine their embarrassment when they kept Virginia waiting while they had one of these bills checked, and it turned out to be good. Virginia walked out and never went back there again."

With the exception of the nightclub parties, none of Virginia's spending was tasteless. She bought jewelry from Lackritz and from Reingold, including at least one $15,000 diamond ring. Her wardrobe, including $3,500 evening gowns, was created for her by Howard Greer, a movie fashion favorite. Greer once acknowledged that Virginia paid him $43,000, in a little more than two years, but Chick says this was less than 10 percent of her actual cash expenditures for clothing.

She always had more than a hundred pair of shoes, and her furs included no less than four mink coats, half-a-dozen mink stoles, one ermine, one sable valued at $5,000 and two Persian lamb coats. She had her own English bone china, crystal glassware and a sterling-silver service for 12, carefully carted from one apartment to another. Her supply of sweaters, suits and sports clothes, most of them imported from London, was big enough to stock a small store.

She drove a Cadillac convertible, buying a new model every year and would not willingly drive any other make.

She claimed that Siegel kept her, but Chick Hill says that whatever she got from her gangster lover was pin money compared to the fabulous flow of cash from Joe Epstein. For many years Virginia frittered away annually perhaps five times as much money as Siegel could gather in a year.

There can never be any full accounting of the cash Virginia received and spent during those spectacular years. Chick Hill estimates that she must have taken in as much as $5,000,000, but she never bothered to invest any of it in stocks, real estate or anything else except fun.

At first the money came by registered letter, or telegraph money order. After a theft, however, Epstein no longer trusted the mails and the cash was sent by courier. Chick spent much of his time going to airports to meet money shipments. Since she never knew just how much would be coming, now and then Chick helped himself to $500 or $1,000.

The question inevitably came up: Why did Epstein send Virginia these enormous sums all those years? In the big Senate investigation into organized crime, Senator Kefauver looked for the answer and got nowhere. Government agents spent endless hours trying to track down the source of the money and a reasonable explanation for its one-way route into Virginia's hands. There were all sort of theories, but a continuing shortage of facts. Epstein has consistenly claimed that all the money Virginia got was her own. He had to say that—or explain where he got it.

And what did Virginia say?

In 1965, after years of stubborn silence, an angered and embittered Virginia at last got it off her mind. I found her in Salzburg, Austria, and this is what she said on the overseas telephone:

"Epstein gave me all the money I ever had. I hated him. He never gave me any peace. He is the one I took money from, no one else. He shoved it down my throat. He annoyed me all my life, since I was 17 years old."

I asked Chick, "Why did he keep on sending her money if she hated him?"

"I don't think he really knows," Chick replied. "I asked him once. He said he had been helping her for so long that he just got into the habit. He didn't know why, or why not. He just said he had her when she was 17 and he felt sorry for her and he was going to keep on sending it. Maybe he felt guilty about her."

When World War II started, Siegel got into a business capitalizing on war shortages. His partner was a handsome silver-haired Russian who called himself Allen Smiley and whose FBI rap sheet covered three pages. He was coining money, while at the same time he and Moe Sedway, with the help of Cohen's muscle, were signing up bookie joints for the racing wire. Siegel was big—Cohen recalls conversations with congressmen and senators that seemed to put the stamp of legitimacy on illegitimacy.

Actually, however, he was getting ready for his real enterprise.

With Moe Sedway as a combined scout and messenger boy, Siegel went into downtown Las Vegas, Nevada. It looked like the Promised Land. For many years Las Vegas was a grubby desert orphan alongside Reno in the northern end of the state, but when the mob's money men considered the proximity of millions of potential Los Angeles suckers they began to expand their network.

One of Siegel's first investments was in the Northern Club, and in exchange for a piece of the action he made Sedway his front man on the premises so Moe could check the income. Siegel's Las Vegas investments, at one time or another, included the Frontier Turf Club, the Las Vegas Club, the El Cortez Hotel, the El Dorado Club and the Golden Nugget, with Siegel's share running from 25 percent to full ownership.

While these assorted enterprises were pouring money into Siegel's pockets—his income from the race wire service alone was estimated at $25,000 a month—he also had some minor receipts in Los Angeles. He owned five percent of the Tiajuana racetrack in Mexico, had a piece of the Clover Club—an illegal gaming room in Hollywood where the movie people were regularly trimmed for huge sums—and he was playing the stock market through the brokerage firm of A. W. Norris & Co.

Chick Hill says Siegel must have been taking in a minimum of $500,000 a year, but he never gave the true totals to his various accountants. His expenses were enormous and because he was a compulsive gambler who never let a day pass without a bet of some kind, he was always running short of cash. He borrowed money, paid it back, borrowed it again.

In Los Angeles he was making bets for fun one day when he was pinched for bookmaking. Eventually he got out of the charge—which could have included a trip to San Quentin, but the incident rattled and upset Siegel. He began to wonder if Los Angeles was getting too hot for him. He knew he couldn't buy a hamburger in Beverly Hills without having some stoolie report it to Police Chief Anderson. He was *persona non grata* with the sheriff's office, and he was convinced that Internal Revenue agents were watching his bank accounts.

He began to think about selling the Delfern Avenue house. He mulled over the idea of getting a divorce from Esta, and taking Virginia Hill to Nevada. In Las Vegas he could handle the cops. He could be somebody. Virginia would like that. She was hungry with ambition, too.

CHAPTER 8

On a summer day in 1945, Ben Siegel and Moe Sedway got into Siegel's powerful new DeSoto station wagon, and headed out of Las Vegas on U.S. Highway 91. The temperature was touching 115 degrees, and to the south the 5000-foot peak of Black Mountain was veiled in a shimmering haze that made it seem to be moving against the blinding sky. The creosote bushes stood motionless and bare on the hot sand, rattlers lay sluggishly against the rocks. Occasionally a brown roadrunner darted across the sand, head down, searching for lizard prey.

Ben Siegel saw none of these living symbols of the desert land, for his mind was surging with a daring idea.

He swerved the car now and then to avoid a tumbleweed ball, and he said nothing as they passed the Frontier and El Rancho Vegas motels, then the last outposts at the city's edge. Both these wayside inns were small and unpretentious, built like oversize western ranch houses and were decorated with old wagon wheels, steer horns, cattle brands burned into wood.

At best, Las Vegas was then a sort of cowpoke town where gambling was just another Saturday night diversion for ranchers, toothless and bearded prospectors, workers from nearby Boulder Dam, or tourists who wanted to pick up a tan in the desert sun.

The population was not much more than 10,000, and new homes were just beginning to take shape in the suburb of North Las Vegas. Paiute Indians occasionally wandered through the dusty downtown streets, and it was not uncommon to see a wrinkled squaw with a baby in a basket on her back.

The incoming tide of strangers, which would soon swell to a torrent, had just begun to lap at the edges of the town. Prostitution was a legal attraction in what was then known as "Block 16," and most of the gambling halls—including the Golden Nugget and the Frontier Club—were clustered within a two-block area near Fremont and Second Streets.

There was gambling money, but at the time it was a mere trickle.

The high rollers got their action in Reno at the other end of the state, and the stream of planes and trains and cars from Los Angeles—so near at hand—had not yet begun to move across the vast stretches of sand. But Ben Siegel knew the suckers were there, with their itching hands and their pockets full of money. And he would lead them to Las Vegas. Soon.

Siegel had driven about seven miles from Fremont Street when

he stopped on the sandy shoulder of the road and said: "Well, here it is, Moe."

Sedway saw a couple of dilapidated buildings, grayed and pocked by the desert winds and sand.

"For God's sake, Ben," he puffed. "What is?"

Siegel's tanned face was alight, and he was obviously bursting with excitement. "Thirty acres, Moe," he exclaimed. "We're going to buy this hunk of land. And we're going to build the goddamnedest biggest hotel and casino you ever saw."

"You must be nuts."

Siegel ignored the remark. "I can see it now," he said dreamily. "Ben Siegel's Flamingo—that's what I'm going to call it. I'm gonna have a garden and a big pool and a first-class hotel. We're going to make Reno look like a whistle-stop."

"But for Christ's sake, Ben!" Sedway said, suddenly realizing Siegel was serious. "Seven miles out of town. Not a tree in sight, and nothing but bugs and coyotes and heat."

"It might even cost two million bucks," Siegel said. "The suckers will drive hundreds of miles just to see it. That's it, Moe." He started the engine, stirring up a halo of dust as he swung across the road, and headed back to town. Siegel bought the 30 acres, consulted architects, saw what the hotel would cost and he knew he couldn't swing it alone.

He chose to sell stock to a group of handpicked investors, some in the rackets and some not.

In the entire history of building, the Flamingo probably is unique for the frenzy, the grand larceny and graft, and the accumulated errors that went into its construction.

Siegel engaged the popular Del Webb to build the hotel, though Webb was dubious about obtaining material in the postwar market when priorities still existed. But Siegel pressured movie executives for lumber, cement, piping and other material that came right off the studio lots. He imported wood and marble and other items from Mexico and other countries, and he went into the black market for huge quantities of scarce items.

His good friend, the late U.S. Sen. Pat McCarran, shuffled the priority lists so the Flamingo could get copper, steel, fixtures, tile and other things not easily available to the average builder.

The big trucks thundered down the road to the building site, delivering black-market goods. Sometimes they returned late at night, stole the material and resold it to Siegel a day or two later. He paid as much as $50 a day to carpenters, plasterers and other artisans, flying them in from other cities. He ordered walls and foundations of double thickness, saying: "No goddam wind or earthquake is going to blow this place away. It'll last forever." There were so many yards of concrete in the building—it was more like a wartime pill box—that it took an enormous iron-ball wrecker three days to knock over one wall during a recent remodeling at the hotel.

When the kitchen was being built, Siegel walked in one morning, noticed that the big oven had a narrow passageway and blurted: "What kind of a layout is this? If you turn around in here you'll fry your ass. Fix it." It was fixed—for $30,000. Siegel decided the boiler room was too small, and it was enlarged at an extra cost of $115,000. Each of the 92 hotel rooms had its own private sewer system, and the total plumbing bill—Siegel yelled about that for weeks afterward—exceeded $1,000,000.

Ben Siegel was in a constant ferment from the moment ground was broken in December 1945, and in Los Angeles, Esta Siegel finally wrote him off as a lost cause. She divorced him in Reno and left for New York.

There was only one happy event for Siegel these days. Jim Ragen, operator of the original Continental race wire which competed with the Syndicate's Trans-America service, was shredded with shotgun blasts on a Chicago street. He showed signs of surviving then died of mercury poisoning in a hospital.

THERE ARE MEN AND women living today who never quite understood the deep emotional relationship between Ben Siegel and Virginia Hill. Sometimes they hated; sometimes they loved. But it was not true hate, nor true love as these words are generally understood. These were the surface ripples that others saw, but the real bond between them was nameless, invisible and, in its own fashion, stronger than any thought that came from their tongues.

Once, in a happy schoolboy mood, Siegel wrote a love poem for her. He put it into an envelope on which he had written "To My Sweetheart," and she later told Chick it made her cry. Long afterward, when she was talking to reporters in Florida about Ben Siegel, she said: "You know . . . he was never as tough as you guys made him . . . look at this lovely poem he wrote for me." She opened her purse and took it out, the paper now wrinkled and torn, and she started to read it aloud. Then, as though an unseen hand had touched her shoulder, she slowly folded it and put it away, and her eyes froze.

"Oh, the hell with it," she said. "You bums wouldn't get it anyway."

Ben Siegel would never have admitted to any tenderness at all. But he knew—as did Virginia—that their relationship was far more interlocking than mere physical union. He had known a hundred women. And Virginia had long since lost count of the men who had had her. But she also knew that she and Ben had something they hadn't shared before. She found it in a classic little book called *Forever,* by Mildred Cram, and it was to be her private bible, and his, too.

It is a short and charming fantasy, first written in 1938, about a man and a woman who, unable to be together in life, believe that they will die, and then be reborn to be lovers for eternity. Virginia carried the little volume everywhere.

In the fall of 1946 Ben and Virginia flew to Mexico for one day, and were married there. Siegel had bought a ruby and diamond ring, and he slipped it on her finger, and when the Spanish ceremony was over they left there as man and wife. Siegel never mentioned this brief and hasty wedding, and five years passed before Virginia even identified the ring she had.

The long hot summer of 1946 was gone, the night winds of fall cooled the vast desert and Ben Siegel fumed and cursed with impatience as the Flamingo Hotel took shape against the sky. He had determined to stage the opening on December 26, when Las Vegas would be crowded with Christmas vacationers, but there had been frustrating delays.

During the day, eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep, Siegel prodded and goaded the workmen.

The great casino was completed before the end of November and the publicity machine began to grind, including an assembly line of pictures of half-naked bosomy young maidens whose inference was plain: look what's at the Flamingo.

But Siegel still had no publicist and it worried him. Then he met Hank Greenspun, a Brooklyn-born lawyer recently arrived in Las Vegas who, while studying for the Nevada bar, had opened a monthly magazine puffing Las Vegas nightlife. It was slow going, but Greenspun sold Siegel the back cover on a monthly basis for a solid $350—and conceived an instant liking for the natty gangster.

Soon afterward, this typed notice appeared on the editorial room bulletin board of the town's only newspaper:

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD MR. SIEGEL OF THE FLAMINGO WILL NEVER BE REFERRED TO AS "BUGSY." MAKE IT BEN OR BENJAMIN.

Chick and Virginia Hill came to Las Vegas in December and, without telling anyone that it was legal, Virginia moved her nightgowns and toothbrush into Siegel's private penthouse. The apartment, known as Suite 401, was on the fourth and top floor of the still unfinished guest-rooms building and from a balcony she could look down on the blue water of the pool.

Chick took a room in the El Rancho Motel, and was promised a job as a "robber"—a gaming term for the trusted hands who make regular rounds of the coin-swollen slot machines and take the money to the counting room. Neither Siegel nor Virginia kept track of the cash gifts they gave him, but Chick—who had just turned 18—never had less than $1,000 cash in his pocket. And he needed every nickel of it for the expensive girl hunts that were his favorite sport.

Believing that names make news and profit—if they are around to be conned—Siegel compiled a handpicked list of movie stars he wanted for the Flamingo's formal opening. When he learned most of them had turned him down, he phoned George Raft in a panic.

"Hey, Georgie," he said, "what's the matter with these jerks that they don't want to come for the big party?"

"I don't like to tell you this, Ben," Raft said. "But old man Hearst has passed the word around the studios that he's against the whole idea, and everybody's been told to stay away."

"The crummy sonofabitch!" Siegel exploded.

"I'll be there," Raft said. "Georgie Jessel's coming up and so is Charlie Coburn."

Siegel terminated the conversation in a fury, and for nearly an hour he seriously considered canceling the affair. But Vir-

ginia Hill, who had just received a flaming orange-red $3,500 gown created for the occasion by Howard Greer—he called it "The Flamingo"—was not to be cheated out of her entrance. "Forget those dumb bastards from Hollywood!" she said angrily. "They'll come around when they hear about the place."

Just before the opening, the December issue of Las Vegas *Life* came out with Hank Greenspun's first article about Ben Siegel and the Flamingo. It was straight puff, but Siegel was so delighted with the story that he summoned Greenspun for lunch and offered him a job as resident press agent for the hotel.

Greenspun turned him down—then—and Siegel blithely went off to test the big fountain and waterfall at the front entrance.

The waterfall, made of rock, plaster, and lumber, was an ingenious and imposing structure with a circulating pump that would keep the water tumbling around the clock. At night, spotlights would throw color on the spray, and Siegel had boasted that motorists would be able to see it a mile away. When Siegel reached the base he found a grounds keeper waiting.

"All set?" Siegel asked.

"Yes, sir. Except we're gonna have to flush out the damn cat first."

"Cat? Where?"

"In the sump. The cat crawled in there last night and had six kittens, and we'll just have to flood 'em all out of there."

"Listen," Siegel snapped. "You bother those kittens and you just lost a job."

The grounds keeper shrugged and said: "You're the boss, Mr. Siegel. But you won't have a fountain for the opening."

"The hell with the fountain. It can wait."

"I didn't know you were a cat lover, Mr. Siegel."

"I'm not," Siegel said. "I hate 'em. But it's bad luck for a gambler to touch a cat."

And so the fountain valve was kept shut for opening night. Later, remembering that disastrous evening, Hank Greenspun thought Siegel might just as well have bucked the curse. The luck couldn't have been worse.

On the evening of December 26, Ben Siegel appeared in the lobby wearing a sport shirt, with no tie or jacket. Virginia took one withering look at her lover. "You filthy peasant!" she said. "Go back and get into a dinner jacket. This is your big night, remember?"

Siegel looked at the shocked faces of guests milling around the lobby, but he turned without a word and went back to the penthouse. When he returned, wearing a dinner jacket and a flower in his lapel, and began the ceremony of opening the casino doors for the first time, there were more employees than customers. It was all too obvious to the staff that they were participating in a monumental flop.

The Constellations Siegel had chartered were empty on the runways in Los Angeles, held there by winter storms. The movie stars Siegel hoped to see were orbiting their own heavens at home, and the half dozen at ringside were not the names that would draw crowds. George Raft had made the 350-mile trip from Los Angeles in his new Cadillac. Monocled Charles Coburn, who was almost 70 then, had traveled by train. Sonny Tufts and George Sanders were there with Georgie Jessel and Jimmy Durante, the Flamingo's first headline act.

In the protocol of Las Vegas, it is almost mandatory for the owners or operators of rival casinos to attend the opening of a new gambling hall. But there is nothing in the rules which says a visiting gambler can't get lucky and take his new competitor for every dime in the house bank. It is almost certain that Siegel's competitors from the less elegant establishments in downtown Las Vegas not only conspired to sabotage the Flamingo with whispering campaigns and other subtle weapons, but also hoped to break him with big winnings.

Siegel's casino losses during the opening week were staggering and it does not seem to have been a matter of pure chance. George Raft emerged as the only pigeon among the high rollers, losing $65,000 in a *chemin de fer* game, but his contribution wasn't enough to balance the disastrous loss.

Ben Siegel was frantic. He switched dice, changed the cards, and moved dealers from table to table like a losing coach desperately switching lineups. The percentages were not only running against him in an unprecedented lopsided fashion, but he was also being clipped by his own dealers and stickmen. Siegel and Chick Hill were standing behind a roulette croupier at one point, perhaps five feet from the table, when they saw the man pushing chips to a player although he was not hitting winning numbers. They watched the swindle a little while.

"I'll kill the sonofabitch!" Siegel suddenly said. He moved quickly behind the croupier and kicked the man so hard with his right foot that the man was catapulted out of his chair. He landed nose first on the felt tabletop, scattering chips like birdseed, and he didn't wait for the next blow. He scrambled across the table, ran out to the road, and was never seen in Las Vegas again.

On the evening of December 27, when the disorganized casino crew showed up for the night shift, George Raft came into the big room and sat down at the *chemin de fer table*.

Siegel saw him sliding into a chair, and greeted him with a scowl. "What are you doing here?" he said curtly.

"Trying to get my money back," Raft said.

"Beat it, Georgie. You're not playing here tonight."

"What's eating you, Ben?"

"I said you're not playing."

"Look, Ben, I stuck my neck out and drove up here from L.A. because you begged me to," Raft said. "I dropped 65 gees last night, and I'm entitled to another shot."

Siegel ignored his friend and glared at the players. "If anybody deals a hand to Raft," he said, "this game's closed for the night." He strode away and Raft, hurt and angry, left his Cadillac at the hotel, took a cab to the airport and caught the first plane back to Los Angeles. That evening one *chemin de fer* player made nine passes with the shoe—a streak that Raft later said could have made him even with the game, and it was weeks before he spoke to Siegel again.

The next day Siegel was a walking wreck. "Better get some sleep," he said. "Nothing like a little sleep to fix things."

And he walked out, slowly, and crossed the garden where some of the casino girls sprawled in the low winter sun on their beach towels. Their swim suit halters were down below their breasts, and they turned slightly as Siegel walked by, deliberately baring white flesh, and smiling at him. But he did not know they were there, and he took the elevator to his bedroom, and he slept. It did not fix anything.

CHAPTER 9

Las Vegas gambling establishments are not charitable organizations. They are in business to separate the customers from their money. They operate on long established odds in their favor, and if the books show a loss the two most reasonable answers are (1) they're not getting a play or (2) they are being clipped by crooked employees or phony dice or cards used by sharpies.

Siegel, examining the red ink for the first two weeks of operation, was smouldering with the knowledge that the Flamingo's net gaming loss was already touching $300,000. The outstanding bills from contractors and suppliers were formidable, and the building costs were spiraling toward $4,000,000. The hotel rooms were still not ready for overnight guests, and the cost of furnishing each room was estimated at $3,500. The casino alone needed 15 special cops around the clock to keep an eye on the money, the dealers and known cheats, and there were scores of other employees to be paid.

These problems would have been minor if the casino had been crowded with players every night because the law of averages would have worked toward a profit. But the pigeons were roosting somewhere else.

It was soon apparent to Siegel that the money hustlers in downtown Las Vegas wanted no part of him and his Flamingo Hotel. They couldn't go in and knock him off with guns, but they could be just as murderous with gossip. They planted whispers that the Flamingo was a hangout for eastern gangsters—which it was—and that honest citizens should double their life insurance if they hung around the hotel too long. Siegel himself was pictured as a violent man who might rap you with a pistol butt just for the fun of it, and when he lost his temper, which was often, the whole town soon heard about it.

One such incident involved Cliff Leonard, a Las Vegas laundry operator who was walking through the lobby with his family one evening after seeing the show. Leonard, a plump and jolly man who was proud of his community, spotted Siegel and impulsively reached out to shake hands.

"Great place, Bugsy!" he said. "You've done a wonderful thing here."

Siegel glared at him and said: "Were you and I ever introduced?"

"No," Leonard replied, still smiling.

"Do you know anybody I know?"

"No, sir," Leonard said, suddenly aware of Siegel's hostility.

"Then who told you to call me Bugsy?"

Leonard fumbled for an answer. "Well . . . I thought . . . that is . . . well . . . everybody says that's your name."

"You thought wrong!" Siegel snarled. "Get out! Get out!"

Leonard backed away, and Ben Siegel never saw him there again. In time, these episodes or versions of them, multiplied, and Siegel soon realized that he was being portrayed as an evil man to both townspeople and visitors. He knew that new images were not easily spun, and he ordered an end to personal publicity.

Ben Siegel remained an enigma to the Las Vegas public, but his anonymity was still not enough to make the Flamingo popular. There were other factors, too. He had insisted on an all-male staff in the dining room—and people liked girl waitresses. The dealers wore white tie and tails—Siegel's conception of elegance—and visitors were forced to remove their hats in the casino, which irritated westerners.

In January, 1947, when Siegel saw that he was up against the wall, hundreds of thousands of dollars in the hole, he closed the Flamingo and said he would not reopen until the whole establishment was finished—hotel rooms, pool, gardens and all.

Virginia Hill, who gradually developed an acute allergy to the desert area, especially a kind of hay fever she got from cactus plants, impulsively packed her bags when Siegel closed the hotel, and went back to Beverly Hills. She said she was sick of taking Benadryl, and promised to come back when the Flamingo was completed. She rented a mansion on North Linden Drive and engaged an interior decorator to brighten it up. She bought a $10,000 diamond bracelet and acquired a new Cadillac convertible.

It was like old times. Beautiful gowns, parties, late-hour trips to various nightclubs. And lovers. Outwardly she was as vivacious and carefree as ever, but there were frequent outbursts.

Barney Ruditsky, a private detective who worked for Siegel, got an excited phone call from Virginia one evening.

"You better get over here right away!" she yelled. "I have trouble at the house."

Ruditsky found four or five people at the dinner table calmly ignoring Virginia, who was standing in a thin, revealing bathing suit with an automatic in her hand.

"I'm going to kill everybody in this house!" she screamed. "The maid, the Chinese butler and everybody else. They've been stealing from me."

Ruditsky concluded the diners had all seen this routine before. He finally calmed Virginia, and later characterized her as "an absolute screwball. I think," he added, "that she is psychopathic."

Virginia hated the Flamingo and the desert life, but she also knew that Ben Siegel was in the fight of his life to save the hotel for which he had schemed and begged and borrowed and killed. She knew his friends wanted out and that Moe Sedway was getting rich. He became a poseur, and was playing both ends against Siegel. He was friendly with the hoodlums, cultivated the respectable citizens of the city and at the same time, was a stool pigeon for the FBI, making regular reports on the gangsters who were swarming into Las Vegas. Moe even thought of running for office until the Bug snarled, "We don't run for office. We own the politicians!"

About that same time—Chick Hill was a witness to this—Siegel had an argument with Moe. Instead of belting him on the chin, which would have been the normal tactic, Siegel gave him the blow of disgrace. He drop-kicked with his right foot—as he had with the cheating croupier—and connected with Moe's rear end.

From that moment on the hate was mutual.

Siegel was under tremendous financial pressure, both in the business sense and from the mob, since the Flamingo being readied for the reopening, was still losing money rapidly and that money belonged to the mob. There was a rumor that the mob planned to take him at this point, but it was not true. The pressure, however, was fierce.

Siegel went to Beverly Hills and put the arm on George Raft for $100,000.

"My God, Ben," Raft said, "I don't have that kind of money lying around."

"But you can get it, Georgie. Right?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Raft says he raised the cash by borrowing on his substantial annuity fund, and he adds that he had no qualms about lending it to Siegel. There was no collateral put up by the gangster, and Raft got no receipt of any kind. He could not know he had kissed it good-bye forever, and in 1965, when he was indicted for income tax evasion—he eventually pleaded guilty to one count—Raft said he guessed he wasn't a very good businessman, and was a little careless about money.

Siegel set the second opening of the Flamingo for March 1.

There was no drumbeating for this affair. The hotel-room section of the Flamingo was still not finished, and as the hour neared Siegel doubled the number of workmen, and they took one room at a time. The rug layers were first, then the furniture men, then the drapery men and behind them maids who made up the beds.

At 8 p.m. there were guests in the lobby, waiting to check into rooms that were still without furniture.

On the green-felt tables the dice bounced against the backstops, and the riffle of the cards was like soft rain falling. The roulette balls danced in and out of their moving slots, and the one-armed bandits rang.

Business looked good. But it was not.

The grim truth came out in the counting room, where Ben Siegel and his trusted men looked in vain for their gambling profits. The unbelievable run of bad luck was still blighting the casino and the net operating loss, which was to total $774,000 for the first six months, was turning Siegel into a raging insomniac.

At the peak of his depression, when Virginia had come up for the weekend, he went to the penthouse and found her reading.

"What in hell are you doing with that crummy magazine?" he snarled.

"I'll read what I damn well like," Virginia said stiffly.

Siegel knocked the magazine from her grasp, and as she leaned over to retrieve it he gave her a violent shove with his foot and she sprawled in a heap on the floor. She was on her feet like a cat, clutching her left shoe like an ice pick, and the long sharp spiked heel cut a deep gash in Siegel's head. She hit him again and again, until the blood ran down over his eyes, and before he could stop her with his fists, she was out of the room and down the stairs out of sight. She fled to Beverly Hills and a full week passed before he saw her again.

During that period Columnist Westbrook Pegler, who had regularly been writing nasty words about Siegel, Raft and Leo Durocher, inexplicably showed up at the Flamingo for a personal look at the operations of the men he had called "Siegel and a group of henchmen carpetbaggers."

Siegel ran into the casino and saw Pegler yanking a slot machine lever.

"That sonofabitch called me Bugsy!" he cried to Chick Hill. "I'm going to kill him, Chick. I'm going to kill him!"

Chick and two security officers wrestled Siegel into his private office.

"For Christ's sake, Ben!" Chick cried out. "You want to ruin everything?" Slowly Siegel recovered. Pegler left without knowing what had happened.

Nothing was going right.

There was that strange afternoon, for instance, when the shimmering pool was filled with Flamingo guests and suddenly the water vanished as though it had been sucked out by some giant subterranean pump, leaving the bathers staring at an enormous crack across the center of the pool. Someone suggested that the hand of God had drained the pool as a warning against the Flamingo's sinners. Others suggested an earthquake and some people checked out. Actually it was a mere construction fault, soon repaired.

Virginia was tense and unhappy. She quarreled with the employees and with Greenspun, who now was Siegel's flack. She began to suffer from jealousy, an emotion that was new to her, and she had a new quarrel with Siegel when the Countess di Frasso unexpectedly appeared at the Flamingo one day.

The countess had heard of Siegel's critical money problems and, despite the certain knowledge that he had discarded her for Virginia Hill, she had come to help. She offered him $50,000. His response was out of character.

"You're a real sweetheart, Dottie," he said. "But I don't need it now."

The countess returned to Beverly Hills with her $50,000 intact, and she never saw Ben Siegel again. His refusal of the proffered loan was one of the few decent acts in the remaining weeks of his life, for he actually needed 10 times 50,000. He persuaded George Raft to buy $65,000 worth of stock in the Flamingo, and he raised huge sums from his mob pals in the east.

But whatever he got wasn't enough. The total cost of the Flamingo had now soared to $6,000,000, and many of his checks were bouncing. Virginia put up cash for some of the smaller ones, but even her treasury wasn't rich enough when Siegel wrote a $50,000 check to Del Webb. It bounced—and Ben Siegel was forced to make abject apologies.

Virginia lived in the bar, jealously watching Siegel. One night she noticed a pair of honeymooners, dropped a $1,000 bill on the bar, ordered champagne for them and left without her change. It lay there for hours until Siegel rescued it. "She must be going nuts," Siegel snapped—and he was right.

She was convinced that Betty Dexter, a pretty blonde girl who had the hatcheck concession in the hotel, was making a play for Siegel. The suspicion grew in her mind until it was out of control and every time she walked past the check booth, she made vicious remarks that could be heard 10 feet away even with the din from the gambling room. One day Virginia grabbed Betty by the hair, hit her a one-two clip with a speed any fighter would have admired, and then raked the staggering girl with her long nails.

Ben Siegel and Chick Hill finally separated the two screaming girls. Virginia sulked in the penthouse and Betty Dexter was taken to the hospital with a dislocated vertebra and a dozen scratches and bruises.

A week later Virginia took an overdose of sleeping pills and Siegel found her near death. On a wild ride to the hospital they picked up a motorcycle cop. Siegel wouldn't stop. "Give him a bill when we get there," he snapped. The cop took the $100. Hank Greenspun says it was not the first nor last time Siegel had handed out a hundred-dollar bill to a policeman, and recalls that only one ever refused. On that occasion the cop let the bill flutter away in the wind, and when Siegel retrieved it from a nearby sand mound he mumbled: "There's a dumb guy who's going nowhere."

CHAPTER 10

In the frantic scramble for cash customers during the spring of 1947, Hank Greenspun tuned his tom-toms to every legitimate pitch. Girlie photos went to the nation's newspapers by the box load; visiting celebrities were interviewed or photographed in the now lush terrace garden. Jackpots were increased in the slot machines, and almost every week there was something new—door prizes, contests of all kinds, special midweek room rates. The male waiters in the dining rooms were replaced with pretty, young girls, and an internationally renowned Italian chef, who later had the audacity to go on strike in the middle of a major banquet, was brought in to plan gourmet menus.

But Siegel was a poor executive and he insisted on running everything, making every decision. And as his despair grew, and the losses increased, he shed the veneer so often that he ruined the friendly image Greenspun worked so diligently to create. Some of the Siegel legends—which were the talk of the town—were total fabrications. Some were true.

Many of the people who worked with Siegel during those tense months remember that his disposition steadily became more savage. On one occasion he saw a man in a dinner jacket sitting by the pool and mistook him for an employee. Siegel knocked the chair over, threatened the unfortunate stranger with his fist and then had to apologize when the man identified himself as a paying guest. That same week, when a little girl became nauseated in the lobby and lost her breakfast on the rug, Siegel raged like a madman. But the child was the daughter of a guest and he couldn't do anything about it.

That evening at dinner time Paul Price, who handled publicity with Greenspun, missed his three-year-old daughter, Pam, and blurted to his wife: "Holy cow, this is no time to have a child wandering around loose with Ben raising hell. That's all he needs."

Price hurriedly searched the grounds and the hotel area, thinking she might be playing with other youngsters. Finally, glancing through the casino entrance, he saw Siegel holding the child in his arms, and helping her pull the lever on a silver dollar slot machine. "I thought my job was gone right then," Price said, "but no one could tell which way Ben was going to flip. He handed Pam over to me, and said he got a kick out of watching her face when he was putting the dollars in the slot."

Las Vegas' annual Heldorado Days rolled around with the parade, an event Ben Siegel was determined to win.

Among the more scenic attractions due in Las Vegas for the Heldorado fun was Mrs. Vic Orsatti, who was better known to the movie columnists as Marie "The Body" McDonald. She had a close personal friendship with Ben Siegel and Virginia Hill, and Virginia knew she was booked for a six-week stay in Las Vegas to get a divorce from her movie-agent husband. Virginia asked Marie if she would ride in the parade as Queen of the Flamingo float and she agreed.

Two days before the parade there was no sign of the lovely blonde star and Siegel, whose investment in his float by now was huge, was frantic. Then Virginia heard that she had checked into the El Rancho and phoned her. Marie was sobbing. "Honey," she said, "I can't come—when I started to check out of here, the room clerk said: 'Miss McDonald, you don't want to go to the Flamingo. Don't you know the place is run by gangsters and murderers?' "

"Who said that?" Virginia demanded.

"The clerk here . . . I'm not sure of his name . . . a Mr. Karsen or Konsen. Something like that."

Virginia told Siegel who snatched up the .38 revolver from the top desk drawer, and stuck it into his waistband.

He marched into the lobby, yelling for Hymie Segal and Chick Hill, and the three roared off to the El Rancho. They found the offending clerk, whose name was Ray Kronsen, and they let him have it with their gun butts until he dropped, half alive, with his face and head a bloody bas-relief.

Then they walked out to the car, as casually as though they had just gone in for a pack of cigarets, and Siegel nudged Chick. "There's one sonofabitch who won't be talking for awhile," he said.

The cruelty of Siegel's attack so upset Marie that she refused to go through with her promise to ride the float.

"Well, goddamn her!" Siegel swore.

He found her in the garden that evening, pushed her up against a wall and cuffed her once or twice. "You're going to ride on the float, you hear!" he said.

"Yes, Ben," she said meekly.

And she rode the plaster Flamingo the next day, and she never looked more beautiful. Ben Siegel won first prize and he gloated about it. But he lost more than he won. Now there was talk all over the town, as well as in Los Angeles and New York, that Siegel was going to be taken. He heard the rumbles himself. But he laughed about it and he said there wasn't anybody around strong enough to take him. The Flamingo was crawling with his hoods. He had a gun himself, and in the penthouse suite there were rifles and pistols. He could handle the punks himself if he had to. He told Chick and Virginia to quit worrying about anything.

"Ben," Virginia pleaded one evening, "why don't you sell this crummy joint before you fall apart."

"You talk like one of those dumb broads hanging around the bar, Tab," Siegel retorted. "I'm not falling apart. I just need time. And don't call it a crummy joint, see?"

Business was so bad that the great Lena Horne had to go on one night with only 14 customers in the theater room. Toward the end of May that year Siegel was being so inexorably squeezed that the downtown Las Vegas experts were sitting around like vultures, predicting that he would be forced out of the Flamingo in 30 days. He knew they were right.

"If I can just raise enough to hang on until the summer tourist season starts," he said to Chick, "we'll come out of it okay."

"And where are you going to get the dough?" Chick asked.

"I got an idea," Siegel said. "There's some guys who won't like it, but the hell with them."

VIRGINIA HILL, STILL brooding about her last quarrel with Ben Siegel, was beginning to tire of the pace.

She had come back to the Linden Drive house with a determination to stay away from the Flamingo until Siegel's fortunes improved, but somehow Beverly Hills no longer seemed quite the same. She was almost 31, and there were long nights when

her body and her mind seemed a century old. She was drinking too much, and she was using more and more sleeping pills to soothe her nerves.

For a change, she decided to go to Europe. Once decided, she was wild with excitement: it seemed like just the thing. Siegel was tense and jealous and the move infuriated him. She went to Las Vegas to tell him her plans, but when he forbade her to go she stormed out in a fury. He did not try to stop her.

She was aching with anger and defiance, and she did not want to look back at the tinsel built for her and in her name.

Joe Epstein met her in Chicago, stayed with her overnight, took her to New York the next day, filled her purse and put her on the plane for Paris on June 16.

CHAPTER II

The rumbles were heard from coast to coast, and toward the middle of June the unemployed hoods in Las Vegas became jumpy when Ben Siegel was around, and instinctively fingered their guns.

They were heard in the New York police department. In Beverly Hills Chief Anderson got a tip. In Chicago the mob men said Virginia Hill had gone to Europe to get a reprieve for her man from Lucky Luciano. Lee Mortimer spotted some notorious eastern gunmen in a Beverly Hills hotel—or so he wrote long afterward. They told him they were there for a little talk with Ben Siegel, and they were going to ask him what happened to their money in his casino.

Ben Siegel went about his daily business, trailed by his musclemen and if he was aware of the rumbles he said nothing to anyone. He was more irascible than ever, and sent word to the major bookies in Nevada, California and Arizona that he wanted them in Las Vegas for an important conference.

They showed up as he had ordered, and during a stormy meeting in the hotel, he told them he was doubling the price of his wire service. There was open rebellion, and many of the small operators complained that Siegel was forcing them to pay for the big losses at the Flamingo. The mutiny was flagrant and threats were everywhere. After the bookies had gone home mumbling, there were long-distance calls for Siegel in Las Vegas, and when he answered the phone a voice would say: "Bugsy—you've had it," and then hang up.

Early in the afternoon on June 19 Siegel called Chick Hill at the Linden Drive Home in Beverly Hills to say he would be in late that night. "Don't wait up for me because I'm not leaving here until after midnight."

About 8 p.m. Siegel went into his private office, and sent for Irish Green. The fat bodyguard came in and sat down.

Siegel opened a briefcase and let Green see that it was jammed with currency, probably as much as $600,000.

"I'm going to Los Angeles tonight for a couple of days," he said. "I'm going to leave this bundle with you, Irish, just in case. If anything happens to me you just sit tight and there'll be some guys who'll come and take the money off your hands."

Late that night he reached the Linden Drive house and went to sleep at once. In the morning the phone began ringing as steadily as the alarm in a firehouse. Siegel had long conversations with many people. Chick does not know their names because he was not in the bedroom where Siegel was using the phone. He does recall that Siegel eventually came downstairs and said he was going to Mickey Cohen's house in Brentwood.

Siegel insisted on talking to Cohen outside. "Mick, you got any guys with equipment?"

"Well, Hooky Rothman's in town. Woody may be here, too. They can both handle a rod pretty good."

"Ask Hooky to see me tomorrow," Siegel said.

En route back to Virginia's home, Siegel drove to the George Raft house in Coldwater Canyon, and found the actor just starting breakfast. Raft was shocked by his friend's pallor and his jerky speech and movements, and he said: "Gee, you look terrible. Why don't you get out in the sun more? Take a vacation. Get away from the hotel for awhile."

"I'm tired, Georgie," Siegel said. "And I am going to get away for a few days."

At 2 p.m. Siegel walked into Drucker's barbershop to meet Paul Price, and he took "the full treatment"—shave, haircut, manicure, neck and shoulder massage and a shoe shine. They left there together, and walked to Joe Ross' law office.

Siegel was alone with Ross for perhaps an hour, going over the account books and discussing legal problems in connection with the hotel.

Siegel drove back to North Linden Drive alone and joined Chick in Virginia's bedroom. The warm sun touched his gun lying on a bedside table.

"Chick," he said, "put the rod back in the safe and lock it up, will you?"

"Don't you want the rod, Ben?" he asked.

"Hell, no," Siegel said. "Who needs it here?"

Chick closed the door of the safe.

"You know Tab's jewels are in that safe, too," he said. "They cost her a hundred grand, and it makes me nervous having them in there."

"You think this is some Alabama hillbilly town?" Siegel growled. "You're in Beverly Hills, where the cops come along this block every half hour."

The telephone rang. "Hello," Siegel said. "Oh. It's you."

He listened for a moment as the other party talked, and Chick saw Siegel's face darken, and he was clenching his teeth. "You sonofabitch!" he bristled. "Over my dead body you will! You haven't got the guts!" He dropped the receiver into its cradle.

"Trouble, Ben?" Chick asked.

"Just some wise guy who thinks he can take me," Siegel growled.

"Anybody I know?"

"Yes—you know him. Look, Chick, leave me alone for now. I got urgent business."

Chick went back to his own room, trying to guess the name of the man whom Siegel obviously did not want to identify. Chick never mentioned the incident to the police or any other official, and he is still guessing.

At 7:30, Allen Smiley pulled up in his new powder-blue Cadillac convertible. Siegel got in the front and with Chick and his girl friend in the back, they went to Jack's Restaurant in Ocean Park and had a leisurely seafood dinner. Siegel seemed cheerful.

His back was toward the door, he went through dinner without once glancing over his shoulder.

Shortly after 9 o'clock they were finished. Someone handed him a copy of the morning Los Angeles *Times*. On the front page was stamped: *Good night. Sleep well with the compliments of Jack's.*

Back at the house, Siegel stopped suddenly, sniffing the air. "Chick . . ." he said, "there's a very strong odor of flowers in here. Like carnations."

There were no flowers. No one else smelled them. And Chick remembered the folklore his mother had told him when he was a little boy in Alabama. "When someone smells flowers and there aren't any in the house, it means they're going to die."

On Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills, Arthur Day, Jr., sat at the wheel of his parked Yellow Cab, listening to music on the radio. The street corner there was bright with overhead lights, and he saw an old Pontiac sedan with crumpled fenders stop beside him. In the front seat was a stout, black-haired man who wore a seedy snap-brim hat pulled down over his eyebrows. The man at the wheel was in the shadows, but there was a third rider in the back seat, whose dark hair was long and unkempt, and whose white shirt was open at the neck.

"How do we get to North Linden Drive from here?" the front seat passenger asked in a Brooklyn accent.

"You're almost there," Day replied. He directed them. The man in the back muttered: "C'mon, let's go," and the battered old car moved on. Day thought he had never seen three tougher looking characters. He was glad they were not riding his cab.

Twenty minutes later he heard the sound of sirens, and two police cars shot out of Canon Drive to his left.

At midnight, tuning in the news, Arthur Day heard a bulletin that shocked him, and it brought back the gruff sound of the man's voice. He shivered a little, because now it was all very clear. He was suddenly afraid, but he knew what he had to do.

BEN SIEGEL AND Al Smiley sat side by side in the living room of Virginia's house, and as they talked the Los Angeles *Times* spread open, like a napkin, across Siegel's lap.

Despite Virginia's expensive redecorating, it was not an attractive room, and the flowered sofa seemed incongruous in the Moorish style setting. There was an oil painting of an English dowager on one wall beside the fireplace, and among other

rococo touches was a small bronze statue of Cupid beside the fireplace tongs and poker. The coffee table in front of the sofa was French provincial, but the valances on both windows were flowered print material. The curtains were parted on the windows, and a scant 20 feet away was a plant-covered latticework frame separating the property from the driveway of the house next door.

There was a car parked at the curb just ahead of Smiley's Cadillac. Ben Siegel did not see it.

There was a man outside the window, standing behind the lattice frame. Ben Siegel did not see him.

There was a .30-30 carbine resting in a notch of wood, and the finger on the trigger was trembling. Lined up in the sights was Ben Siegel's handsome face. He did not see death; neither did he hear it, nor feel it. Here in the peace and stillness of the night he was safe. In 35 years there had been only two killings in Beverly Hills, killings without class, and both were quickly solved. "We have a unique community in this respect," Chief Anderson has said. "The streets are patrolled every half hour, and strangers are quickly detected. It is a safe and pleasant place to live."

The first slug crashed through the window glass into Siegel's skull and drove his right eye 15 feet away and plastered it to the tile floor of the dining room. "Baby Blue Eyes," George Raft had called him. His long eyelashes were sliced from the eyelid, and were later found glued to the doorjamb. The second bullet broke up the rest of his face, into the neck and out.

There were seven more bullets.

One of them ripped through the sleeve of Allen Smiley's coat. Another hit the painting on the wall. There was a little figure of Bacchus, god of wine and pleasure, on the top of Virginia Hill's piano, and the white figure fell apart and bits of marble dropped on the ivory keys. Siegel's head rolled away from his neck and rested against the back of the sofa, and his flowered necktie was sticky and red.

"It was like firecrackers," Chick Hill said later. "We didn't know he was dead. We didn't know a goddam thing. Smiley yelled to douse the lights, and I did. And when I turned them on again there was Smiley inside the fireplace. I don't know how he got in there. Maybe he doesn't know himself. Jesus Christ, we were scared."

Chick ran back toward the stairs, and his girl was standing there, eyes staring, stricken dumb by blood and death.

"Call the cops!" he yelled at her.

The instant she picked up the phone Chick remembered the safe in Virginia's room. He bounded down the hall, opened the panel and unlocked the steel box. His hands came out with a handful of fire—Virginia's $100,000 cache of jewels. He hid them, and then he began to shake, and fell into the nearest chair and waited.

He was no longer afraid. The gun had come for Ben Siegel, and the gunner was gone, job done, and he could be miles away now, returning to a house and wife and children perhaps. In Chicago or Detroit or Frisco or some other city. They would hand him a grand or two, and he would ask about the next job, and they would promise to let him know.

Chick waited in Virginia's room, bracing himself for the exhausting hours ahead. He would have joined Smiley, who was downstairs staring blankly at the hole in his sleeve and the perspiration of fear welled from every pore. But he did not want to see Ben Siegel again, ripped apart on the couch. Not a man. Just a thing. *Good night. Sleep well with the compliments of Jack's.*

CHAPTER 12

In Las Vegas the sand struck the city, as though it were fired from a spray gun, and the telephone wires sang like harp strings. But they clung to the weathered poles, and calls were going through. One of them was from Los Angeles for Moe Sedway, another was for an underworld figure named Gus Greenbaum.

Twenty minutes after the burst of bullets smashed through the window and sent Ben Siegel into eternity, Moe and Gus strode into the lobby of the Flamingo. The police cars were still arriving at 810 North Linden Drive, and the night crew at Beverly Hills police headquarters was still not sure who was lying dead in the house. But Moe Sedway knew, and Gus Greenbaum knew. They were taking over. In the casino the roulette wheels spun like tops, and the little white ball bounced in and out of the number slots. The stickmen at the crap tables mumbled their toneless spiel, and the cards floated silently to the felt at the blackjack tables. Ben Siegel was dead, but the games never die, and the players had no concern for life or death outside the little islands where they stood.

There was a call from New York, and on instructions Hank Greenspun checked Siegel's penthouse safe. It was empty. The mob soon discovered that Fat Irish Green had the big wad, and when the time came he surrendered the cash—as Siegel had told him to do—and he got his reward. For the past 19 years Green has been living at the El Cortez Hotel in Las Vegas. He has never had a bill for room and board, and he gets small cash handouts now and then to pay for drinks and the other needs of life. The Syndicate may cheat and rob and pay graft and kill—but they take care of a loyal man.

POLICE AND NEWSPAPERMEN swarmed through the murder house. Photographs were taken of Siegel's grotesque corpse—and a neighbor told of seeing the getaway car flee. Siegel's body was removed from the house after the photographs were taken, and at the morgue the onetime darling of movie society suffered the last indignity. He was laid out nude on a slab, and the Los Angeles *Herald-Express* published a front-page picture of his right foot, with a shipping-type label dangling from the big toe. On it was written: "Homicide," and his name was misspelled "Benjamin Seigel."

At Beverly Hills police headquarters, Chief Anderson found himself enmeshed in the skein of confusion that inevitably turns up in a major homicide.

There were the endless false leads, the screwball letters, the anonymous phone calls. In Redwood City, 400 miles north of Los Angeles, an ex-convict named Edward Ross confessed that he had shot Siegel. In Waurika, Oklahoma, a Missouri State pen graduate said he drove the getaway car.

But no leads panned out. Moe Sedway came to Beverly Hills, as Anderson knew he would, and was immediately brought to headquarters. He was too sick to talk. He went to a hospital and then, as Anderson considerately waited, Sedway slipped back to Las Vegas. He died within a year. "I never had a chance to talk to him," Anderson says, "but I was convinced, and still am, that he had a hand in the Siegel killing. He knew who did it."

The taxi driver kept silent at first, then one day he pulled in behind a parked police car and told the two officers what he had seen the night Siegel was killed.

Some weeks afterward, when it suddenly occurred to Day that he might be the only man alive who had seen the killers on their way to murder Siegel, he grew taut with fear. He got a job in an aircraft plant miles away from Beverly Hills. He was found there by State Special Agent Ray McCarthy.

"I'll never forget that one man's face," Day said to McCarthy. "I'd know him anywhere."

Day drew a little sketch of a swarthy, scowling man—the one in the back seat of the Pontiac that night who said: "Let's go."

McCarthy returned to the plane factory several days later with a sheaf of police mug shots, including one which looked almost exactly like Day's crude sketch.

"That's the guy!" Day exclaimed. "He was in the back of the car." He examined the other photos, and plucked one. "Hey—this is the fellow who asked me how to find Linden Drive."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sure."

The initials of the two ex-cons—and this is the first time their possible role in the murder has even been mentioned outside police circles—were J.T. and T.D.T. Both had long records. Both came from Arizona. And both were known associates of the Gus Greenbaum gang in that state. McCarthy flew to Arizona but he had no authority and could not proceed.

He is still convinced—as I am—that they were taking orders from Greenbaum, and that they were in Beverly Hills that fatal evening. Perhaps no one will ever know.

ON NORTH LINDEN DRIVE the cars crawled along bumper to bumper. The sidewalks swarmed with pedestrians. Chick and his girl stayed out of sight in the house, curtains drawn, and they were together upstairs when the call came from Virginia Hill in Paris. She told him to get out—and he was ready. They would meet in Florida.

George Raft came by and Chick, angered that the actor had delayed calling, drove him away. Raft knew it was the end of

an era for Chick and Virginia Hill—and for him. He still had his little piece of the Flamingo stock, but he knew his $100,000 loan had been burned up in the burst of gunfire. "You know," he said, "Virginia Hill was at my house one time, and she said: 'If Ben Siegel asked me to push a lump of sugar from here to Chicago with my nose, I'd do it.' Well, that's the kind of guy he was if he was your friend. If he had lived, he would have paid the money back. I know he would."

He thought how close his own escape—that he had not dined with Siegel the last night. And he thought about Virginia and he wondered who would have her now. Long afterward, when he was reminded that she had told the Kefauver Committee she was "the best damn lay in the country," he nodded to himself, and his dark eyes glowed for a moment. "Yes," he said. "I'm sorry I didn't get a shot at her myself."

CHAPTER 13

The new faces at the Flamingo were like the old faces.

The eyes and hair and ears were different, like an assortment of Halloween masks, but behind the makeup they were the same. Mob men with mob money. Men with police records from coast to coast. The list of those who were involved in wiping out all remnants of the Bugsy Siegel rule included Moe Sedway, Gus Greenbaum, Morris Rosen, Meyer Lansky, Dave Berman and Israel "Icepick Willie" Alderman. They picked urbane Sanford Adler of the El Rancho to front for them.

Ben Siegel was dead—but the Fabulous Flamingo was just beginning to live.

Chick Hill was just hoping to live. For years, he expected constantly to be hit. He packed Virginia's things, loaded them into a moving van and took off. He was running—and Virginia Hill was running too. This was to be the pattern of the rest of her life—strange, erratic, frightened, suicidal and most of all, in flight. She stayed in Europe for awhile, tasted the loneliness that came with Siegel gone, emptied her bottle of barbiturates and lay down to die. A French doctor pumped her out. She attempted suicide again and finally came home.

She was terrified that the same guns that had taken Siegel would take her. She lived in Miami Beach. She took the pills again and again recovered. She moved to Mexico City and kept a fashionable apartment. But she never stayed in one place. The wandering urge that had always characterized her seemed to grow stronger. And as she went from place to place, the packages of money from Epstein in Chicago followed her. She had a succession of lovers. Then she went to Sun Valley and met the handsome Austrian ski instructor, Hans Hauser, and married him. He was in trouble with the Immigration Service as a suspected Nazi sympathizer and the publicity attendant on his wife reinterested Immigration and soon he faced deportation. They traveled interminably, in the midst of which, Virginia gave birth to a son.

In March, 1951, she went through her incredible comedy before the TV cameras of the Kefauver Commission hearings, which confirmed Lee Mortimer's view that she could have been an actress. All day long she was a female matador in a mink coat and a picture hat, dancing around the dangerous questions, feinting and laughing at all of America and in the end, she told them nothing. In just one place, she slipped. The committee counsel suggested that she had not taken the trouble to account to Uncle Sam as the rest of us do and she said fliply, "Then he'll have to take care of that, won't he?" And in fact, he was. She was in critical trouble with the Internal Revenue Service that led to the seizing of all her assets and the ignominy of an auction even as Hans, unable to beat the Immigration rap, went to Chile with their son. She became friendly with the IRS agent who brought her downfall and one day gave him and his wife the book by Mildred Cram that spelled out the only faith she ever had: Ben and Virginia; together; forever. The agent and his wife still have the book. They understood.

And she left the country for good. She and Hans and the child wound up in a ski resort area near Zurich. At home, the IRS was still checking. Eventually she was indicted as a tax dodger and wanted posters went up in post offices. They described her as "formerly a paramour and associate of gangsters and racketeers," which infuriated her. Nevertheless, she wanted to come home and worked out a deal that would let her serve one year of penitentiary time. But before it could be solidified, the judge died and the deal was off. Life must have been hell. She tried suicide and then, in March, 1966, she tried again, lying by a brook in deep woods and drinking down the pills and sleeping, and this time, it worked. She was 49 years old. She was a thousand years old. *This is forever,* she had said.

And what of the Flamingo back in Las Vegas?

The investigation into the murder of Ben Siegel had been, at best, brief and perfunctory.

An assessment of the so-called manhunt would suggest that all concerned were relieved to have Siegel dead, and some of them may have thought the killers should have had medals for their work. No gangster in California history was more hated than the vain and arrogant Bugsy.

But in Nevada the government leaders suddenly saw the Siegel murder as a threat to their growing gold mine—the gambling business that supported the state. Suddenly they realized that the big money was coming from the underworld, that they knew very little about the hoodlums in their midst, and that any homicidal thug like Siegel could get a gambling license merely by applying to city authorities.

Attorney General Alan Bible now a United States senator, decided that the Nevada Tax Commission had the authority to check the connections and backgrounds of all applicants before granting a casino license—and the legislature backed him up with new laws.

The state thus got complete control of gambling and gambling taxes—and still has it. The latest reports indicate that Nevada's casinos win more than $300,000,000 a year, and since the state collects 5.5 percent of the profits the importance of that early law is plain.

In the spring of 1948, the books showed that Sanford Adler was not succeeding at the Flamingo in filling up the bank vaults as fast as the stockholders hoped. The board fired Adler.

Sedway naturally turned to Gus Greenbaum. Gus was shrewd, tough and gang-wise, and if he couldn't make the casino pay they faced the unhappy prospect of closing the doors.

So Gus took over the management, and whatever the success formula was, he had it.

If there were cheating dealers he took them into a soundproof room and broke their hands or shoulder blades with a baseball bat. If there was a way to skim money off the top without having the Internal Revenue men snooping around, Gus could do it. If there were unwelcome visitors at the hotel—maverick hoodlums like Mickey Cohen—Gus had the guts to knock them kicking on the spot.

But for the so-called respectable citizens, and the high rollers with class, Gus was as friendly and sincere as a Bible salesman. After a year on the job, the Flamingo was out of the red and the books showed a $4,000,000 profit.

Greenbaum ran the Flamingo for seven years, with only one minor disturbance.

Two small-time gunmen from Los Angeles stuck it up for a mere $3,500. Three months later they got into a car and a hired torpedo in the back seat mowed them down with eight bullets—four for each head. A few years later, Greenbaum himself got the same treatment. Old, sick, out of favor with the mob, he went back to Phoenix. A killer slipped in one night and cut his throat with a butcher knife. His wife was taken too—just because she was there.

But the Flamingo had no problems and the money was turning into a torrent.

None of the heirs to Ben Siegel's desert marvel ever publicly gave him credit for the big dream. But they saw it take shape, and grow, and soon there was a frantic scramble for land and money along the Strip. *You must be nuts,* Moe Sedway had said when Siegel took him into the endless wasteland of sand and sagebrush and, like Moses, showed him a promised land. And now the scoffer was rich, and the stampede began.

During Gus Greenbaum's reign, from 1948 to 1955, millions of dollars—most of it mob money—went into the construction of the New Frontier, the Thunderbird, the Desert Inn, the Sands, the Sahara, the Riviera, the Dunes and the Royal Nevada, each bigger and more luxurious than the last. In recent years, on land where the coyotes and rattlers and lizards once lay undisturbed in the sun, have also come the Stardust, the Tropicana, Caesar's Palace and other castles towering into the sky.

Ben Siegel brought them there.

Ben Siegel had a vision, and it became solid and real.

For he was the man who invented Las Vegas.

—Dean Jennings

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A neon sign advertising "We Never Close" partially blinked out in front of a gambling house in Las Vegas. For several embarrassing hours it read: "We Never lose."

Jefferson Young
Monticello, Miss.

The newly assigned officer at a military base was appalled at the dozens of file cabinets he found in the various offices, each jammed full of correspondence that was very, very old. After days of vainly trying to make some sense of it all he concluded that it was worthless. He fired off a desperation message to his headquarters, asking permission to destroy it all.

In a week or two he received a message which read: PERMISSION TO DESTROY OLD FILES GRANTED. TAKE ACTION TO INSURE THAT A COPY OF EACH ITEM DESTROYED IS RETAINED.

CWO Leo J. Farrel, Jr.
APO N. Y., 09121

At a recent P.T.A. meeting the discussion turned to the greatly increased number of children of naval personnel, which, during the past years, had strained the existing school facilities to near the bursting point. After discussing a number of possible causes for this large and sudden increase, the school superintendent brought the house down with this remark:

"Well, we must also remember that during the past few years there has been a very large increase in naval maneuvers in this area."

Name withheld at writer's request
Norfolk, Va.

While working for Pacific Northern Airlines in Juneau, Alaska, I found myself working part time in the city ticket office and part time at the airport, 10 miles out of town. On one particular morning I was working in the city office and made first-class reservations for a gentleman to Seattle.

He came in later that day and I sold him his ticket for the next day's flight. The next morning he returned and, once again, I helped him by making reservations and selling him a ticket on to Denver. He took the limousine to the airport shortly after I left town to work the flights there so, consequently, I was behind the counter and checked his luggage in for him. That particular day I was also the boarding agent and when the gentleman went through the gate to the plane, he gave me a quizzical look which made me realize that, out of all our employees, I had been the only one with whom he had had contact.

When I went on the plane to get the on-board passenger count from the stewardesses, the traveler, amazed at seeing me on the jet too, remarked to no one in particular, "If that sonofabitch gets in the cockpit, I'm getting off!"

Doc Eide
Juneau, Alaska

While undergoing advanced individual training at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama, the Army's guided missile school, inspections were a common occurrence.

One morning we were standing in ranks in our khakis and being inspected by a bird colonel. Everything was going smoothly and the officer passed by me with no more than a glance, but he stopped abruptly in front of my buddy, Charley, who was standing next to me. The colonel looked Charley up and down and snapped, "Button that pocket, trooper!"

Charley, more than a little rattled, stammered, "Right now, sir?"

"Of course, right now!" was the reply.

Whereupon Charley carefully reached up and buttoned the flap on the colonel's shirt pocket.

Pfc. Jan Curran
APO 09189

While returning from school, to spend a weekend at home, I happened to stop at a service station. In the service station hung a sign which read:

Our price for labor
$3.50 per hour
If you watch
$4.50 per hour
If you help
$5.50 per hour.

Name withheld at writer's request
Fargo, N. D.

I was visiting a friend recently when his small son dashed into the house screaming that his mother had run over his bike while she was backing the car out of the garage.

"Serves you right, son," replied the father. Then turning to me, he said, "If I've told that kid once I've told him a hundred times, 'Don't leave your bike on the porch!' "

Richard E. Blake
Davis, Calif.

Students skimming the "Personals" column in the classified ad section of the University of Oregon's *Daily Emerald* found an opportunity for instruction in a subject not usually taught on an organized basis:

Do you know how to MATE? If not, come to room 15 in the Student Union, 6:30 p.m. every Thursday, and learn the basic positions.

The response was gratifying and a number of new members were recruited for the university chess club.

Name withheld at writer's request
Monmouth, Ore.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

STOP RUNNING A FEVER

Cool off your car for only $1.35*

Running your car at highway speeds in midsummer can raise an engine's temperature to an unhealthy degree.

When that happens, ordinary motor oils can break down and cause extreme friction on metal parts. Result? Engine damage and wear.

Our remedy for highway robbery: STP® Oil Treatment. STP is so rich and strong, it refuses to break down no matter how much heat you put on it.

So your engine runs cooler (and you drive cooler, too). Not to mention quieter, smoother and longer.

Racing drivers like Jimmy Clark, who run their cars 200-plus miles an hour at the Indianapolis "500", stake their livelihoods on STP's ability to keep an engine running cooler, longer.

Have your gasoline service station add STP to your oil. You'll feel better in the long run.

A Scientifically Tested Product

STP A Division of Studebaker Corporation

The racer's edge

*Suggested retail price

Try the flavor that's Springtime Fresh

Salem refreshes your taste

Rich tobacco taste · Menthol soft flavor

Try Salem filter cigarettes

© 1964 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.